RABELAIS.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS URQUHART AND PETER MOTTEUX, WITH THE NOTES OF DUCHAT, OZELL, AND OTHERS; INTRODUCTION AND REVISION BY ALFRED WALLIS

BOOK II.

Pantagruel carries his cradle.

Pantagruel

King of the Dipsodes

With his Heroic

Acts and Prowesses

Composed by the Late

M. Alcofribas

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BOOK II

PANTAGRUEL, KING OF THE DIPSODES, WITH HIS HEROIC ACTS AND PROWESSES, COMPOSED BY M. ALCOFRIBAS

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

Most illustrious and thrice valorous champions, gentlemen, and others, who willingly apply your minds to the entertainment of pretty conceits, and honest harmless knacks of wit; you have not long ago seen, read, and understood the great and inestimable Chronicle of the huge and mighty giant Gargantua, and, like upright faithfullists, have firmly believed all to be true that is contained in them, and have very often passed your time with them amongst honourable ladies and gentlewomen, telling them fair long stories, when you were out of all other talk, for which you are worthy of great praise and sempiternal memory. And I do heartily wish that every man would lay aside his own business, meddle no more with his profession nor trade, and throw all affairs concerning himself behind his back, to attend this wholly, without distracting or trou-

bling his mind with anything else, until he have learned them without book ; that if by chance the art of printing should cease, or in case that in time to come all books should perish, every man might truly teach them unto his children, and deliver them over to his successors and survivors from hand to hand, as a religious cabala ; for there is in it more profit than a rabble of great pocky loggerheads are able to discern, who surely understand far less in these little merriments, than the fool Raclet[1] did in the Institutions of Justinian.

I have known great and mighty lords, and of those not a few, who, going a-deer-hunting, or a-hawking after wild ducks, when the chase had not encountered with the blinks that were cast in her way to retard her course, or that the hawk did but plain and smoothly fly without moving her wings, perceiving the prey, by force of flight, to have gained bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you understand well enough ; but the comfort unto which they had refuge, and that they might not take cold, was to relate the inestimable deeds of the said Gargantua. There are others in the world,—these are no flimflam stories, nor tales of a tub,—who, being much troubled with the toothache, after they had spent their goods upon physicians, without receiving at all any ease of their pain, have found no more ready remedy than to put the said Chronicles betwixt two pieces of linen cloth made somewhat hot, and so apply them to the place that smarteth, synapising them with a little powder of projection,[2] otherwise called doribus.

[1] *Raclet.*—Professor of law at Dole.

[2] Powder of *ejection*, or rather *dejection*, I should choose to translate it; for the author means no other than a sirreverence. It is in the original only *pouldre doribus* (*quasi dorée*, of a golden colour).

But what shall I say of those poor men that are plagued with the pox and the gout? O how often have we seen them, even immediately after they were anointed and thoroughly greased, till their faces did glister like the key-hole of a powdering tub, their teeth dance like the jacks of a pair of little organs or virginals when they are played upon, and that they foamed from their very throats like a boar, which the mongrel mastiff-hounds have driven in, and overthrown amongst the toils—what did they then? All their consolation was to have some page of the said jolly book read unto them. And we have seen those who have given themselves to a hundred puncheons of old devils, in case that they did not feel a manifest ease and assuagement of pain at the hearing of the said book read, even when they were kept in a purgatory of torment; no more nor less than women in travail use to find their sorrow abated when the life of St Margarite is read unto them. Is this nothing? Find me a book in any language, in any faculty or science whatsoever, that hath such virtues, properties, and prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a quart of tripes. No, my masters, no, it is peerless, incomparable, and not to be matched; and this I am resolved for ever to maintain even unto the fire *exclusivè*. And those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary opinion, let them be accounted abusers, predestinators, impostors,[3] and seducers of the people. It is very true, that there are found in some gallant and stately books, worthy of high estimation, certain occult and hid properties; in the number of which are reckoned Whippot, Orlando Furioso, Robert the Devil, Fiera-

[3] *Predestinators, impostors.*—These two words were not in the first editions. Rabelais added them afterwards, to abuse Calvin, to whom he was now become a bitter enemy.

bras, William without Fear, Huon of Bourdeaux, Monteville, and Matabrune : but they are not comparable to that which we speak of, and the world hath well known by infallible experience the great emolument and utility which it hath received by this Gargantuine Chronicle ; for the printers have sold more of them in two months' time, than there will be bought of Bibles in nine years.[4]

I therefore, your humble slave, being very willing to increase your solace and recreation yet a little more, do offer you for a present another book of the same stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of credit than the other was. For think not, unless you wilfully err against your knowledge, that I speak of it as the Jews do of the Law. I was not born under such a planet, neither did it ever befal me to lie, or affirm a thing for true that was not. I speak of it like a lusty frolic Onocrotarie,[5] I should say Crotenotarie of the martyrised lovers, and Croquenotarie of love. *Quod vidimus testamur.* It is of the horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses of Pantagruel, whose menial servant I have been ever

[4] *In nine years.*—In an epigram of Jean de la Jessée, a poet of the latter half of the 16th century, a bookseller thus speaks:

Tenant ma bouticque au Palais,
En moins de neuf ou dix journées,
J'ai vendu plus de Rabelais
Que de Bibles en vingt années.

[5] *Onocrotarie, etc.*—It is in the original *onocrotale*, which is Greek for a buzzard. The author, by these buffooning misnomers, alludes to the prothonotaries and martyrologers of his time; one of whom, the famous Capuchin P. Joseph, very gallantly (very impiously, I think) calls St John, *secretary to the amours of the Son of God*. Established for the purpose of writing the histories of the martyrs, their time was chiefly occupied in reading and composing amorous historiettes.

since I was a page, till this hour, that by his leave I am permitted to visit my cow-country, and to know if any of my kindred there be alive.

And therefore, to make an end of this Prologue, even as I give myself to an hundred thousand panniers full of fair devils, body and soul, tripes and guts, in case that I lie so much as one single word in this whole history; after the like manner, St Anthony's fire burn you, Mahoom's disease whirl you, the squinance with a stitch in your side, and the wolf in your stomach truss you, the bloody flux seize upon you, the cursed sharp inflammations of wild fire, as slender and thin as cows' hair strengthened with quicksilver, enter into your fundament, and like those of Sodom and Gomorrha, may you fall into sulphur, fire, and bottomless pits, in case you do not firmly believe all that I shall relate unto you in this present Chronicle.

CHAPTER I

OF THE ORIGINAL AND ANTIQUITY OF THE GREAT PANTAGRUEL

It will not be an idle nor unprofitable thing, seeing we are at leisure, to put you in mind of the fountain and original source whence is derived unto us the good Pantagruel. For I see that all good historiographers have thus handled their chronicles, not only the Arabians, Barbarians, and Latins, but also the gentle Greeks, who were eternal drinkers.[1] You

[1] *Eternal drinkers.*—Thence the word *pergræcari*, to carouse, or spend whole days and nights in drinking. It would be worth

must therefore remark, that at the beginning of the world—I speak of a long time, it is above forty quarantains, or forty times forty nights, according to the supputation of the ancient Druids—a little after that Abel was killed by his brother Cain, the earth, imbrued with the blood of the just, was one year so exceeding fertile in all those fruits which it usually produces to us, and especially in medlars, that ever since, throughout all ages, it hath been called the year of the great medlars; for three of them did fill a bushel. In it the Calends were found by the Grecian Almanacks. There was that year nothing of the month of March in the time of Lent, and the middle of August was in May. In the month of October, as I take it, or at least September, that I may not err, for I will carefully take heed of that, was the week so famous in the Annals, which they call the week of the three Thursdays; for it had three of them by means of their irregular leap-years, called Bissextiles, occasioned by the sun's having tripped and stumbled a little towards the left hand, like a debtor afraid of serjeants, coming right upon him to arrest him; and the moon varied from her course above five fathom, and there was manifestly seen the motion[2] of trepidation in the firmament of the fixed stars, called Aplanes, so that the middle Pleiade, leaving her

while to read Nicholaus Leonicus, l. 2, c. 93, de Variâ Historiâ, upon this word *pergræcari*; as also Erasmus in his Adages; not forgetting what is said by that sage of Scythia, Anacharsis, in Diogenes Laertius.

[2] *The motion, etc.*—See upon this Agrippa, c. 30, *de vanitate scientiarum*. This motion, so difficult to conceive, was the invention, or rather conceit, of the Arabian Thebit ben Coreth, a famous astronomer, of the ninth age. See Bergeron, last section of his Treatise of the Saracens. This made Rabelais say, it was manifestly seen.

fellows, declined towards the equinoctial, and the star named Spica left the constellation of the Virgin to withdraw herself towards the Balance, known by the name of Libra; which are cases very terrible, and matters so hard and difficult, that astrologians cannot set their teeth in them; and indeed their teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However, account you it for a truth, that everybody did most heartily eat of those medlars, for they were fair to the eye, and in taste delicious. But even as Noah, that holy man, to whom we are so much beholding, bound, and obliged, for that he planted to us the vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful, and deific liquor, which they call piot[3] or tiplage, was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great virtue and power thereof; so likewise the men and women of that time did delight much in the eating of that fair great fruit, but divers and very different accidents did ensue thereupon; for there fell upon them all in their bodies a most terrible swelling, but not upon all in the same place, for some were swollen in the belly, and their belly strouted out big like a great tun; of whom it is written *Ventrem omnipotentem;* who were all very honest men, and merry blades. And of this race came St Fatgulch and Shrove-Tuesday. Others did swell at the shoulders, who in that place were so crump and knobby, that they were therefore called Montifers, which is as much as to say Hill-carriers, of whom you see some yet in the world, of divers sexes and degrees. Of this race came

[3] *Piot.*—A common cant word for wine used by French clowns, and other tippling companions; it comes from πίω, *bibo*. *Lui voyant de* piot *la cervelle échauffée.*—Regnier, Sat. 10.

Æsop, some of whose excellent words and deeds you have in writing. Some other puffs did swell in length by the member which they call the Labourer of Nature, in such sort that it grew marvellously long, fat, great, lusty, stirring, and crest-risen, in the antique fashion, so that they made use of it as of a girdle, winding it five or six times about their waist: but if it happened the aforesaid member to be in good case, spooming, with a full sail bunt,[4] fair before the wind, then to have seen those strouting champions, you would have taken them for men that had their lances settled on their rest, to run at the ring or tilting whintam (quintain). Of these, believe me, the race is utterly lost and quite extinct, as the women say; for they do lament continually, that there are none extant now of those great, etc. You know the rest of the song. Others did grow in matter of ballocks so enormously, that three of them would well fill a sack, able to contain five quarters of wheat. From them are descended the ballocks of Lorraine, which never dwell in cod-pieces, but fall down to the bottom of the breeches. Others grew in the legs, and to see them you would have said they had been cranes, or the reddish long-billed, stork-like, scrank-legged sea-fowls, called flamans,[5] or else men walking upon stilts or scatches. The little grammar schoolboys, known by the name of Grimos, called those leg-grown slangams, iambics, in allusion to the French word *jambe*, which signifieth a leg. In others, their nose did grow so that it seemed to be the beak of a limbeck, in every part thereof most variously diapered with the twinkling sparkles of crimson blisters budding forth, and

[4] The *bunt* of a sail is the belly, stretched out by the wind.
[5] Flamingoes.

purpled with pimples all enamelled with thick-set wheals of a sanguine colour, bordered with gules: and such have you seen the canon or prebend Panzoult, and Woodenfoot the physician of Angiers. Of which race there were few that liked the ptisane, but all of them were perfect lovers of the pure septembral juice. Naso and Ovid[6] had their extraction from thence, and all those of whom it is written *Ne reminiscaris*.[7] Others grew in ears,[8] which they had so big, that out of one would have been stuff enough got to make a doublet, a pair of breeches, and a jacket, whilst with the other they might have covered themselves as with a Spanish cloak: and they say, that in Bourbonnois[9] this race remaineth yet. Others grew in length of body, and of those came the giants, and of them Pantagruel.

And the first was Chalbroth,
Who begat Sarabroth,
Who begat Faribroth,
Who begat Hurtali, that was a brave eater of pottage, and reigned in the time of the Flood;

[6] *Naso and Ovid.*—Two names for the same man, viz., Naso in the person of Ovid, and Ovid as being of the family of the Nasos.

[7] *Ne reminiscaris.*—Thus begins an anthem sung before and after the seven penitential Psalms. The author applies it to large huge *noses*, *nez* in French, either because *né*, a nose, is thrice repeated therein, or else because persons with large noses can hardly tune these words without singing through the nose.

[8] *Others grew in ears.*—The πανώτιοι, or all-ears. See Pliny and P. Mela.

[9] The people of Bourbon are noted for large ears, even to a proverb; so are those of Lyons; which made a satirical poet say, after he had taken notice of the honour done the natives of Lyons, to let them wear their hats when they go to be hanged:

Privilège fort authentique
Pour cacher l'oreille Arcadique.

Who begat Nembroth,
Who begat Atlas, that with his shoulders kept the sky from falling;
Who begat Goliah,
Who begat Erix,[10] that invented the hocus pocus plays of legerdemain;
Who begat Titius,
Who begat Eryon,
Who begat Polyphemus,
Who begat Cacus,
Who begat Etion, the first man who ever had the pox, for not drinking fresh in summer, as Bartachin witnesseth;
Who begat Enceladus,
Who begat Ceus,
Who begat Tiphæus,
Who begat Alæus,
Who begat Othus,
Who begat Ægeon,
Who begat Briareus, that had a hundred hands;
Who begat Porphyrio,
Who begat Adamastor,
Who begat Anteus,
Who begat Agatho,
Who begat Porus, against whom fought Alexander the Great;
Who begat Aranthas,
Who begat Gabbara, that was the first inventor of the drinking of healths;
Who begat Goliah of Secondille,
Who begat Offot, that was terribly well nosed for drinking at the barrel-head;
Who begat Artacæus,

[10] *Erix.*—This giant, and all those that are hereafter named, have very curious, learned, and diverting accounts given of them by M. Duchat, but too long to be here inserted.

Who begat Oromedon,
Who begat Gemmagog, the first inventor of Poulan shoes,[11] which are open on the foot, and tied over the instep with a latchet;
Who begat Sisyphus,
Who begat the Titans, of whom Hercules was born;
Who begat Enay, the most skilful man that ever was, in matter of taking the little worms (called cirons) out of the hands;
Who begat Fierabras, that was vanquished by Oliver, Peer of France, and Roland's camerad;
Who begat Morgan,[12] the first in the world that played at dice with spectacles;
Who begat Fracassus,[13] of whom Merlin Coccaius hath written, of him was born Ferragus;[14]

[11] *Poulan shoes.*—Mezeray gives a somewhat different account of the make of these shoes. 'They had long sharp-snouted cocking-up toes, and at the heels a sort of spurs sticking out. None but people of distinction wore them.' King Charles V. of France, anno 1365, by an edict prohibited this ridiculous mode. 'But,' continues Mezeray, 'it came in again, and lasted a good while after the beginning of the fifteenth century.' The word *Poulan* is thought to mean Polish.

[12] *Morgan.*—Or Morgante, the name of a giant, the hero of an ancient romance, mentioned by Du Verdier, in his Bibliothèque, p. 899. Luigi Pulci has composed an Italian poem on him, in twenty-eight cantos, injudiciously ascribed by some to Angelo Politiano.

[13] *Fracassus, etc.*—The place where Merlin Coccaie speaks of the giant Fracassus is in the second Macarenic, in these terms:

> Primus erat quidam *Fracassus* prole gigantis,
> Cujus stirps olim *Morganto* venit ab illo,
> Qui bacchioconem campanæ ferre solebat,
> Cum quo mille hominum colpos fracasset in uno.

[14] *Ferragus.*—The name is composed of *ferrum acutum*, or *feragut*, as the people of Languedoc speak, who call your fencing-masters by that name. This giant was, with all the ease in the world, knocked on the head with the clapper of a huge bell by the giant Morgante, whom he had challenged to single combat.

Who begat Hapmouche,[15] the first that ever invented the drying of neats' tongues in the chimney; for, before that, people salted them, as they do now gammons of bacon;
Who begat Bolivorax,
Who begat Longis,
Who begat Gayoffo,[16] whose ballocks were of poplar, and his pendulum of the servise, or sorb-apple tree;
Who begat Maschefain,
Who begat Bruslefer,
Who begat Angoulevent,
Who begat Galehault,[17] the inventor of flagons;
Who begat Mirelangaut,
Who begat Galaffre,
Who begat Falourdin,
Who begat Roboast,
Who begat Sortibrant of Conimbres,
Who begat Brushant of Mommiere,
Who begat Bruyer, that was overcome by Ogier the Dane, Peer of France;
Who begat Mabrun,
Who begat Foustanon,

[15] *Hapmouche.*—That is, *fly-catcher*, *Aquila non capit muscas*; so this giant could be none of the most magnanimous any more than Domitian the emperor, called by Rabelais, elsewhere, *fly-nabber*.

[16] *Gayoffo.*—From the Italian *Gaglioffo*, *i.e.*, a scoundrel. Gaioffus is the name of a magistrate of Mantua, in Merlin Coccaie.

[17] *Galehault.*—This is an English name we read in Froissart; and in chap. 65 of vol. I. of Lancelot of the Lake, it is the name of a king of the *out-marches* of Great Britain. Now, as Englishmen don't care to have wine, because of its scarcity, either spilt or spoiled, Rabelais gives us a boon companion of that country for the inventor of flagons, in which the wine is not subject to be spilt or palled.

Who begat Haquelebac,[18]
Who begat Vitdegrain,
Who begat Grangousier,
Who begat Gargantua,
Who begat the noble Pantagruel my master.

I know that reading this passage, you will make a doubt within yourselves, and that grounded upon very good reason, which is this,—how is it possible that this relation can be true, seeing at the time of the Flood all the world was destroyed, except Noah, and seven persons more with him in the ark, into whose number Hurtali is not admitted? Doubtless the demand is well made, and very apparent, but the answer shall satisfy you, or my wit is not rightly caulked. And, because I was not at that time to tell you anything of my own fancy, I will bring unto you the authority of the Massorets, good honest fellows, true ballockeering blades,[19] and exact Hebraical bagpipers, who affirm, that verily the said Hurtali[20] was not within the ark of Noah, neither

[18] *Haquelebac.*—Commines tells us, there is a gallery so called in the Castle of Amboise, from one Haquelebac, who had the keeping of it. Now, since this man, who should be a German or a Swiss by his name, is made a giant of by Rabelais, we may believe he was of a vast enormous bigness, as many of those two nations are: and upon this occasion it is not amiss to observe, that in that very gallery, which is the same identical place where Charles VIII. died suddenly, in 1498, are to be seen the pictures of a man and his wife, both of a colossal gigantic size, and of whom all that is known concerning them is, that in days of yore they had an employment in the castle.

[19] *True——blades.*—M. le Duchat says, and proves it, that *couilleaux* only means *cucullated*, *i.e.*, hooded monkish sort of rabbins, like those of Rome; not at all alluding to the *scrotum* (*couillon* in French).

[20] *Hurtali.*—Menage has observed, in the margin of his Rabelais, that the rabbins say this, not of Hurtali, but of Og, King of Basan. See Le Pelletier, c. 25 of his Noah's Ark.

could he get in, for he was too big, but he sat astride upon it, with one leg on the one side, and another on the other, as little children use to do on their wooden horses: or as the great bull of Berne,[21] which was killed at Marinian, did ride for his hackney the great murdering piece[22] called the Canonpevier, a pretty beast of a fair and pleasant amble without all question.

In that posture, he, after God, saved the said ark from danger, for with his legs he gave it the brangle that was needful, and with his foot turned it whither he pleased, as a ship answereth her rudder. Those that were within sent him up victuals in abundance by a chimney, as people very thankfully acknowledging the good that he did them. And sometimes they did talk together as Icaromenippus did to Jupiter, according to the report of Lucian. Have you understood all this well? Drink then one good draught without water, for if you believe it not—no truly do I not, quoth she.[23]

[21] *Bull of Berne.*—See Paulus Jovius, and Mr Motteaux's Notes on chap. 35, etc., of Book iv.

[22] *Murdering piece.*—A *pederero*, to shoot stones, from *piedra*, a stone. The πετροβόλον of the Greeks.

[23] *Quoth she.*—It means, Nor I *neither*, a very ancient expression in some parts of France.

CHAPTER II

OF THE NATIVITY OF THE MOST DREAD AND REDOUBTED PANTAGRUEL

Gargantua at the age of four hundred fourscore forty and four years begat his son Pantagruel, upon his wife named Badebec, daughter to the King of the Amaurots in Utopia, who died in child-birth; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish, that he could not possibly come forth into the light of the world without thus suffocating his mother. But that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the name of Pantagruel, which at his baptism was given him, you are to remark, that in that year there was so great drought over all the country of Africa, that there past thirty and six months, three weeks, four days, thirteen hours, and a little more, without rain, but with a heat so vehement, that the whole earth was parched and withered by it. Neither was it more scorched and dried up with heat in the days of Elijah than it was at that time; for there was not a tree to be seen that had either leaf or bloom upon it. The grass was without verdure or greenness, the rivers were drained, the fountains dried up, the poor fishes, abandoned and forsaken by their proper element, wandering and crying upon the ground most horribly. The birds did fall down from the air for want of moisture and dew wherewith to refresh them. The wolves, foxes, harts, wild-boars, fallow-deer, hares, coneys, weasels, brocks, badgers, and other such beasts were found dead in the fields with their mouths open. In respect of men, there was the pity, you should have seen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run six hours.

Many did throw themselves into the wells. Others entered within a cow's belly to be in the shade; those Homer calls Alibants. All the country was idle, and could do no virtue. It was a most lamentable case to have seen the labour of mortals in defending themselves from the vehemency of this horrific drought; for they had work enough to do to save the holy water in the churches from being wasted; but there was such order taken by the counsel of my Lords the Cardinals, and of our holy Father, that none did dare to take above one lick. Yet, when anyone came into the church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty fellows hang upon him that was the distributor of the water, and that with a wide open throat, gaping for some little drop, like the rich glutton in Luke, that might fall by, lest anything should be lost. O how happy was he in that year, who had a cool cellar under ground, well plenished with fresh wine!

The philosopher reports in moving the question—Wherefore is it that the sea-water is salt?—that at the time when Phœbus gave the government of his resplendent chariot to his son Phaeton, the said Phaeton, unskilful in the art, and not knowing how to keep the ecliptic line betwixt the two tropics of the latitude of the sun's course, strayed out of his way, and came so near the earth that he dried up all the countries that were under it, burning a great part of the heavens, which the philosophers call the via lactea, and the huff-snuffs,[1] St James's way; although the most coped, lofty and high-crested poets affirm that to be the place where Juno's milk fell, when she gave suck to Hercules. The earth

[1] *Huff-snuffs.*—*Lifreloffres* in the original. Sometimes it means a Swiss, or German, as it shown elsewhere. Here it is a buffooning term for an impertinent philosopher.

at that time was so excessively heated, that it fell into an enormous sweat, yea, such a one as made it sweat out the sea, which is therefore salt, because all sweat is salt: and this you cannot but confess to be true, if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the pox, when they are put into sweating, it is all one to me.

Just such another case fell out this same year: for on a certain Friday, when the whole people were bent upon their devotions, and had made goodly processions, with store of litanies, and fair preachings, and beseechings of God Almighty to look down with his eye of mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate condition, there was even then visibly seen issue out of the ground great drops of water, such as fall from a puff-bagged man in a top sweat, and the poor hoydons began to rejoice, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of moisture in the air, whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did supply the default of that. Other learned men said, that it was a shower of the Antipodes, as Seneca saith in his fourth book, *Quæstionum naturalium*, speaking of the source and spring of Nilus. But they were deceived; for, the procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of his dew, and to drink of it with full bowls, they found that it was nothing but pickle, and the very brine of salt, more brackish in taste than the saltest water of the sea. And because in that very day Pantagruel was born, his father gave him that name; for *Panta* in Greek is as much as to say all, and *Gruel*, in the Hagarene language, doth signify thirsty; inferring thereby, that at his birth the whole world was a-dry and thirsty, as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day supreme lord and sovereign of the thirsty

Ethrapples, which was shown to him at that very same hour by a more evident sign. For when his mother Badebec was in the bringing of him forth, and that the midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her belly three score and eight tregeneers, that is, salt-sellers, every one of them leading in a halter, a mule heavy laden with salt; after whom issued forth nine dromedaries, with great loads of gammons of bacon and dried neats' tongues on their backs. Then followed seven camels loaded with links and chitterlings,[2] hogs' puddings and sausages. After them came out five great wains, full of leeks, garlick, onions, and chibots, drawn with five-and-thirty strong cart-horses, which was six for every one besides the thiller. At the sight thereof the said midwives were much amazed; yet some of them said, Lo, here is good provision, and indeed, we need it; for we drink but lazily, as if our tongues walked on crutches,[3] and not lustily like Lansman Dutches. Truly this is a good sign, there is nothing here but what is fit for us, these are the spurs of wine that set it a-going. As they were tattling thus together after their own manner of chat,

[2] *Links and chitterlings, etc.*—M. le Duchat says, though some editions have it *aiguillettes et andouilles, i.e.*, chitterlings, etc., yet the true reading, according to Dolet's edition, is *anguillettes, small eels, grigs*, and that the author had a reference to the vast quantities of grigs caught in the rivers and brooks of Languedoc and Guienne, during the autumn rains, and which are salted and stored up for Lent.

[3] *As if our tongues, etc.*—This it not in the original, which says only, 'Aussi bien ne beuvions nous que laschement, non en lancemant,' *i.e.*, We drink but lazily, not lustily, like a German. *Landsman* in High Dutch meant a *compatriot*. The Germans, when they are carousing, say to one another, *Drink, country, or countryman, lans or landsman tringue.* Rabelais plays upon the words *lashement* and *lancemant*. The pun could not be kept in English, so I oppose *lustily* to *lazily*.

behold, out comes Pantagruel all hairy like a bear, whereupon one of them, inspired with a prophetical spirit, said, This will be a terrible fellow, he is born with all his hair,[4] he is undoubtedly to do wonderful things, and if he live he shall have age.

CHAPTER III

OF THE GRIEF WHEREWITH GARGANTUA WAS MOVED AT THE DECEASE OF HIS WIFE BADEBEC

When Pantagruel was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than was his father Gargantua; for, of the one side, seeing his wife Badebec dead, and on the other side his son Pantagruel born, so fair and so great, he knew not what to say, nor what to do. And the doubt that troubled his brain was to know whether he should cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his son. He was *hinc hindè* choked with sophistical arguments, for he framed them very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and entangled by this means, like a mouse caught in a trap, or kite snared in a gin. Shall I weep? said he. Yes, for why? My so good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that was ever in the

[4] *His hair.*—Which showed the mighty courage and marvellous strength Pantagruel was one day to be endowed with. In chap. 90 of vol. i. of Perceforest, it is reported that the ladies used to beg their knights, for heaven's sake, that day to show the strength of their arm, the wool of their breast or navel, the fame of their prowess, and the chivalry for which they were renowned. Again, in chap. 152, Then the knight looked on the wool of his bosom, the strength of his limbs, the stoutness of his horse, and so on.

world. Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another, it is unto me an inestimable loss! O my good God, what had I done that thou shouldest thus punish me? Why didst thou not take me away before her? Seeing for me to live without her is but to languish. Ah! Badebec, Badebec, my minion, my dear heart, my sugar, my sweeting, my honey, my little coney!—yet it had in circumference full six acres, three rods, five poles, four yards, two feet, one inch and a half of good woodland measure—my tender peggy, my codpiece darling, my bob and hit, my slipshoe-lovie, never shall I see thee! Ah, poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother, thy sweet nurse, thy well-beloved lady! O false death, how injurious and despiteful hast thou been to me! How malicious and outrageous have I found thee in taking her from me, my well-beloved wife, to whom immortality did of right belong!

With these words he did cry like a cow; but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. Ha! my little son! said he, my childilolly, fedlifondy, dandlichucky, my ballocky, my pretty rogue! O how jolly thou art, and how much I am bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a son so fair, so spriteful, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant and so gentle! Ho! ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink, ho! and put away melancholy! Bring of the best, rinse the glasses, lay the cloth, drive out these dogs, blow this fire, light candles, shut that door there, cut this bread in sippets for brewis, send away these poor folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown—I will strip myself into my doublet (*én cuerpo*), to make the gossips merry, and keep them company.

As he spake this, he heard the litanies and the

mementos of the priests that carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left the good purpose he was in, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying, Lord God! must I again contrist myself? This grieves me. I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take an ague, then shall I be foiled, if not quite undone. By the faith of a gentleman![1] it were better to cry less, and drink more. My wife is dead, well, by God (*da jurandi*) I shall not raise her again by my crying: she is well, she is in Paradise, at least, if she be no higher: she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the sense of our miseries, nor can our calamities reach her. What though she be dead, must not we also die? The same debt which she hath paid, hangs over our heads; nature will require it of us, and we must all of us some day taste of the same sauce. Let her pass then, and the Lord preserve the survivors! for I must now cast about how to get another wife. But I will tell you what you shall do, said he to the midwives; in France called wise women (where be they? good folks, I cannot see them). Go you to my wife's interment, and I will the while rock my son; for I find myself somewhat altered and distempered, and should otherwise be in danger of falling sick;[2] but drink one draught

[1] *By the faith of a gentleman.*—We read in chap. 15 of the Apology for Herodotus, that this was King Francis I.'s usual oath.

[2] *And in danger of falling sick.*—Read, and should be in danger of falling sick; *je serois*, etc. For the author alludes to the Kings of France never being present at any funeral, no, not of their nearest relations, because they are made to believe the air of the vaults would be prejudicial to their health. And therefore, it is observed, they never enter St Denis but with their feet foremost. St Denis is a little town near Paris, where there is an abbey and church, famous for the sepulture of the Kings of France, and all that royal family.

first, you will be the better for it, believe me upon mine honour. They at his request went to her burial and funeral obsequies. In the meanwhile, poor Gargantua, staying at home, and willing to have somewhat in remembrance of her to be engraven upon her tomb, made this epitaph, in the manner as followeth :

Dead is the noble Badebec,
Who had a face like a rebec;[3]
A Spanish body, and a belly
Of Switzerland;[4] she died, I tell ye,
In child-birth. Pray to God, that her
He pardon wherein she did err.
Here lies her body, which did live
Free from all vice, as I believe.
And did decease at my bed-side,
The year and day in which she died.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE INFANCY OF PANTAGRUEL

I FIND by the ancient historiographers and poets that divers have been born in this world after very strange manners, which would be too long to repeat : read therefore the seventh chapter of Pliny, if you have so much leisure. Yet have you never heard of any so wonderful as that of Pantagruel; for it is a very difficult matter to believe, how, in the little time he

[3] *A face like a rebec.*—A grotesque figure, or monstrous chimerical face, cut out in the upper part of a rebec, which is a three-stringed fiddle. Thence *visage de rebec*, a dry, meagre, ugly face, like a mask, such as they frighten children with.

[4] *A Spanish body, and a belly of Switzerland.*—Very lank upwards, but very tun-like below.

was in his mother's belly, he grew both in body and strength. That which Hercules did was nothing, when in his cradle he slew two serpents, for those serpents were but little and weak, but Pantagruel, being yet in the cradle, did far more admirable things, and more to be amazed at. I pass by here the relation of how at every one of his meals he supped up the milk of four thousand six hundred cows, and how, to make him a skillet to boil his milk in, there were set to work all the braziers of Saumure in Anjou, of Villedieu in Normandy, and of Bramont in Lorraine.[1] And they served in this whitepot-meat to him in a huge great bell, which is yet to be seen in the city of Bourges in Berry, near the palace; but his teeth were already so well grown, and so strengthened with vigour, that of the said bell he bit off a great morsel, as very plainly doth appear to this hour.

One day in the morning, when they would have made him suck one of his cows,—for he never had any other nurse, as the history tells us,—he got one of his arms loose from the swaddling-bands, wherewith he was kept fast in the cradle, laid hold on the said cow under the left fore ham, and grasping her to him, ate up her udder and half of her paunch, with the liver and the kidneys, and had devoured all up, if she had not cried out most horribly, as if the wolves had held her by the legs, at which noise company came in, and took away the said cow from Pantagruel. Yet could they not so well do it, but that the quarter whereby he caught her was left in his hand, of which quarter he gulped up the flesh

[1] *Bramont in Lorraine.*—Bramont, alias Fromont, a little town of Lorraine, on the frontiers of Alsace. Here are made abundance of frying-pans, skillets, etc. The place is called both Bramont and Fromont corruptly, for Faramond.

in a trice, even with as much ease as you would eat a sausage, and that so greedily with desire of more, that, when they would have taken away the bone from him, he swallowed it down whole, as a cormorant would do a little fish; and afterward sbegan fumblingly to say, Good, good, good—for he could not yet speak plain—giving them to understand thereby that he had found it very good, and that he did lack but so much more. Which when they saw that attended him, they bound him with great cable ropes, like those that are made at Tain,[2] for the carriage of salt to Lyons: or such as those are whereby the great French ship[3] rides at anchor in the road of Newhaven[4] in Normandy. But on a certain time, a great bear, which his father had bred,[5] got loose, came towards him, began to lick his face, for his nurses had not thoroughly wiped his chaps, at which unexpected approach being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great cables as Samson did of the hawser ropes wherewith the Philistines had tied him, and, by your leave, takes me up my lord the bear, and tears him to you in pieces like a pullet, which served him for a gorgeful, or good warm bit for that meal.

[2] *Tain.*—A large town on the Rhone, over against Tournon. Valence in Dauphiné is the magazine or public store-house for salt, which they send up the river, and land it at Lyons.

[3] *Great French ship.*—Or perhaps the great ship the Francis, called so from King Francis, as many have since been called Louis, from the monarchs of that name.

[4] *Newhaven.*—It is only said in the original, au Port de Grace, which I take to mean Havre-de-Grace in Normandy. I know not why Sir T. U. translates it Newhaven, nor why he should call a port a road: a road is out at sea, a port near the shore.

[5] *Which his father had bred.*—May not this refer personally to Francis I., of whom Belon relates, l. 3, c. 2 of his Ornithologia, that he used to keep a lion or a leopard always about him, to play with, as others do a lap-dog?

Whereupon Gargantua, fearful lest the child should hurt himself, caused four great chains of iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his cradle, most firmly stocked and morticed in huge frames. Of those chains you have got one at Rochelle, which they draw up at night betwixt the two great towers of the haven. Another is at Lyons,—a third at Angiers,[6]—and the fourth was carried away by the devils to bind Lucifer, who broke his chains in those days, by reason of a cholic[7] that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a serjeant's soul fried for his breakfast. And therefore you may believe that which Nicholas de Lyra saith upon that place of the Psalter, where it is written, *Et Og*[8] *regem Basan*, that the said Og, being yet little, was so strong and robustious, that they were fain to bind him with chains of iron in his cradle. Thus continued Pantagruel for a while very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those chains, especially having no room in the cradle to give a swing with his arms. But see what happened once upon a great holiday that his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court. I am apt to believe that the menial officers of the house were so imbusied in waiting each on his proper service at the feast, that nobody took care of poor Pantagruel, who was left *à reculorum*,[9] behind-hand, all alone and as forsaken.

[6] *At Angiers.*—It is there called the high chain.

[7] *Cholic.*—The author quibbles, as if one should say, There is no cholic like to that when a man is taken by the collar.

[8] *Et Og*, etc. See N. de Lyra on this place of Psal. 134 or 135, Alphonsus Tostatus quæst. 27, and Ger. Vossius, lib. I, de idol. gent. cap. 26.

[9] *A reculorum.*—This expression comes to us from the university. Mat. Corderius, p. 433 of his De corr. serm. emend. edit. 1531.

Bene veniatis qui apportatis,
Et qui nihil apportatis, à reculorum.

What did he? Hark what he did, good people. He strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him. Then did he keep with his feet such a stamping stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great post five foot in square; and, as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could till he had got his soles to the ground, and then with a mighty force he rose up, carrying his cradle upon his back, bound to him like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall; and, to have seen him you would have thought it had been a great carrick of five hundred ton upon one end. In this manner he entered into the great hall where they were banqueting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the company; yet, because his arms were tied in, he could not reach anything to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little, to take with the whole flat of his tongue some good lick, good bit, or morsel. Which when his father saw, he saw well enough that they had left him without giving him anything to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said chains, by the counsel[10] of the princes and lords there present. Besides that, also, the physicians of Gargantua said that, if they did thus keep him in the cradle, he would be all his life-time subject to the stone. When he was unchained, they made him to sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his cradle, and broke it into more

[10] *By the counsel, etc.*—The author insinuates that formerly in France the kings consulted the princes and grandees of the kingdom in whatever concerned the state, as here, where the business was how the presumptive heir of the crown should be brought up. Observe, likewise, how difficult a thing it is to keep young princes in order when once they get a head.

than five hundred thousand pieces with one blow of his fist, that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again.

CHAPTER V

OF THE ACTS OF THE NOBLE PANTAGRUEL IN HIS YOUTHFUL AGE

Thus grew Pantagruel from day to day, and to every one's eye waxed more and more in all his dimensions, which made his father to rejoice by a natural affection. Therefore caused he to be made for him, whilst he was yet little, a pretty cross-bow, wherewith to shoot at small birds, which now they call the great cross-bow at Chantelle.[1] Then he sent him to the school to learn, and to spend his youth in virtue. In the prosecution of which design he came first to Poictiers,[2] where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the scholars were oftentimes at leisure, and knew not how to bestow their time, which moved him to take compassion on them, that one day he took from a long ledge of rocks, called there Passelourdin, a huge great stone, of about twelve fathom square, and fourteen handfuls

[1] *Chantelle.*—A very strong place in the Bourbonnois, belonging, in 1523, to the Constable Charles de Bourbon. See chap. 23 of Book i. concerning these prodigious rack-bent cross-bows.

[2] *Poictiers.*—As this is not much to the praise of the University of Poictiers, it may not be amiss to take notice of what is said of it by Chasseneuz, in his Catalogus Gloriæ Mundi, part x. consider. 32. 'Nec est ulla universitas,' says that writer, 'quæ non habeat sua impedimenta: cum apud nos in vulgari dicatur,' the pipers and tennis-players of Poictiers; the dancers of Orleans; the vapourers or braggadocios of Angers; the daggle-tails of Paris; the quarrel-pickers of Pavia; the amourists of Turin.

thick, and with great ease set it upon four pillars in the midst of a field to no other end but that the said scholars, when they had nothing else to do, might pass their time in getting up on that stone, and feast it with store of gammons, pasties, and flagons, and carve their names upon it with a knife; in token of which deed till this hour the stone is called the lifted stone. And in remembrance hereof there is none entered into the register and matricular book of the said university, or accounted capable of taking any degree therein, till he have first drunk in the Caballine fountain of Croustelles,[3] passed at Passelourdin,[4] and got up upon the lifted stone.[5]

Afterwards, reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that Geoffrey of Lusinian, called Geoffrey with the Great Tooth, grandfather to the cousin-in-law of the eldest sister of the aunt of the son-in-law of the uncle of the good daughter

[3] *Croustelles.*—A hamlet, a league off Poictiers. Here are made abundance of little whistles, which occasioned the name of whistlers to be given, in 1561, to certain rude fellows of Poictiers, and other scholars who wore about their necks a whistle, with which they called each other together, whenever they were in danger of being insulted by the Protestants, as they pretended.

[4] *Passelourdin.*—In English the Booby-pass. So they call a great rock, not far from Poictiers, where there is a very narrow hole on the edge of a precipice. Through this hole the new-comers of that university are made to pass by the other scholars, in order to season them. The same is done at Mantua, by making them pass under the arch of St Longinus.

[5] *The lifted stone.*—This stone, said to be sixty feet round, stands near Poictiers, on five other stones, all fixed there in 1478, as a monument of the fair which is held in October, in the old market-place of Poictiers. But though even the historians of Poictou relate the thing as above, yet the simple people of the country will rather have this cluster or pile of rocks to be a miracle of St Radegonde's, who, they say, placed in this manner these six huge stones; nay more, that she brought them to that place all at a time, the five lesser ones in her apron, and the biggest on her head. See Jodocus Sincerus, Golnitz, Bouchet, etc.

of his stepmother, was interred at Maillezais; therefore one day he took campos (which is a little vacation from study to play awhile), that he might give him a visit as unto an honest man. And going from Poictiers with some of his companions, they passed by Legugé,[6] visiting the noble Abbot Ardillon : then by Lusignan, by Sansay, by Celles, by Colonges, by Fontenay le Comte, saluting the learned Tiraqueau,[7] and from thence arrived at Maillezais, where he went to see the sepulchre of the said Geoffrey with the Great Tooth; which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the picture, whose lively draughts did set him forth in the representation of a man in extreme fury, drawing his great Malchus faulchion half-way out of his scabbard. When the reason hereof was demanded, the canons of the said place told him, that there was no other cause of it but that *Pictoribus atque poetis, etc.*, that is to say, that painters and poets have liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own fancy. But he was not satisfied with their answer, and said, He is not thus painted without a cause, and I suspect[8] that at his death there

[6] *Legugé.*—Legugé, in the lower Poitou, is a priory, two priors of which, successively, were Rabelais' very good friends and patrons, viz., Geoffrey d'Estissac, Bishop and Lord of Maillezais, and Anthony Ardillon, whom he here calls the noble Abbot Ardillon. Legugé, a mighty pleasant fruitful place, and very proper for gardening, has, for some time past, belonged to the Jesuits.

[7] *The learned Tiraqueau.*—Andrew Tiraqueau, another friend of Rabelais. He was then lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Fontenay le Comte.

[8] *And I suspect.*—Jeffrey, surnamed with the Great Tooth, had caused the abbey of Maillezais to be burned in 1232, but the court of Rome not only obliged him to rebuild it, but to endow it to the amount of 3,000 livres and upwards. For this reason he is buried there as the second founder; and perhaps it was for the above reason that his effigies represent him, as it were, enraged at the wrong he thought done him.

was some wrong done him, whereof he requireth his kindred to take revenge. I will enquire further into it, and then do what shall be reasonable. Then he returned not to Poictiers, but would take a view of the other Universities of France. Therefore, going to Rochelle, he took shipping and arrived at Bordeaux, where he found no great exercise, only now and then he would see some mariners and lightermen a-wrestling on the quay or strand by the river side. From thence he came to Thoulouse, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the two-handed sword, as the fashion of the scholars of the said university is to bestir themselves in games, whereof they may have their hands full: but he stayed not long there, when he saw that they did cause burn their regents alive,[9] like red herrings, saying, Now God forbid that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry already, without heating myself any further.

He went then to Montpellier, where he met with the good wives of Mirevaux, and good jovial company withal, and thought to have set himself to the study of physic; but he considered that that calling was too troublesome and melancholic, and that physicians did smell of glisters like old devils. Therefore he resolved he would study the laws; but seeing that there were but three scald, and one

[9] *Burn their regents alive.*—This personally regards John Caturce, burnt in June 1532, at Toulouse. He was law professor there, and on Twelfth-day (as we call it, but the French the Feast of the Kings) in 1532, being invited to the usual merry-making, he prevailed on the company, instead of the superstitious cry, 'The King drinks,' to say, 'Christ reigns in our hearts.' He likewise proposed that the guests should each make a short edifying discourse to the rest before they broke up: which they all did, particularly himself. Whatever it was he said, it cost him his life, for somebody informed against him as a Lutheran.

bald-pated legist in that place, he departed from thence, and in his way made the Bridge of Guard, and the Amphitheatre of Nismes, in less than three hours,[10] which nevertheless seems to be a more divine than human work. After that he came to Avignon, where he was not above three days before he fell in love; for the women there take great delight in playing at the close-buttock game, because it is papal ground.[11] Which his tutor and pedagogue Epistemon perceiving, he drew him out of that place, and brought him to Valence in the Dauphiny, where he saw no great matter of recreation, only that the lubbards of the town did beat the scholars,[12] which so incensed him with anger that when, upon a certain very fair Sunday, the people being at their

[10] *In less than three hours.*—The Pont (or bridge) du Guard, and the amphitheatre of Nîmes (or Nismes) are two Roman antiquities, of a surprising magnificence and prodigious workmanship, which makes Rabelais ascribe the structure thereof to Pantagruel, whom he represents both as a great prince and a giant.

[11] *Because it is papal ground.*—Swarming with monks and priests, who, for a very moderate tax, have obtained for the courtezans full liberty to follow their trade.

[12] *Did beat the scholars.*—The latter were even with them afterwards, and these disorders lasted a long time; witness what was deposed in 1560, by an attorney of Valence, viz., 'That he had kept the town-register eight years, and in all that time, not a night passed but his registers were filled next morning with complaints and informations of outrages committed by the street-rovers, or scourers, so that nobody could go along the streets but what was beat, robbed, and plundered, the houses scaled, doors broke open, men's wives and daughters violated: in short, that the strangers (inmates, as were the scholars) committed such disorders, that there was no stirring abroad, as soon as it was dark, upon ever so urgent a business. But that since it had pleased God to send his light into their town, by the means of the holy gospel preached therein, all the said enormities were well-nigh ceased; as if, together with a change of doctrine, a change of life had also made its entrance among them.

public dancing in the streets, and one of the scholars offering to put himself into the ring to partake of that sport, the aforesaid lubberly fellows would not permit him the admittance into their society, he, taking the scholars' part, so belaboured them with blows, and laid such load upon them, that he drove them all before him, even to the brink of the river Rhone, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat to the ground like moles, and there lay close a full half league under the river. The hole[13] is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three strides and one leap[14] came to Angiers, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some space, but that the plague drove them away. So from thence he came to Bourges, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the faculty of the laws, and would sometimes say, that the books of the civil law were like unto a wonderfully precious, royal, and triumphant robe of gold, edged with dirt; for in the world are no goodlier books to be seen, more ornate, nor more eloquent than the texts of the Pandects, but the bordering of them, that is to say, the gloss of Accursius,[15] is so scurvy, vile, base, and

[13] *The hole, etc.*—This hole, beginning at the abbey of St Peter, goes a good way under the Rhone; nay, if you will believe the credulous Coulon, in his travels through France, printed anno 1660, this hole leads into the fields on the other side that river.

[14] *One leap.*—This leap is the passage of the Loire, which runs between Valence and Angiers.

[15] *Gloss of Accursius.*—Rabelais, after Budæus, Vives, and some others, speaks of Accursius with abundance of contempt. The barbarism, however, and ignorance he is accused of, are not so much his fault as that of the age he lived in. It is not denied that he was a bad grammarian; but it is thought maintainable that he was a good lawyer.

unsavoury, that it is nothing but filthiness and villainy.

Going from Bourges, he came to Orleans, where he found store of swaggering scholars[16] that made him great entertainment at his coming, and with whom he learned to play at tennis so well, that he was a master at that game. For the students of the said place make a prime exercise of it; and sometimes they carried him unto Cupid's houses of commerce (in that city termed islands, because of their being most ordinarily environed with other houses, and not contiguous to any), there to recreate his person at the sport of poussavant, which the wenches of London call the ferkers in and in. As for breaking his head with over-much study, he had an especial care not to do it in any case for fear of spoiling his eyes. Which he the rather observed, for that it was told him by one of his teachers, there called regents, that the pain of the eyes was the most hurtful thing of any to the sight. For this cause when he one day was made a licentiate, or graduate in law, one of the scholars of his acquaintance, who of learning had not much more than his burden, though instead of that he could dance

[16] *Swaggering scholars.*—It should be rake-hell-and-skim-the-devil scholars, for that is the meaning of the word *rustre* (from whence we have our word roister, I suppose). Those who were formerly called *rustres* in French from *rus*, *ruris*, were properly foot-soldiers raised in the country, but not paid, and who, coming to debauch with the rakes of the army, spent riotously among themselves whatever they could filch or steal from the good folks at home. In the same sense it is that Rabelais here calls *rustres* certain scholars of Orleans, whose parents not allowing them sufficient for their expenses, some of those young sparks made the best cheer they could with what they plundered people of in their night rambles; and such were at Valence those street-rovers, or scourers, mentioned before in this chapter.

very well, and play at tennis, made the blazon and device of the licentiates[17] in the said university, saying,—

So you have in your hand a racket,
A tennis-ball in your cod-placket,
A Pandect law in your cap's tippet,
And that you have the skill to trip it
In a low dance, you will be allowed
The grant of the licentiate's hood.

CHAPTER VI

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET WITH A LIMOSIN WHO AFFECTED TO SPEAK IN LEARNED PHRASE

Upon a certain day, I know not when, Pantagruel walking after supper with some of his fellow-students without that gate of the city through which we enter on the road to Paris, encountered with a young spruce-like scholar[1] that was coming

[17] *Licentiates.*—One that hath licence or leave to plead for clients; an utter barrister.

[1] *A young spruce-like scholar.*—Pâquier will have it that the person Rabelais banters by the name of the Limosin scholar, who Pindarizes as the French say (that is, affects to speak hard words, or a new quaint language), was a young gentlewoman of Picardy, named Helisane de Crenne. She was contemporary with Pâquier when he was yet but very young. She translated into French the four first books of the Æneid, which she dedicated to King Francis I. She likewise wrote the history not of her life only, but also of her own death, in a book printed at Lyons, and in 1541 at Paris, under the title of *Angoisses Doloureuses qui procédent d'Amours*. By these books, especially the last, where at every page we find *pigricité* for *paresse*; 'Venus circondée d'une nuée aureine; je reformide; ociosité; timeur; ultime deliberation; amenicule passion; fatigues pretereitz; chien tricipite; hilarité irrigée, emanée, exhibée; mancipe, for a slave; le refulgent curre du soleil; les rutilans astres; fragrante ambrosie;

upon the very same way, and, after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, My friend, from whence comest thou now? The scholar answered him, From the alme, inclyte, and celebrate academy which is vocitated Lutetia. What is the meaning of this? said Pantagruel to one of his men. It is, answered he, from Paris. Thou comest from Paris, then? said Pantagruel; and how do you spend your time there, you my masters the students of Paris? The scholar answered, We transfretate the Sequane at the dilucul and crepuscul: we deambulate by the compites and quadrives of the urb; we despumate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimilary amorabons, we captate the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal fœminine sex. Upon certain diecules we invisate the lupanares,[2] and in a venereary ecstasy inculcate our veretres into the penitissime recesses of the pudends of these amicabilissimes meretricules. Then do we cauponisate in the meritory tabernes of the Pine-apple, the Castle, the Magdalene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrocile. And if by fortune there be rarity or penury of pecune in our marsupies, and that they be exhausted of ferruginean metal, for the shot we demit our codices, and oppignerat our vestiments, whilst we prestolate the coming of the Tabellaries from the penates and patriotic lares. To which Pantagruel

populeuse et inclyte cité,' etc., she thought to have gained the admiration of the public, and perhaps some pension of the King, who only countenanced the truly learned and eloquent, but let this poor gentlewoman starve (though lavish enough of his favours to other women). Mr M., in his notes, has erred very much in relation to this person, whom he took to be a man.

[2] In the edition of Dolet, after lupanares, are these words :— 'De Champ Gaillard, de Matcon, de Cul de sac, de Bourbon, de Hussieu.'

answered, What devilish language is this? by the Lord! I think thou art some kind of heretic. My lord, no, said the scholar; for libentissimally, as soon as it illucesceth any minutule slice of the day, I demigrate into one of these so well architected minsters, and there, irrorating myself with fair lustral water, I mumble off little parcels of some missic precation of our sacrificuls, and, submurmurating my horary precules, I elave and absterge my anime from its nocturnal inquinations. I revere the olympicols. I latrially venerate the supernal astripotent. I dilige and redame my proxims. I observe the decalogical precepts, and according to the facultatule of my vires, I do not discede from them one late unguicule. Nevertheless it is veriform, that because Mammona doth not supergurgitate anything in my loculs, that I am somewhat rare and lente to supererogate the elemosynes to those egents that hostially queritate their stipe.

Prut, trut, said Pantagruel, what doth this fool mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some diabolical tongue, and that, enchanter-like, he would charm us. To whom one of his men said, Without doubt, sir, this fellow would counterfeit the language of the Parisians, but he doth only flay the Latin, imagining by so doing that he doth highly Pindarize it in most eloquent terms, and strongly conceiteth himself to be therefore a great orator in the French, because he disdaineth the common manner of speaking. To which Pantagruel said, It is true. The scholar answered, My worshipful lord, my genie is not apt nate to that which this flagitious nebulon saith, to excoriate the cuticle of our vernacular Gallic, but viceversally I gnave opere, and by veles and rames enite to locupletate it with the Latinicome redundance. By God! said Panta-

gruel, I will teach you to speak. But first come hither, and tell me whence thou art? To this the scholar answered, The primeval origin of my aves and ataves was indigenary of the Lemovick regions, where requiesceth the corpor of the hagiotat St Martial. I understand thee very well, said Pantagruel. When all comes to all, thou art a Limosin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians. Well now, come hither, I must show thee a new trick, and handsomely give thee the combfeat. With this he took him by the throat, saying to him, Thou flayest the Latin,—by St John, I will make thee flay the fox, for I will now flay thee alive. Then began the poor Limosin to cry, Haw! gwid Maaster, Haw! Laord, my halp and St Marshaw![3] Haw! I'm worried! Haw! my thropple, the bean of my cragg is bruck! Haw! for Guad's seck! lawt my lean, Maaster; waw! waw! waw! Now, said Pantagruel, thou speakest naturally, and so let him go, for the poor Limousin had totally berayed and thoroughly conshit his breeches, which were not deep and large enough, but round strait cannioned gregs, having in the seat a piece like a keeling's tail, and therefore in French called *des chausses à queüe de merlus*.[4] Then, said Pantagruel, St Alipantin![5] what civette! Fie! to

[3] Corruptly St Marsault for St Martial, who is reckoned, but without reason, the apostle of the Limosins. See Du Tillet, in his history of the War of the Albigenses, printed at Paris, 1590.

[4] Cotgrave says, *Chausses à queüe de merlus:* round breeches with strait cannions, having in the seat a piece like a fish's tail, and worn by old men, scholars, and such like niggardly or needy persons.

[5] The word *Alipantin* seems to be coined from the modern Greek ἀλίπαντα, *pharmaca seu emplastra quæ ex pinguium mistione non constant*, says, after Aëtius, Harry Stephen, in his treatise of the Greek tongue, and Crepin's abridgment of Constantine's Lexicon.

the devil with this turnip-eater,[6] how he stinks! and so let him go. But this hug of Pantagruel's was such a terror to him all the days of his life, and took such deep impression in his fancy, that very often, distracted with sudden affrightments, he would startle and say that Pantagruel held him by the neck. Besides that it procured him a continual drought and desire to drink, so that after some few years he died of the death Roland,[7] in plain English called thirst, a work of divine vengeance, showing us that which saith the philosopher, and Aulus Gellius, that it becometh us to speak according to the common language; and that we should, as said Octavian Augustus, strive to shun all strange and unknown words with as much heedfulness and circumspection as pilots of ships use to avoid the rocks and banks in the sea.

The drug which so offended Pantagruel's olfactory nerves with its odour, was but too λιπῶδες, *i.e.*, too fat. It required no less a relief than that of St Alipantin, whose very name alone promises a quite contrary operation.

[6] The Limosins are nick-named turnip-eaters, from the quantities of radishes and turnips on which these poor people mainly subsist. Fr. Hotman, in his Matago de Matagonibus, calls John Dorat of Limoges, for the aforesaid reason, Raphanophagus.

[7] Roland's death, *i.e.*, thirst, or a dying of thirst. He who gave occasion to this expression was the pretended nephew of Charlemagne, Roland, admiral of Bretagne, whom some will have to have actually died of thirst at the battle of Roncevaux. (See Du Tillet's Mem., anno 1607, p. 261.) But, continues M. le Duchat, as it is not natural to die of a few hours' thirst in the mountains, might not this story be forged on what some romances say of Roland, describing him as one distracted and stark staring mad, at the defeat of his men; and that persons under that disorder of the brain, as he was said to be when he died, have an invincible abhorrence of whatever may in the least seem to tend to quench the thirst with which they burn?

CHAPTER VII

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO PARIS, AND OF THE CHOICE BOOKS OF THE LIBRARY OF ST VICTOR

After that Pantagruel had studied very well at Orleans,[1] he resolved to see the great university at Paris; but, before his departure, he was informed that there was a huge big bell at St Anian, in the said town of Orleans, under the ground, which had been there above two hundred and fourteen years, for it was so great that they could not by any device get it so much as above the ground, although they used all the means that are found in Vitruvius *de Architectura*, Albertus *de Re Ædificatoria*, Euclid, Theon, Archimedes, and Hero *de Ingeniis:* for all that was to no purpose. Wherefore, condescending heartily to the humble request of the citizens and inhabitants of the said town, he determined to remove it to the tower that was erected for it. With that he came to the place where it was, and lifted it out of the ground with his little finger, as easily as you would have done a hawk's bell or bell-wether's tingle-tangle; but, before he would carry it to the foresaid tower or steeple appointed for it, he would needs make some music with it about the town, and ring it along all the streets, as he carried it in his hand, wherewith all the people were very glad. But there happened one great inconveniency, for with carrying it so, and ringing it about the streets, all the good Orleans wine turned instantly, waxed flat,

[1] At first Rabelais wrote Orleans, but afterwards thought fit to call it Aurelians, in order to bring it nearer its original, or at least its restoration, which it owes to the Emperor Aurelian.

and was spoiled, which nobody there did perceive till the night following; for every man found himself so altered and a-dry with drinking these flat wines, that they did nothing but spit, and that as white as Maltha cotton, saying, We have got the Pantagruel, and our very throats are salted. This done, he came to Paris with his retinue. And at his entry every one came out to see him,—as you know well enough, that the people of Paris is sottish by nature,[2] by B flat and B sharp,—and beheld him with great astonishment, mixed with no less fear that he would carry away the palace[3] into some other country, *à remotis*, and far from them, as his father formerly had done the great peal bells at Our Lady's Church, to tie about his mare's neck. Now after he had stayed there a pretty space, and studied very well in all the seven liberal arts, he said it was a good town to live in, but not to die; for that the grave-digging rogues[4] of St Innocent used in frosty nights to warm their bums with dead men's bones. In his abode there he found the library of St Victor, a very stately and magnificent one,[5] especially in

[2] *By nature, etc.*—Every way; to all intents and purposes. The first is a term of the ancient music, the two last of the new.

[3] *The Palace.—Le Palais.* This word means the courts of judicature, that is, the parliament, which the Parisians were afraid he would remove, and so force them to tax themselves, in order to have them come again.

[4] *Grave-digging rogues.*—St Innocent's churchyard at Paris is so old, that at first it was out of the town, as all other churchyards then were. It is therefore the less to be wondered at, if some of the beggarly inhabitants thereabout did, in length of time, put the dead men's bones to such a use, considering how vastly full their charnel-house must be, and likewise that the bones of many pagans were very probably among them.

[5] *Magnificent one.*—St Victor's library owes its origin to the abbey of St Victor, which King Louis le Gros founded and built, about the year 1130. Now, as for want of persons to teach

some books which were there, of which followeth the Repertory and Catalogue, *Et primò*,

The two-horse tumbrel of Salvation.[6]
The Codpiece of the Law.[7]
The Slippers or Pantofles of the Decretals.[8]
The Pomegranate of Vice.[9]
The Clew-bottom of Theology.[10]

sound philosophy, and good literature, the best wits of those times bent themselves to the sophistry and quiddities of the school divinity; Rabelais from thence takes occasion to ridicule, in this whole chapter, such books which served for a foundation to this library; of which Joseph Scaliger was wont to say, that absolutely there was nothing in it but trash and rubbish, and that it was not without reason Rabelais made a mock of it.

[6] *The two horse, etc.—Bigua salutis.* It is a thick quarto, in a black gothic letter, containing 124 sermons, the title whereof, as transcribed from the edition of Haugenau, 1502, now in the royal library of Berlin, is Sermones Dominicales perutiles à quodam Patre Hunguro ordinis Minorum de observantia in conventu Pesthiensi comportati, Biga salutis intitulati. *Bigua* (instead of *biga*), as it stands even in the first editions of Rabelais, has all the air of an affected ignorance, to render the title of the book still more ridiculous, as if one should say, *the two-horse tumbrel.*

[7] *The codpiece of the law.—Bragueta juris.* No such title of a real book; the author only quibbles upon the double meaning of the French word *droit* (in Latin *jus*), *droit* signifying both rectitude and erection.

[8] *The slippers or pantofles, etc.—Pantofla decretorum.* This book is thus intituled, as well because the Popes, by virtue of their ordinances, commonly called *decretals*, have made themselves so highly revered, that all who approach them must kiss their slipper, as also because the doctors made so by decree (or ordinance) generally go abroad in their slippers.

[9] *The pomegranate of vice.—Malogranatum vitiorum.* This book in quarto, of which I have seen the Augsburg edition, 1510, is ascribed to a doctor of Kisersberg, named John Gayler.

[10] *The clew-bottom.*—The title, perhaps of some such book, wherein the author pretends to wind up theology, as it were, into a *clew-bottom.*

The Duster or Fox-tail flap of Preachers, composed by Turlupin.[11]
The Churning Ballock of the Valiant.[12]
The Henbane of the Bishops.[13]
Marmotretus[14] de baboonis et apis, cum Commento Dorbellis.

[11] *The duster, etc.*—The old editions have Pepin's name, instead of Turlupin. William Pepin, a Jacobin (White Friar), was so famous a preacher at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that it was a proverb, 'Qui nescit Pepinare, nescit prædicare.' His sermons (seven or eight volumes in quarto) were the *Vistempenard des Precheurs, i.e.*, the grand repertory of the preachers of those times. *Vistempenard* is a burlesque word, composed of *vieux* and *penard*. The word Turlupin, if you mind it, is always used by Rabelais for a Jacobin, or, as they then wrote it, Jacopin.

[12] *The churning, etc.*—*Couille barrine des preux*; *barrine* from *barrus*, an elephant, as much as to say, the valiant, or worthies of the world, have large talents for the service of the ladies. 'Mulier dignissima barris,' says Horace, epod. 12.

[13] *The henbane.*—Henbane is a venomous weed, which causes such an alteration and disorder of the mind in any that should chance to eat of it, as to make them bray like asses, and neigh like horses. By this title of henbane of the bishops, Rabelais no doubt meant that the admonitions from the Scripture, given to the bishops of his time, put them into as bad convulsions as if they had swallowed henbane. It is a home-thrust of the satirist, and has a strong tincture of that time, when Calvin, in his treatise De Scandalis, says that Rabelais *gustaverat evangelium.*

[14] *Marmotretus.*—It is not the name of an author, but the title of a book. 'Mammotractus, quasi puer tractus manuductus,' from the old Lombard word *mammo*, a child, and *tratto*, tractus; because by the help of this book the young friars are brought to understand the terms and expressions of the Bible and mass-book, and other rituals, as children are led by the hand. Luke Wading names Marchesino, a Cordelier, for the author of this book, and places him in the year 1300. Rabelais always spells it *marmotrect*, in allusion to the word *marmot* (a monkey), and so ascribes to him a treatise of baboons and apes. D'Orbelles, nor any other, ever commented upon the Mammotractus, for all what Rabelais says. The book is purely a grammatical treatise for the use of children.

Decretum[15] Universitatis Parisiensis super gorgiasitate muliercularum ad placitum.

The Apparition of Sanct Geltrude to a Nun of Poissy, being in travail, at the bringing forth of a child.[16]

Ars honestè fartandi in societate, per Marcum Ortuinum.[17]

The Mustard-pot[18] of Penance.

[15] *Decretum.*—A decree whereby the University of Paris gave young women and maids leave to show their neck and breast (*gorge* in French). A decree like that which Panurge is said to have obtained, l. 2, c. 17.

[16] *The apparition, etc.*—A severe piece of raillery against the nuns of Poissy, strongly charged with intriguing at that time, and since too. See chap. 12, book iv. of Féneste. Rabelais, instead of St Gertrude (whom he miscalls Geltrude), should rather, one would think, have made use of St Margaret, who is commonly addressed to by women in labour; but the name of St Margaret would not have been so likely to surprise the reader, who, being at first deceived by the grave beginning of the title, thinks it only some pious fable out of some legend, and is not undeceived till he comes to the words, in childbirth, etc.

[17] *Ars, etc.*—This man, who has become the butt of many of the wits and satirists of those times, for his violently engaging in the persecution of the learned Reuchlin, is the famous Orthuinus Gratius, or Hardouin de Graes, doctor at Cologne, born indeed in the diocese of Munster, but brought up at Deventer by an uncle. The book, which may have given Rabelais a handle to ascribe to him this with so extraordinary a title, is in all likelihood the Fasciculus Rerum Expetendarum, etc., where Orthuinus styles himself, bonarum artium professor. The waggish Rabelais wanted no more than that *culus*——*expetendarum* (which our arts-master had indeed better avoided), thence to take occasion to make him the author of 'Ars honestè petandi' (in good Latin it should be *pedendi*).

[18] *The mustard-pot.*—Mustard is here an illusion to *moult tarde, multum tardare.* A certain preacher, who had laid a wager he would begin his sermon by crying three times, mustard (*moûtarde*), with a pause between each of the two first, cried out the third time: MOULT TARDE *le pécheur à faire penitence.* Much tardy is the sinner to repent.

The Gamashes, alias the Boots of Patience.[19]
Formicarium Artium.[20]
De brodiorum usu, et honestate chopinandi, per Sylvestrem Prioratem Jacobinum.[21]
The Cuckold in Court.[22]
The Frail of the Scriveners.[23]
The Marriage-packet.
The Crucible of Contemplation.
The Flimflams of the Law.
The Goad of Wine.[24]
The Spur of Cheese.[25]

[19] *The gamashes, etc.*—It is thought this alludes to the cruel torture of the boot, used by the Jacobin inquisitors upon the poor Albigenses.

[20] *Formicarium Artium.*—John Nyder, a German Jacobin who died in 1438, has written a piece of morality on pismires entitled, Formicarium. Rabelais on this title conceived his Formicarium Artium, taken notice of by Chancellor Bacon in his Advancement of Learning, l. 1, c. 6.

[21] *De brodiorum, etc.*—This good father, Sylvester de Priero (who by the way wrote in behalf of indulgences in 1518, against Luther, who attacked them the year before), in his Summa Sylvestrina, handles the questions of fasting and abstinence in as loose a manner as has since been done by the Baunis, the Filiutiuses and the Escobars. Brodium, broth, comes from the German *brodt*, bread, because bread is a main ingredient in good broth.

[22] *The cuckold in court.*—There were enow such in the lewd reign of Francis I., especially after that gallant prince had introduced circles of the fair sex at court. It was indeed that reign which furnished Brantôme with his tales of the Dames Galantes.

[23] *The frail of the scriveners.*—Formerly in France, as well as anciently at Rome and in Greece, the notaries put their papers in frails, or rush and wicker baskets.

[24] *The goad of wine.*—The goad of divine love, as the translator of a book of devotion of St Bonaventura entitles it, furnished Rabelais with this idea, who knew no better goad to his wine than Bologna sausages, gammons of bacon, salted eels, etc.

[25] *The spur of cheese.*—Rabelais places the goad of wine and the spur of cheese next to one another, and both in the library of St Victor, because wine makes a man run to the cheese, and the

Decrotatorium scholarium.[26]
Tartaretus [27] de modo cacandi.
The Bravades of Rome.[28]
Bricot [29] de Differentiis Browsarum.
The Tail-piece-Cushion, or Close-breech of Discipline.[30]
The Cobbled Shoe of Humility.[31]

cheese to the wine; and it is highly probable, the canons of that house very gladly travelled from one to the other.

[26] *The decrotatorium.*—He banters the regents and scholars of Paris upon their being so slovenly and dirty, as if they had made a vow never to clean themselves, *se decroter*. He puns upon their studying the decretals.

[27] *Tartaretus.*—Peter Tartaret (whose works were reprinted at Lyons in 1621). His sole merit wa refining on the ridiculous subtilties of John Scotus. This Tartaret had a long dispute with another quodlibetist of that house, touching the right pronouncing of the word *mihi*. Might it not be on account of the ordures and blasphemies which issued so copiously from the pen and mouth of Tartaret, or on account of the vicious custom he perhaps had of speaking and writing chi for hi in mihi, that Rabelais ascribes a book to him with so filthy a title? They are neither of them impossible; but, in my opinion, Rabelais therein principally considers him as a disciple of that very John Scotus who, on account of the scandalous subjects by him agitated, the painter Holbein had before pleasantly represented as vomiting his soul out of his mouth, under the figure of a child *stulta cacantis logicalia*.

[28] *The bravades.*—The pompous ceremonies of that Church; or perhaps Rabelais reflects on the Popes, who commonly are tame enough to such as do not value their threats.

[29] *Bricot.*—A doctor of Paris, an enemy of Reuchlin's; his name signifies boiled pap in German; so Rabelais makes him the author of a book about soups; with an eye likewise to the gluttony and fine Latin style of him and many of his fraternity.

[30] *The tail-piece, etc.*—In French *le cullot de discipline*. At Metz, the boys after a severe whipping anoint their posteriors with a candle's end (which they call *culot*); so Rabelais here alludes to the monks doing the like by way of lenitive, after they have whipt themselves with their discipline.

[31] *The cobbled shoe of humility.*—*La savate d'humilité*. This title

The Trivet of good Thoughts.[32]
The Kettle of Magnanimity.[33]
The Cavilling Intanglements of Confessors.
The Curates' rap over the Knuckles.[34]
Reverendi patris fratris Lubini, provincialis Bavardiæ, de gulpendis lardslicionibus libri tres.[35]

considered as depending upon, and immediately following the other, may allude to the *savatade*, a sort of punishment at Malta, inflicted on the buttocks of such young knights as have failed in their duty on the galleys. It is done with the sole of a shoe (*savate*).

[32] *The trivet, etc.*—Rabelais may allude to somebody who, according to the reigning custom of using whimsical titles, had ridiculously given that title to a piece teaching the basis of good thoughts, or the principle of devout meditations.

[33] *The kettle.*—The author of the preceding volume may have also been the author of this.

[34] *The curates,' etc.*—Slight penances imposed by some curates in cases where others would be more rigid.

[35] *Reverendi, etc.*—Several things here seem to me to be worth taking notice of. First, Rabelais has a fling at the pride of the monks, who at first being only called fratres, friars, brothers, got to themselves, in time, the title of *reverend fathers*. Secondly, the author introduces here a frère lubin, *i.e.*, an errant religious bite, whom those of his order have chosen their provincial, though a mere bavard, *i.e.*, one without merit or learning. Then we see this monk, brimful of himself, set about making books, and takes for the subject of his most serious occupation a ridiculous matter, under the colour of its relating to an adventure, which the scoffers will have it, that the book of conformities, etc., ascribes to his patriarch, St Francis. The scoffers, I say; for that book does not say, as they pretend, that one day St Francis happening to pick the lard or bacon out of some meat, as it was roasting in the friar's kitchen, did the same penance for it as if it had been a great sin, but only that that saint did penance, *si quando ratione infirmitatis carnes comedisset vel coquinam conditam lardo, i.e.*, when being sick or out of order, he ate flesh, or tasted any *victuals that had bacon* in it; which a little lower is called *coquinam cum lardone*, and which is elsewhere explained by *cibaria condita cum lardo*. See Les conformités, etc. Edit. 1510, fol. 38 and 187.

Pasquilli Doctoris Marmorei, de capreolis cum artichoketa comedendis, tempore Papali ab Ecclesia interdicto.[36]

The Invention of the Holy Cross, personated by six wily Priests.[37]

The Spectacles of Pilgrims bound for Rome.[38]

Majoris de modo faciendi puddinos.[39]

[36] *Pasquilli, etc.*—A long letter, which Our Lady hard by Bazil wrote in 1524 to a Lutheran, concludes thus: 'Ex æde nostra lapidea, calendis Augusti; anno filii mei passi 1524. Virgo lapidea mea manu subscripsi.' Since, therefore, it was but wearing a human shape, and one was qualified to turn author, Rabelais thought he might here assign a book to the statue of Pasquin at Rome; and it being, even in his time, a common thing to fix on that statue all sorts of scandalous writings. Pasquin makes a treatise how one may, on days of fasting and abstinence, contrive to eat boldly at Rome itself a kid of the goats *à la chardonette* (with artichokes), indeed, how to eat flesh meat and indulge in all good cheer, so one does but save appearances.

[37] *The invention, etc.*—Doubtless, in Rabelais' time, was publicly acted, among other *pieces of moralities*, as they call them, *the Invention*, or *Finding of the Holy Cross;* and, it being probable it brought good grist to the actors' mill, Rabelais thence takes occasion to speak of another invention of the cross, played by six personages, viz., judge, counsellor, attorney, clerk, recorders, and ushers of the courts, all whom he calls *clercs de finesse*, on account of their worming their clients out of their money *finely*.

[38] *The spectacles, etc.*—The Spaniards wear such, and call them travelling spectacles. Those, likewise, who go from France to Rome wear them when they come near the Alps, to preserve their eyes from the injuries of the snow and cold. The author hereby further insinuates to the pilgrims, that they will stand in need of their spectacles to see the relics; for that they are shown at such a distance, that, even with the help of them, a man can hardly say what it is he sees.

[39] *Majoris, etc.*—John Major, a Scotsman, doctor of Paris, known in the beginning of the sixteenth century by several moral, philosophical, and theological pieces, printed at Paris in different years from 1509 to 1529. This person, who had regented, *i.e.*, taught in Montagu College, was, in all likelihood, as much given to his gut as many of his colleagues; and therefore, Rabelais brings him publicly teaching *the art to make puddings*, *i.e.*, to stuff

The Bagpipe[40] of the Prelates.
Beda[41] de optimitate triparum.
The Complaint of the Barristers upon the reformation of Comfites.[42]
The Furred Cat[43] of the Solicitors and Attornies.
Of Peas and Bacon, *cum commento*.[44]

and cram the womb while their skins would hold, or till their bellies cracked again.

[40] *The bagpipe, etc.*—See this explained elsewhere.

[41] *Beda.*—Noel Beda, doctor of Sorbonne, a violent enemy to polite learning, and to W. Budæus, who favoured it by his interest with Francis I. Beda had a prodigious paunch of his own, and Rabelais makes him the author of a book of the excellence of tripes, as much as to say, his whole merit lay in his huge belly.

[42] *The complaint, etc.*—What Rabelais calls here the reformation of sweetmeats, is the changing comfits and other junkets, the lawyers used to have of their clients, into money, which was moderated at a lower value, per cause, than if they had been paid in spices (as they called their former fees, and used to be paid in). Cotgrave, at the word *espices*, says: spices or spice; also the fees that be taken by the (French) judges and their assistants, for books perused, consultations had, and sentence given in a cause, from the ancient manner of grateful suitors, who, having prevailed, were wont to present the judges, or the reporters of their causes, with comfits, or other junkets; which gratuity they afterwards turned into money, and by degrees have suffered it to become a duty, and, as it is at this day, the only or best revenues belonging to judicial places.

[43] *The furred cat.*—*Chaffourer*, a word which indeed sounds like furred cat, signifies only to blot and blur paper with scrawling, or writing ill-favouredly. So here the solicitors and attornies are said to have the art of amassing money by *chaffouring*, or paper-staining.

[44] *Peas and bacon, cum commento.*—Until the time of Francis II., as Champier (vii. 2) informs us, plain *peas and bacon*, without any other seasoning, were accounted in France a dish for a king; but long before this the gentlemen of St Victor turned up their noses at this dish, unless it had something more delicate than bacon or pork to complete it, and therefore a certain ingenious man, probably of this foundation, after several researches followed by experiments, at length published, as a worthy comment upon this subject, a noble and large list of many ingredients which might considerably meliorate the peas and bacon.

The Small vales[45] or drinking Money of the Indulgences.

Præclarissimi[46] juris utriusque Doctoris Maistre Pillotti, etc. Scrapfarthingi de botchandis glossæ Accursianæ Triflis repetitio enucidiluculidissima.

Stratagemata[47] Francharchieri de Baniolet.

Franctopinus[48] or Churlbumpkinus de Re Militari cum Figuris Tevoti.

[45] *The small vales.*—*La profiterolle des indulgences;* what in Rabelais' time they called *profiterolle* was a small pellet, or roll of dough, baked in the ashes, *turanda subscinericia vel focacea*, says Nicot after Budæus; and it is to this the author makes allusion here, calling *profiterolle*, the *profit* accruing from Ash Wednesday to the curates and monks, by means of indulgences, which roll from one church, where people have already gained them, to another, where they again gain them for a fresh sum of money.

[46] *Præclarissimi.*—*Raquedenare* is a pinch-penny; *bobelineur*, from *bubulinator*, is a worker in old leather, a cobbler; and *baguenaudes*, fooleries, paltry trash, or empty discourses; metaphorically taken from *baguenaudæ*, bladder-nuts, St Anthony's nuts, wild pistachios. 'Baguenaudæ seu magnæ vesicæ benè turgidæ et repletæ vento, quæ cum puncto acus percussæ sunt, nihil aliud faciunt quam crepitum ad faciendum ridere pueros," says Antichopin, p. 24. Thus we see that here Rabelais makes game of Accursius' Gloss on the one hand, as he continually does, and on the other rubs up certain pillaging lawyers, who get estates by transcribing scraps of this Gloss, right or wrong, as much as by any real useful science.

[47] *Stratagemata.*—This franc-archer was condemned to die for his villainies, as Mezeray and Ambrose Paré tells us: but the body of physicians, being informed that this man was exceedingly troubled with the stone, begged the King to let them make a trial upon him, and see if they could not open his rein or loins, and draw the stone out that way; they did so, and the archer lived many years afterwards in perfect health. Of the many stories that went about concerning this French rogue, and the pranks he played, Rabelais supposes a volume, by the help whereof the author, who was this same archer, lived happy in the other world, where he was seen by Epistemon, Rab. l. 2, c. 30.

[48] *Franctopinus.*—Rabelais, under the specious title of stratagems of the franc-archer of Bagnolet, had just now a fling chiefly at the robberies of the franc-archers, trained bowmen in

De usu [49] et utilitate flayandi equos et equas, authore Magistro nostro de Quebecu.

The Sauciness of Country-Stewards.

M. N. Rostocostojambedanesse [50] de mustarda post prandium servienda, libri quatuordecim, apostilati per M. Vaurrillonis.

The Couillage [51] or Wench-tribute of Promoters.

every parish, to be ready at any time at a summons, and a rate certain, to march ; for which they were franc, *i.e.*, exempt from taxes ; a sort of militia established by Charles VII., and suppressed the very next reign. He now banters the cowardice and inexperience of the franctaupins, husbandmen soldiers, as Cotgrave calls them, compared with the old Romans, whose excellent discipline and stratagems of war are still admired in the works of Vegetius and Frontinus, and the author's satire falls here personally on the franctaupin Tevot, whose clownish name, being a diminutive of Stephen, seems to me to be a nick-name expressive of a braggadocio, destined rather to be knocked on the head with stones on the pavement of a town than to be killed in an army in the field of battle.

[49] *De usu.*—William de Quercu, a doctor of Paris, who has printed something on St Gregory. Rabelais, who thought this doctor neither more learned, nor less barbarous, than a great many others of that robe, changes his name into Quebecu, in order to make out of it an allusion to *equa*, *equus*, whereby to ascribe to this flayer of Latin a volume *de usu*, etc., as above.

[50] *M. N. Rostocostojambedenasse.*—Beza, c. l. of his ecclesiastical history, on the year 1541, speaks of a certain Portuguese, Andrew Govea, doctor of the Sorbonne, surnamed, he says, Sinapivorus or mustard-mawler. If it be not to him that Rabelais attributes this ridiculous book, it may be he alludes to Angelus de Gambedellionibus, or lion-leg, author of two pieces mentioned in the bibliothèque of Draudius. Instead of lion-leg, the author may have called him *jambe d'anesse*, ass's leg, probably reproaching him that, like an ass, which has neither teeth nor claws to defend itself, he had at least kicked his enemy, and that too by a writing, which not appearing till after his enemy's death, came too late, like mustard after dinner, *post prandium*. As for *Vaurrillonis*, it means William, a Cordelier, who has written on John Scotus and on the Master of the Sentences some pieces, the titles whereof you have in Draudius' Bibliothèque, and in p. 47, Bibliothecæ Tellerianæ.

[51] *The Couillage.*—In France they called by the name of *couillage*

Jabolenus de Cosmographia Purgatorii.[52]
Quæstio subtilissima,[53] utrum Chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones ; et fuit debatuta per decem hebdomadas in Consilio Constantiensi.
The Bridle-champer [54] of the Advocates.
Smutchudlamenta Scoti.[55]

a certain tribute paid before Luther by priests for licences to keep wenches. The bishops sold to the curates and other ecclesiastics their diocesans this liberty, which indeed had before been granted them by the first council of Toledo. See the decret. part 1, dist. 34, au canon 15, qui, etc. Agrippa, in his Vanity of the Sciences, chapter de Lenonia, speaks of this tribute as still subsisting in Germany in his time, and the tradition of Metz has preserved there the memory of what passed in the sixteenth century between a proctor and a poor curate of the diocese of Treves, who was called upon for a crown, to which his share of that duty amounted annually, and the good man declined paying, because he said he kept no woman. 'No matter for that,' replied the archbishop's officer, 'you must pay your dues ; if you can do without a girl, that is nothing to thy master and mine; he has nothing to do with that. The money he must have ; and I too am to have a part of the sum thou owest.'

[52] *Jabolenus, etc.*—This is left out of some editions of Rabelais.

[53] *Quæstio, etc.*—A satirical stroke against the council of Constance, begun in 1414, and in which, for near four years that it lasted, the author says that for several weeks they minded but one thing, and that was a very chimæra.

[54] *The Bridle-champer.—Mache frain*, Cotgrave says, means a lawyer, so called from his mule, which by the way is something odd too, which, attending at the door, while her master's in court, hath leisure enough to champ on the bridle. M. le Duchat says, there was at Dijon one Philip Machefoin, mayor of the town in 1448, counsellor and keeper of the Duke of Burgundy's jewels.

[55] *Smutchudlamenta.*—The works of John Scot, an English Franciscan friar, who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century. He is commonly called the Subtile Doctor ; but Rabelais here calls by the name of bedaubings, the works of that monk, as well because that in the seventeen folio volumes which they make, and which were reprinted at Paris in 1659.

The Rasping[56] and Hard-scraping of the Cardinals.
De calcaribus[57] removendis, Decades undecim, per M. Albericum de Rosata.
Ejusdem[58] de castrametandis criminibus libri tres.
The entrance[59] of Anthony de Leve into the territories of Brazil.

there is wherewithal to bedaub the mind in proportion to the paper bedaubed by Scotus himself, as because these same works suggest to them that read them another sort of bedaubing, which the painter Holbein has very naturally represented in Erasmus' praise of folly, where this John Scotus is vomiting his soul out at his mouth, under the figure of a boy *stulta cacantis logicalia.* (See Note 7, p. 145.)

[56] *The rasping, etc.*—So Sir T. U. translates *Ratepenade*, but M. Duchat says it means a bat or rear-mouse, *mus pennatus*, otherwise *vespertilio*, a creature which begins not to fly abroad till the evening; as the cardinals, who are of a modern institution, did not begin till very late to make a grand figure in the Roman hierarchy. See the Valesiana at the word *cardinalat.*

[57] *De Calcaribus.*—The book which Albericus de Rosata wrote on the decretals, is a book which Rabelais judged to be of that use to the public that he gives it here to the tune of 110 volumes, treating of the art of not spurring the horse one rides. Rabelais, by making the lawyer Rosata write a treatise de Calcaribus, of spurs, alludes to his name Rosata *rosette* in French signifying the rowel of a spur. Moreover, as Rosata was a native of Bergamoe in the territory of Venice, I know not but this *removendis*, of keeping the spurs clear of the horse's sides, may be a banter upon the unskilfulness of the Venetians as to horsemanship. We all know how arch Poggius and other writers are in their stories of the Venetian noblemen's awkwardness in this particular, and that they know neither how to spur or rein in a horse as they should do, because they never mount anything but their gondolas, etc.

[58] *Ejusdem.*—Perhaps Rosata, in his commentary on the decretals, was too rigid in relation to the placing certain cases of conscience he might treat of.

[59] *The entrance.*—Rabelais derides Antonio Leyva's fatal entry in 1536 into Provence, which is the Brazil of France, and particularly into the territory of Marseilles, an ancient colony of the Greeks. That Spanish captain was buried in his camp before Marseilles, where he died of grief for undertaking the

Marforii [60] bacalarii cubantis Romæ, de peelandis aut unskinnandis blurrandisque Cardinalium mulis.

The said Author's Apology against those who allege that the Pope's mule doth eat but at set times.[61]

Prognosticatio quæ incipit, Silvii Triquebille, balata per M. N., the deep-dreaming gull Sion.[62]

Boudarini Episcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus Enneades novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium, et postea non.[63]

siege of that town so unadvisedly. See Mezeray on the year 1536.

[60] *Marforii.*—This must be some satire of the time upon the pageantry of the cardinals' mules being differently decked out and harnessed, according to the solemnity of the days on which they appear in public in their utmost magnificence. Marforio's statue, it is well known, lies along on the ground in one of the courts of the ancient Capitol. This is what is intended by *cubantis Romæ*. Marforio is here termed a bachelor, whereas Pasquin is styled doctor. This is because Marforio has not near so many libels affixed to his statue, as that of Pasquin has daily.

[61] *The said author's apology, etc.*—What occasioned this sort of proverb, that the Pope's mule eats but at his hours, is not the obstinacy of those moody creatures; but some understand by it, that if because a master may be immensely rich, he should be continually heaping favours on those about him, it might cause him to be but ill served by them. Marforio here lends his pen to some covetous ecclesiastic.

[62] *Prognosticatio, etc.*—This facetious almanack is of a Gothic impression, contains four leaves in 4to, is in French rhyme, and short stanzas four lines each. The title is, La Prenostication de Maître Albert Songecreux Biscain. Somebody, M. le Duchat tells us, had wrote, above 200 years ago, at the bottom of that copy he saw, *Proclamatum mense Decembri*, 1527. Harry Stephens mentions this almanack in his Apology for Herodotus. The word *songecreux* means a dull, melancholy, saturnine man; a sleepy, heavy-headed gull; a dreaming visionary, always in a brown study, or the dumps.

[63] *Boudarin—enneades novem, etc.*—ÆNEADES, the former translator has it, in large letters, as if it meant Virgil's Æneids. But it should be *enneades*, a Greek word for nine, as here. The word *emulgentiarum*, which signifies the action of milking such creatures

The Shitabrenna of the Maids.[64]
The Bald Arse or Peeled Breech of the Widows.[65]
The Cowl or Capouch of the Monks.[66]
The Mumbling Devotion of the Cœlestine Friars.[67]
The Passage-toll of Beggarliness.[68]

as give milk, is here put for *indulgentiarum*, which among the bishops is another way of milking their flock. These indulgences, it is true, are absolutely insignificant, as Rabelais owns; but yet the profits of them are so very considerable, that he makes a volume thereof consisting of fourscore and one books, *i.e.*, nine *enneades*. As for the author bringing in the Pope's privileges for three years only, that is as much as to say, the gain accruing from indulgences is a sort of manna which rains only where, and how long, the Pope pleases.

[64] *The shitabrenna.—Le chiabrena des pucelles.* Rabelais, it is thought, banters the resistance young women make to the first embraces of a man, as if it was all a farce, a vinegar face put on, affected nicety, and shitten-come-shittery, for that is the meaning of the word *chiabrena*; *chier* is to shite; *bren* is a Roüen word for a turd. See more, book i, ch. 10.

[65] *The bald, etc.*—This may be taken in two senses: the decent one is an allusion to the peaked hood of the widows, compared to the capuche of the monks mentioned in the next article: the former generally of cloth or velvet, will in time lose the nap and grow bare, as the buttocks of a monkey, and so too the latter by being often lifted up and let down.

[66] *The cowl, etc.—Coqueluche* has likewise two meanings; one is a cowl, and the other is a disease said by some to be the hooping-cough. So Rabelais derides the monks' cowl and their nocturnal devotions which engendered coughs and catarrhs; and these coughs and catarrhs would no more quit them than they quitted their cowls.

[67] *The mumbling devotion.*—Fond superstitious devotions mumbled over to one's self. 'Preghiere senza attentione,' says Oudin. Rabelais censures the extreme indevotion that then reigned among the Celestines.

[68] *The passage-toll of beggarliness.—Le barraige de manducité.* The true translation whereof should be the passage-toll, not of beggarliness, as Sir T. U. translates it, but of guttling or gormandizing, from *manducare*, to chew. (*Mendicité* is indeed beggarliness, from *mendicare*, to beg.) *Barraige* is so termed of the bar that ordinarily stands on the way wherein is payable this *barraige*, which is a sort of tythe or contribution the begging monks subsist

The Teeth-chatter[69] or Gum-didder of Lubberly Lusks.
The Paring-shovel of the Theologues.[70]
The Drenching-horn of the Masters of Arts.[71]
The scullions[72] of Olcam the Uninitiated Clerk.

on at the expense of the public, in exacting their share of whatever is consumed in the place they happen to be in.

[69] *The teeth-chatter, etc.*—A reflection on the voraciousness and nakedness of voluntary beggars and other slothful idlesbies, that will rather starve with cold and hunger than work to get heat or meat. To conclude; Claquedent, in an ancient moral devout play so called, entitled the Crucifixion of Christ, is the name of one of the Roman soldiers that cast lots on our Saviour's garment.

[70] *The paring-shovel of the theologues.*—*La ratouere des theologiens*, which should be translated the rat-trap of the theologues, though the word does signify a paring-shovel likewise, but can never mean so here. M. le Duchat puts the question, whether by this rat-trap the author may not mean the vow of celibacy made by the monks and Roman clergy, without foreseeing the consequence of such an engagement; or whether it may not be only an allusion to a certain rebus, which considers these gentlemen shavelings as so many rats which devour the world? If the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judgment as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world had not been so eaten up with rats, says Lord Suck-fist, in the beginning of the 12th chapter.

[71] *The drenching-horn of the masters of arts.*—*L'ambouchouer des maistres en arts. L'embouchoir*, M. le Duchat says, means a boot-last or boot-tree, and compares the forming of a young master of arts to a bootmaker's forming a new boot, by putting it on the last or tree. To which I shall add, that as Rabelais has very frequently more than one meaning in what he says, it may allude to the pouring learning into a young man's noddle, as a drenching-horn serves to convey a draught into a horse's mouth: for *embouchoir* means a drenching-horn too.

[72] *The scullions.*—The author seems here to rally some young scholars (*scullions*, *marmitons* in French) of the University of Paris, who had no sooner put on the pensioner's cap, but, without any further examination, boldly espoused the sentiments of Ockham, patriarch of the nominalists, against the subtle John Scot, who was patriarch of the realists, so called in opposition to the former.

Magistri N. Lickdishetis, de garbellisiftationibus horarum canonicarum, libri quadraginta.[73]
Arsiversitatorium confratriarum, incerto authore.[74]
The Rasher of Cormorants and Ravenous Feeders.[75]
The Rammishness of the Spaniards supercoquelicanticked by Friar Inigo.[76]

[73] *Magistri N., etc.*—This garbling the canonical hours is nicely to sift into them, to examine them minutely, etc. Thus the forty books, which one of our masters of the old Sorbonne had published on the scrupulous garbling the canonical hours, should seem to teach the necessity of diving into all the mysteries of them, which would have been much to the tooth of this friar Lick-dish, who would indeed say these prayers over, out of duty, while some other ecclesiastical guest might be cully enough literally to practise all its fine precepts out of devotion.

[74] *Arsiversitatorium, etc.*—This book must be a new one, since it treats of the overthrow (*culbût* in French) of most of the religious fraternities, which happened in several countries, nobody knows how, at that time.

[75] *The rasher, etc.*—I know not what rasher means here; it is *cabourne* in the original, which M. le Duchat says, is that piece of cloth, made oval-wise, worn by the capuchins during their noviciate; and by it the author means a sort of stupidity in the novices of that order; and it is from these words that is derived the Italian *capronaggine*, which Ant. Oudin has rendered by that of *lourdauderie; i.e.*, blockishness.

[76] *The rammishness.*—This title being in the Gothic edition of Rabelais 1534, six years before the institution of the Jesuits was approved, or so much as their name known, nobody can say Rabelais had an eye to their society, though grafted on all the sects of monks both ancient and modern; which is the meaning of *supercoque-lic-antiquée*. It is much more likely that Ignatius being in 1528 at Paris, where he practised, and caused to be practised, the spiritual exercises he had composed, Rabelais looked on this refinement made by a Spaniard in matter of piety, as a pleasant method to clear the world at once of its opinion that the Spaniards stunk no less, or were a whit more orthodox than the hypocrites or bigots of Berne, descended, like them, from the Goths and Saracens, who had for many ages lorded it in Spain: which Rabelais has expressed in his way by the burlesque title of the rammishness (or frowzy smell) of the Spaniards supercoquelicantiqued by Fra. Inigo. Rabelais, by this article, must

The Muttering of Pitiful Wretches.[77]
Dastardismus rerum Italicarum, authore Magistro Burnegad.[78]
R. Lullius de Batisfolagiis Principum.[79]
Calibistratorium caffardiæ, authore M. Jacobo Hocstraten hereticometra.[80]
Codtickler de Magistro nostrandorum Magistro nostratorumque beuvetis, libri octo galantissimi.[81]

have been the first man that ever took notice of this order (Jesuits).

[77] *The muttering, etc.*—He means the hypocrisy of whimpering pretenders to devotion, who, while they are whining out their prayers, think of nothing but the porridge-pot. (*Marmite* signifies a porridge-pot, as well as *marmiteux*, a whimperer.)

[78] *Dastardismus.*—Stephen Brulefer, a Franciscan friar, and a doctor of Paris in Louis XI.'s time, published several sermons, etc. He taught that neither the Pope, nor councils, no, nor the Church itself in a body, could establish any new article of faith. He also condemned the meriting by works. On this account his brother doctors of Paris obliged him to fly for protection to Diether, Archbishop of Mentz. It is perhaps on account of this theologue's zeal and resolution, that Rabelais attributes to him the boldness of daring thus publicly to expose the false steps made, till then, by so many princes who had pusillanimously submitted to the Pope's yoke. Though, upon second thoughts, the author, perhaps, only rallies the Catholic powers of Europe for letting the Italians so easily seize and engross the Papacy to themselves.

[79] *Lullius.*—Rabelais calls by the name of *batifolage*, *i.e.*, ridiculous occupation, the eager endeavours of several princes to find out the philosopher's stone after Raymond Lully's time, who was reckoned to have found it.

[80] *Calibistratorium, etc.*—I fancy this title may be thus construed: the papers, writings, and evidences of the ecclesiastical hypocrites, by way of brief or instruction to James Hocstraten, who was to take the measure and sound the depth of a heretic that was fallen into his hands.

[81] *Codtickler, etc.*—*Chaultcouillonis de magistro beuvetis, etc.* (for there is no sense in *beneventi* nor *beuventis*, as some editions have it), the tippling-house (*beuventis*) of our masters the doctors of divinity of Paris, and elsewhere, and of such as aspire to become so, described by a master-rake, a grand whore-master.

The Crackarades of Bullists or stone-throwing Engines, Contrepate Clerks, Scriveners, Brief-writers, Rapporters, and Papal Bull-despatchers, lately compiled by Regis.[82]

A perpetual Almanack for those that have the gout and the pox.[83]

Manera sweepandi fornacellos per Mag. Eccium.[84]

The Shable, or Scimetar of Merchants.[85]

The Pleasures of the Monachal Life.[86]

The Hodge-podge of Hypocrites.[87]

The History of the Hobgoblins.[88]

[82] *The crackarades.—Petarrades.* The kicking, winching, yerking out behind, and farting gun-shot of bullists, etc. It means the quirks, the rogueries, the qui-pro-quos, the rascally, villainous disappointments people must expect that have to do with the various officers of the court of Rome. For here *petarrades* means neither more nor less than the Italian *corregiata staffilata*, which means such sort of tricks and bites, in drawing up or engrossing a writing, as was committed in the agreement between the Landgrave of Hesse and the Emperor Charles V. when the letter u was slipped in for an n. Again, *faire à quelqu'un la petarade* is to make a fool of one.

[83] *A perpetual almanack.—Res ipsa loquitur.*

[84] *Manera, etc.—Manera ramonandi fournelles per M. Eccium. Ramoneur* is French for a chimney-sweeper. Eccius, a German divine, and one of Luther's antagonists, is here ridiculed for having, in the style of a chimney-sweeper, written a piece wherein he defended, against Luther, the doctrine of purgatory.

[85] *The shable, etc.*—In the original, *le Poulemart des marchans, i.e.*, the tradesman's packthread ; for in Dauphiny, and the country of the Lyonnois, the tradesmen and shopkeepers call, by the name of poulemart, the packthread they use in tying up their small wares in petty parcels, which is far from the signification Oudin assigns to this word, namely, a scimetar or hanger.

[86] *The pleasures, etc.—Les aises de la vie monachale.* The ease, comforts, and conveniences of a lazy abbey-lubber's life.

[87] *The hodge-podge of hypocrites.—La galimaffrée des bigots.* The olla podrida, or mingle-mangle of all the superstitions practised by bigots.

[88] *The history of the hobgoblins.*—Below, in l. 3, c. 23, Rabelais mentions a story of the hobgoblins (*farfadetz*) of Orleans, relating

The Ragamuffianism of the pensionary maimed soldiers.[89]
The Gulling Fibs and counterfeit Shows of Commissaries.[90]
The Litter of Treasurers.[91]
The Juglingatorium of Sophisters.[92]

to the provost's wife there; and Sleidan takes notice of the same as a piece of notorious roguery of the Cordeliers of Orleans. The author generally calls all the mendicants by the name of farfadentz, because he looks upon them as men that would, upon occasion, be guilty of the same rogueries as the Franciscan friars, *i.e.*, act their impious farce of mimicking sprites, apparitions, and hobgoblins, called in some places farfadets, from *fadus*, which comes from *fari*.

[89] *The ragamuffianism, etc.—La bellistrandie des mille-souldiers.* M. Duchat interprets it, the miserable pinching life of those who have no way to grow rich but by an extreme avarice. I rather think it may be construed, especially as *belistre* signifies a sturdy beggar, the sad shifts old maimed soldiers are put to; for *mille-souldiers* means such soldiers as have only mille sous (or £5 sterling yearly pension) to live upon, and no more.

[90] *The gulling, etc.—Les hapelourdes des officiaux.* The fallacious exterior figure made by officials, chancellors of bishops and others, *ejusdem farinæ*.

[91] *The litter, etc.—La bauduffe des thresauriers.* Litter is one meaning of the word *bauduffe*, but I remember to have read somewhere that it likewise signifies a gig, or casting-top; and M. Duchat confirms it, for he says, as the functions of the treasurers of France (who are incredibly numerous, see Cotgrave) are neither frequent nor difficult to discharge, Rabelais assigns to these (most commonly unemployed) officers a top to whip, by way of amusement; muchwhat upon the same footing as in l. 1, c. 38, he brings in the generals of the finances at Montpellier, who not knowing how to employ themselves one day, when according to custom they were assembled, fell to playing at muss like little children.

[92] *The juglingatorium, etc.—Badinatorium sophistarum.* By the sophists, in the Rabelaisian style, generally are meant the Sorbonists. This title is a satire on the school divinity, which the author looked upon as a vain study and mere foolery, child's play, bamboozling amusement (*badinage*).

Antipericatametanaparbeugedamphicribrationes Toordicantium.[93]
The Periwinkle of Ballad-makers.[94]
The Push-forward of the Alchemists.[95]
The Niddy-noddy of the Satchel-loaded Seekers, by Friar Blindfastatis.[96]
The Shackles of Religion.[97]
The Racket of Swaggerers.[98]

[93] *Antipericatametanaparbeugedamphicribrationes toordicantium.*—It is in some editions merdicantium, which inclines M. Duchat to think our author designates the physicians by the barbarous terms of their profession.

[94] *The periwinkle, etc.—Le limasson des rimasseurs.* This should be Englished, according to Duchat's note, a snail-like spitting, driveling, foaming or slavering (by which I suppose he means the frothy vain babble of paltry poets, in their playing upon words in their creeping, crawling, reptile rhymes).

[95] *The push-forward, etc.—Le boutevent des alchymestes.* The *buttar vento* of the Italians, signifies the winds beginning to blow. Thus we are to understand the first effects of that madness, which puts the gentleman of the bellows upon blowing the coal. If you spell it *boutevant*, *bouter*, signifying *pousser*, may allude to the fallacious hopes which push forward such as hunt for the philosopher's stone, which they tell me is, after all, but a brickbat.

[96] *The niddy-noddy, etc.—La nicquenocque des Questeurs cababezacée par frere Serratis.* It seems to have an eye to those little deformed hump-back beggars, who niche or nestle in the night in private houses to do the master's work. As for Serratis, the name of this brother, or friar-beggar, it comes from *serrer*, to lock up fast, and characterises the true inclination of a begging monk, to lock up whatever is given him. Lastly, as for *cababezacée*, it is an adjective made up of *cabas* and *bezace*, and intimates to us that such mumpers are used to put into their wallet (*bezace*) only part of what they catch; but that a certain basket, or cabas, which lies hid within, serves to secrete for their dear selves alone many a good sliver of what is bestowed on them.

[97] *The shacles, etc.—Les entraves de religion.* The monastic vows, which *nolens volens* attach monks to the injunctions of religion, and to the rule they have embraced.

[98] *The racket of swaggerers.—La raquette des brimbaleurs. Brimbaler* is the same as *agiter*, *secouer: brimbaler les cloches*, to ring, or set the bells a-ringing. *La raquette*, as M. Duchat says, is

The Leaning-stock of old age.
The Muzzle of Nobility.[99]
The Ape's paternoster.[100]
The Crickets and Hawk-bells of Devotion.[101]
The Pot of the Ember weeks.[102]
The Mortar of the politic life.[103]

the grate (not unlike a racket) which hinders the monks from going to the nuns, with whom (could they but get to them) they would ring them another-guess sort of a peel, and with different bells from those in the church-steeple. So those words should be translated, the grate of the bell-ringers.

[99] *The muzzle of nobility.—La museliere de noblesse. Museliere*, no doubt, signifies a muzzle, and so it does two or three things besides. But Belon, in his Singularitez, etc., c. 35, will have it to mean the mask or vizard worn by young ladies and women of quality. But here, says M. Duchat, *la museliere* particularly points at the musing, dreaming, lounging life led by the French gentry in Rabelais' time.

[100] *The ape's paternoster.—La patenostre du cinge*, the old way, I suppose, of spelling *singe* from *simia*, an ape, in Latin. The hypocrisy of outside devotionalists. Properly we call by the name of the ape's paternoster, an appearance of sanctity, which ends in some signal roguery.

[101] *The crickets and hawk-bells of devotion.—Les grezillons de devotion.* Cotgrave's Dictionary, which, by the way, I find to have been the book chiefly consulted by Sir T. U., says *gresillon* is a cricket. Boyer says no such thing. Hear what M. Duchat says: Rabelais here alludes to the custom of some superstitious people, when they say their paternosters, to twist and twine the beads about their thumbs, just as the executioner does the grezillon, or small whip-cord, which he ties about the thumbs of such as suffer the ordinary rack.

[102] *The pot of the Ember weeks.—La marmite des quatretemps.* A pun upon the substantive *marmite*, which signifies a seething-pot, and the adjective *marmiteux*, whimpering, whining. So it means the piteous, whimpering countenance put on by hypocrites, who would persuade people that they have rigorously kept the fast of the four ember-weeks.

[103] *The mortar of the politic life.—Le mortier de vie politique.* The capuche (or cowl, that part of a friar's habit which covers his head). This capuche, like the ancient caps of presidents, called mortiers, covers the eyes of those who would be reckoned as dead *(morts)* to the world, *i.e.*, politically dead, as the phrase is.

The Flap of the Hermits.[104]
The Riding-hood or Montero of the Penitentiaries.[105]
The Trictrac of the Knocking Friars.[106]
Blockheadodus, de vitâ et honestate bragadochiorum.[107]

[104] *The flap of the hermits.—Le mouschet des hermites.—Mouschet*, M. Duchat says, comes from *monachettus*, a monkling (as Mr Dryden calls a young god a godling). Hermits are by their habit a diminutive sort of monks; and at Metz, *mouchet* is an appellative for a little bird they in other places call a sparrow *(moineau)*, because of its colour and coat. It keeps altogether about walnut trees: Cotgrave says *moineau* signifies also a novice; a young, or little monk.

[105] *The riding-hood of the penitentiaries.—La barbute des penitenciers.* Cotgrave says it is a riding-hood, as above; a *montero*, or close hood, wherewith travellers preserve their faces and heads from frost-biting and weather-beating in winter. M. Duchat adds, that this habit, made in fashion of a domino, under which a priest may with impunity, and at ease, laugh at all that is said to him in confession, suits rarely well with your penitentiaries (generally a parcel of sly-boots), who thus prepare themselves to hear, in a very cold church, the confessions of a multitude of people.

[106] *The trictrac of the knocking friars.—Le trictrac des freres frapparts.* Trictrac, a game at tables with dice, called so for no other reason, I suppose, but on account of the sound and noise made by the continual motion of the dice, and so may allude to the bustling, stirring life of the mendicants. But it is more likely that by the trictrac of the knocking friars, Rabelais denotes the tran-tran (the knack we call it) of the claustral life, which the masters understand incomparably better than the novices. Frappart (from *frapper*, to strike) signifies in French a good strokes-man; a rare woman's man; a notable hair-beater (*battre la laine*, in French, to lecher it well).

[107] *Blockheadodus de vitâ et honestate bragadochiorum.*—It is in the original, *Lourdaudus de vitâ et honestate braguardorum.* Formerly in France, a man was called a bragard, that was flauntily dressed, from the word *bragues*, short and close linen breeches worn next to the thighs, as drawers or under slops are worn now by some. The fashion of these ancient *bragues* being laid aside, together with the *braguettes* (codpieces), as indecent, because both one and the other did too visibly mark out the place and shape of the parts that ought to be nameless, a man must be very unmannerly and

Lyripppii Sorbonici Moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.[108]
The Carrier-horse bells of Travellers.[109]
The Bibbings of the tippling Bishops.[110]
Tarrabalationes Doctorum Coloniensium adversus Reuchlin.[111]

rude to continue to justify the use of them; and for that reason Rabelais here brings in *lourdaud* (*i.e.*, a gross unlicked cub, a clownish unpolished jobbernole, for so *lourdaud* means), launching out in praise of those *bragues*, and undertaking to revive the use of them.

[108] *Lyrippii Sorbonici moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.*—Rabelais ascribes to a German doctor, one Lupold or Leopold, a treatise explaining all the mysteries of learning and piety contained in the shape, and throughout all the parts of the ancient doctorial hood, or Sorbonic lirippion, so called from the Flemish lierepype; as if one should say, a sort of bagpipe descending from the head and hanging down on the shoulders.

[109] *The carrier-horse bells of travellers.—Les brimbelettes des voyageurs.* It means the baubles, gewgaws, and toys, which some of the travelling sort of gentry load themselves with. *Brimbelette*, M. Duchat thinks, is derived from the Italian *bimba*, which signifies a little miss's doll.

[110] *The bibbings of the tippling bishops.—Les potingues des Evesques potatifs. Potingues:* Cotgrave interprets it tippling exploits, composed of pot and ting, which is the sound made by drinking-glasses, when, in carousing, people knock them against each other; and so Rabelais may have had a design to reproach the potative bishops of his time, who were most of them Sorbonists, with their dissolute drunken way of living, altogether unbecoming men of their function.

[111] *Tarrabalationes, etc.*—The hurly-burly noise and uproar raised against Reuchlin by the theologues of Cologne. All this rout was owing to the avarice of one Pfefferkorn, a converted Jew, about the Hebrew books, all which, except the Bible, that wicked man would have taken away from the Jews, to whom he afterwards would have sold them again at a very dear rate. This being vigorously opposed (in 1510) by the learned and equitable Reuchlin, he brought upon his back all the theologues of Cologne, who removed the matter to Rome, and had him sent thither, where, after an altercation of ten whole years, the affair was at last decided, to the utter confusion of those people who had plagued him so long.

The Cymbals of Ladies.[112]
The Dungers' Martingale.[113]
Whirlingfriskorum Chasemarkerorum per Fratrem Crackwoodloguetis.[114]
The Clouted Patches for a Stout Heart.[115]
The Mummery of the Racket-keeping Robin-good-fellows.[116]

[112] *The cymbals of ladies.*—The irregular, wanton life of some ladies of quality.

[113] *The dungers' martingale.*—Before, in l. l, c. 20, it is said, all was done as they did appoint, only Gargantua doubted that they could not quickly find out breeches fit for his wearing (Janotus') because he knew not what fashion would best become the said orator, whether the martingale fashion, or the fashion of the mariners, etc. This sort of breeches, which was still in use in Rabelais' time, took its name from the Martegaux, the people of Martegue in Provence, who were the first inventors of it, and the author assigns them to such guttlers and foul feeders as the pedant Janotus, because these same martingale breeches having, behind, an opening covered with a piece of square cloth, which moved up or down like a drawbridge, perfectly well suited those great eaters, who oftentimes cannot untruss other breeches fast enough.

[114] *Whirlingfriskorum, etc.—Virewoustorium naquettorum per F. Pedebilletis.* The veering, whirling, frisking tricks of the Capuchins and Cordeliers, reduced into an art by an errant foot-trotter of their order. *Naqueter* is to dance attendance, or follow great men's levees, as the Capuchins go from door to door mumping, and using a thousand *(vire-voutes)* shifts to pick up whatever comes in their way to cram the gut. The Passepartout of the Jesuits, printed in 1607, p. 33, speaks of the Capuchins as a sort of people—

> Who, in this world, a vagrant pack,
> Confine themselves to no one rack,
> But make a garner of their back.
> In tricks of mumping they abound,
> Ferret about from ground to ground,
> Still *veering*, *vaulting*, whirling round.

[115] *The clouted, etc.*—The old patched shoe of a merry heart. *Les bobelins de franc courage.* An encomium on cobblers who sing at their work.

[116] *The mummery of the Robin-good-fellows.—La mommerie des*

Gerson, de auferibilitate Papæ ab Ecclesia.[117]
The Catalogue of the Nominated and Graduated Persons.[118]
Jo. Dytebrodii, de terribilitate excommunicationum libellulus acephalos.[119]

rabatz et lutins. What we call hobgoblins, or raw-head and bloody-bones, is called *rabatz* in the provinces of Anjou, Poictou, Saintonge, and Normandy. So *rabaster* signifies to make a thundering noise as spirits do. Now hear what it is to thunderise it, as spirits that haunt a house are used to do. The Franciscan friars of Amboise, says Menage, had formerly a custom, towards the end of Lent, to dispose a great quantity of small flint-stones upon several boards over the wooden ceiling of their church; and on Ash-Wednesday, as soon as the deacon had pronounced, in singing our Saviour's passion, the words at which every one uses to fall on their faces, some of the novices, who were ordered beforehand to hold themselves ready for that purpose over the ceiling, turned these boards over, one after another; so that the stones falling thus on all sides of the ceiling, made a prodigious rumbling, and this was called 'le rabast des Cordeliers.' This is the custom which Rabelais calls mummery. See Men. Dic. Etym. at the word *rabater*.

[117] *Gerson de auferibilitate papæ ab ecclesia.*—The learned John Gerson, a Celestin monk, doctor of Sorbonne, and Chancellor of the University of Paris, had been deputed in 1414 to the council of Constance. There, having taken notice of the obstinacy of the two anti-Popes, Gregory and Benedict, in maintaining themselves in the Papacy against John XXII. or XXIII., under colour that this last was upon the point of being degraded, he took occasion to publish a treatise with this title: 'De auferibilitate Papæ ab ecclesia.' In order to know what the author's drift was you must yourself read Gerson's book.

[118] *The catalogue, etc.—La ramasse des nommez et graduez. Ramasse* does by no means signify a catalogue, but a wheel-barrow. Rabelais coins this title of a book, which he calls the wheel-barrow of graduates. To confirm this, Nicot, the same who published a dictionary, and was likewise an ambassador (from France) to the court of Portugal, from whence, during his residence, he sent into France the first tobacco that was ever seen there, from him called Nicotiana *(herba)*; this same Nicot, I say, tells us, that people being obliged to gather themselves up *(se ramasser)* upon *rameaux* or branches of trees, in descending the Alps, thence comes Rabelais' *ramasse dez nommez et graduez*.

[119] *Jo. Dytebrodii, etc.*—Rabelais calls by the name of libellulus

Ingeniositas invocandi diabolis et diabolas, per M. Guingolphum.[120]

The Hotch-potch or Gallimaufry of the perpetually begging Friars.[121]

The Morris-dance of the Heretics.[122]

The Whinings of Cajetan.[123]

acephalos, *i.e.*, a little pamphlet without a title, a treatise of Papal excommunications and their terrible consequences; and he attributes this book to a German, because that nation, which in former times had felt the dreadful effects of more than one Emperor being excommunicated, had, in his time, almost wholly separated themselves from the communion of the Pope, who, for that reason, had cut them off from the Roman Church, of which he is the head.

[120] *Ingeniositas, etc.*—The legend of St Gengulf says, this man had so brawling a wife, that he, conceiving it to be properly the business of heaven to deliver him from the continual clamours of this woman, begged of the Almighty, that for the time to come every injurious (Billingsgate) word she should utter might be so many farts issuing out of her mouth. I do not remember whether his prayer was heard or no; perhaps not; and so this disappointment might put him upon trying another method, that of imploring the aid of the infernal powers. The name of Gengulf shows the man to be a German, and in all times the Germans have wrote upon the subject of the black art. Naudæus mentions a German, one Gingolphus, whose philosophical works were almost the only ones that had the vogue in France before the restoration of polite learning.

[121] *The hotch-potch, or gallimaufry, etc.*—In the original, it is *Le hoschepot des perpetuons*. The word *perpetuons* may be extended to all ecclesiastics, secular or regular, who perpetuate themselves, or are perpetuated, like other communities who never die. *Gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur*, says Pliny, l. 5, c. 17, of certain hermits dwelling in the deserts of Palestine. Suppose we Englished *perpetuons* by Church perpetuitants.

[122] *The morris-dance of the heretics.—La morisque de hereticques.* The morris (*rectiùs*, Moorish) dance of the heretics, means neither more nor less than the punishment of the halter, which, in Rabelais' time, was particularly appropriated to the Lutherans, who, after two or three jerks, were let fall into a fire kindled at the foot of the gibbet. This is properly the Moorish dance the author hints at.

[123] *The whinings, etc.—Les henilles de Gaitan.* Which means,

Muddisnout Doctoris Cherubici, de origine Rough-footedarum, et Wryneckedorum ritibus, libri septem.[124]

Sixty-nine fat Breviaries.[125]

The night-mare of the five orders of Beggars.[126]

according to Sir T. U., the whinings: according to Cotgrave (under the word *anilles*) crutches for impotent persons; but according to M. Duchat, old wives' tales (*anilia* from *anus*); or else, still according to Duchat, it may mean *guenilles*, rags, and tatterdemallion fragments; in either of which two last senses Rabelais may have intended the opuscula (small pieces) published by Friar Thomas de Vio, afterwards Cardinal Caïton (for Gaïeta and Caïeta is Cajeta), printed all together in 1511, and by him dedicated to Nicholas Cardinal of Fiesque.

[124] *Muddisnout, etc.—Moillegroin doctoris cherubici de origine patepelutarum, et torticollorum ritibus, lib. septem.* They were wont to call cherubical and illuminated certain ancient scholastic doctors, of whose sanctity and great understanding the people had so high an opinion, that they looked upon them as so many angels and cherubims. Now cherubims being painted with red fiery faces, people used to call, by way of derision, cherubical and illuminated doctors, certain notable good fellows among the old Sorbonists, who owed the carbuncular richness of their phiz to their continual drinking. It is under colour of these two different kinds of illuminations and burnishings, that our author rubs up a certain cherubical doctor, whom he calls, not muddy-snout, but wet-snout, *mouille-groin*, the better to express this doctor's frequent lifting his hand to his head, or wetting his wind-pipe, as we say. The hairy-paw'd, *pates-pelües*, or *papelus*, as Fontaine calls them, are the Cordeliers, on account of the Jacob-like hypocrisy they are charged with, and the *(torticollis)* wry-necked are the same Cordeliers; for that, in order to imitate the agonies of our Saviour upon the cross, they hang their heads down on one shoulder, as if they were just giving up the ghost through excessive fastings and macerations (mortifications).

[125] *Sixty-nine fat breviaries.—Soixante et neuf breviaires de haulte gresse.* Rabelais laughs at St Victor's library, for having in it almost as many breviaries, mass-books, service-books worn out, rubbed, and thumbed as any other sort of books all together.

[126] *The night-mare, etc.—Le godemarre des cinq ordres des mendians. Godemarre* sometimes means the huge, gulchy, tunbelliedness of these same mendicant monks of all orders, who do

The Skinnery of the new Start-ups, extracted out of the fallow-butt, incornifistibulated and plodded upon in the angelic sum.[127]

curios simulare, and *bacchanalia vivere:* in this case *godemarre* is quasi *gogue mare*, changing, as in the word *godelureau* the (g) into (d): now *gogue*, says Cotgrave, is a sheep's paunch, and *mare* comes from *major*. The word *godemarre* signifies likewise that period of time, viz., the beginning of night, when the monks chaunt the anthem *Gaude Maria virgo*; and sometimes *godemarre* signifies the same as *la cochemare*, the night-mare, a disease of the spleen; an oppression of the stomach by vapours in one's sleep; called *pesadilla* by the Spaniards, from *pesár*, to be ponderous; and by the Italians, *incubo* from *in* and *cubare*. Wherefore, since *godemarre* and *cochemare* are oftentimes synonymous, and that in this chapter Rabelais is continually levelling his shot at the monks, especially the medicants, and that in chap. 6 of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, *cochemare* manifestly comes from *calcare mares*, to tread the males; it is highly probable, that in the title above, he taxes the five orders of medicants with pæderasty.

[127] *The Skinnery, etc.—La pelleterie des tirelupins, extraicte de la botte fauve incornifistibulée en la somme angelique.* This title only treats of the manner how to skin your heretics, *pellis* signifying the skin of a beast flayed off, whence our word pelt; to skin them, I say, before they are dead, and make them chanter, squeak, 'fess, as our cant word is, and this according as it is taught in the Summa of Thomas Aquinas, who, I think, should be called the diabolical, not angelical doctor; according, likewise, as it was practised upon the said heretics by covering their legs before they burned them, only by way of torture, with a sort of buskin or boot of parchment, which, being brought close to a fire, shrivels up; and this, being drawn upon the leg as tight as possible, must cause an inexpressible pain. We read, in chap. 24 of the Apology for Herodotus, that a white-friar, one John de Rome, who styled himself inquisitor of the heretics of Provence, was wont, on examining any person suspected of heresy, to put on him or her the boots, and he himself would fill them with boiling grease, which was a sure means to make the sufferer leave his skin and hair in the boot. He continued to exercise this cruelty on the poor Vaudois or Turlupins (see this word explained elsewhere) of Cabrieres and Merindol, till the year 1544, when, through the fear of being so tortured, as was the King's design they should be, they sought an asylum in Avignon. See Bez. Eccl. Hist. in 1544.

The Raver and idle Talker in cases of Conscience.[128]
The Fat Belly of the Presidents.[129]
The Baffling Flowter of the Abbots.[130]
Sutoris adversus quendam qui vocaverat eum Slabsauceatorem et quod Slabsauceatores non sunt damnati ab Ecclesia.[131]
Cacatorium medicorum.[132]

[128] *The raver, etc.—Le ravasseur des cas de conscience.* Such as have read the voluminous works of Sanches, and other casuists, need not be told how idly these authors were forced to talk ; how they were forced to dream and dream again, *revasser*, to be able to coin all those frivolous, dangerous, and scandalous questions, which those books are full of.

[129] *The fat belly of the presidents.—La bedondaine des presidents* is the replete, out-strutting belly of those gentlemen, either with regard to the double portion they have in the macaroons (junkets, see more of this elsewhere), or because they, not arriving to their employment, but by a gradation through other offices of judicature, are supposed to have doubly fattened themselves by their trade.

[130] *The baffling, etc.—Le vietdazouer des Abbez.* Whether *vietdazouer* comes from *viso di asino*, face of an ass, ass's countenance, or whether here, as is most probable, Rabelais gives this word another origin, *mentula asini ;* we may in either case see he held the abbots in his time in no better esteem than Beroalde de Verville since his day has done ; a certain bishop whom he dares not name, he calls *grand viedaze*, an old scoundrel, metaphorically, though literally an ass's touchtripe.

[131] *Sutoris adversus quendam qui, etc.*—This is plainly meant of Peter Sutor, a Carthusian, who, to an apology wherein he was maltreated by Erasmus, opposed a counter-apology. Besides two books which he wrote of the way of living of the Carthusians, he had, before that, composed a treatise 'De tralatione Bibliæ, et novarum reprobatione interpretationum ;' which, no doubt, having brought upon him some severe reflections on the part of Erasmus, the author, in the volume ascribed to him by Rabelais, repels them by showing that in that work of his he only followed and defended the principles of the Roman Church. As for Sutor's maintaining, in the same work, that the Church did not condemn knaves and sharpers, it is a cutting stroke Rabelais gives those who say the Church has power to dispense with the observation of the moral law.

[132] *Cacatorium medicorum.*—In chap. 5 of this book, Rabelais

The Chimney-Sweeper of Astrology.[133]
Campi clysteriorum per § C.[134]
The bumsquibcracker of Apothecaries.[135]
The Kiss-breech of Chirurgery.[136]
Justinianus de white-leperotis tollendis.[137]
Antidotarium animæ.
Merlinus Coccaius, de patria diabolorum.[138]

says of physicians, they smell of clysters, like so many old devils. Here we have him again expressing his raillery in much the same manner against those of his own profession.

[133] *The chimney-sweeper, etc.—Le rammonneur d'astrologie.* The astrologers are generally, with their telescopes, sometimes up, sometimes down, now high, now low, in their observatories, as the chimney-sweepers are with their long poles in the chimneys.

[134] *Campi, etc.—Campi clysteriorum per § C. This per § C.* means per Symphorianum Champerium, or, as he was pleased sometimes to call himself, Campegium. This Symphorian Champier, of whose writings we have divers and sundry sorry books, has entitled two or three of them, campi, in allusion to his name. Of this number is 'campi clysteriorum,' taken notice of by Gesner in leaf 606 of his Bibliothèque, printed at Zurich 1545.

[135] *The bumsquibcracker of apothecaries.—Le tirepet des apoticaires.* Their squirt or syringe. The original means, not their tooth-drawing instrument, but their clyster-pipe.

[136] *The kiss-breech of chirurgery.—Le baisecul de chirurgie.* M. Duchat explains this by *l'attouchement du derrière*; the feeling or touching of the posteriors; for, in French, they say of two beams that touch, they kiss each other.

[137] *Justinianus de white-leperotis tollendis.—Justinianus de cagotis tollendis.* In l. 3, c. 8, he says, this stirred up the valiant Justinian, l. 4, *de cagotis tollendis*, to collocate his *summum bonum in braguibus et braguetis*. This is thought to allude to the title De Caducis Tollendis, a law of Justinian's; but I rather take it to be an allusion to a law of the same Emperor De Validis Mendicantibus, of sturdy beggars, among whom Rabelais would have it understood that Justinian comprised the mendicant monks. This at least is Agrippa's sentiment in his Vanity of the Sciences, chap. de mendicitate, which is the 65th. [Agrippa's invective against these holy beggars is Rabelaisian in its intensity and bitterness. 'They are,' he says, 'the apes of Christ and of St Francis.']

[138] *Merlinus etc.*—Theophilus Folengo, who, under the name of

The practice of Iniquity, by Cleuraunes Sadden.
Of which library some books are already printed, and the rest are now at the press, in this noble city of Tubingen.[139]

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL, BEING AT PARIS, RECEIVED LETTERS FROM HIS FATHER GARGANTUA, AND THE COPY OF THEM

PANTAGRUEL studied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent understanding, and notable wit, together with a capacity in memory, equal to the measure of twelve oil budgets, or butts of olives. And, as he was there abiding one day, he received a letter from his father in manner as followeth:

Most dear Son,—Amongst the gifts, graces, and prerogatives with which the sovereign plasmator

Merlinus Coccaius, has written verses in the macaronic style (mock-verses, made up of broken Latin, etc., and a confused huddle of many pleasant things like macaroons) was a Benedictine monk, a native of Mantua, and died very old in 1544, but never published any book entitled 'De Patria Diabolorum.' As for Rabelais' saying, as he does above, that part of the books of this catalogue are now actually in the press at Tubingen, it must be understood of the most satirical of them, which could not be printed any where but in a staunch Protestant university.

[139] It is impossible to read Rabelais without an admiration mixed with wonder at the depth and extent of his learning, his multifarious knowledge, and original observation, beyond what books could in that age have supplied him with.—*Coleridge.*

God Almighty hath endowed and adorned human nature at the beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent, by which we may in a mortal estate attain to a kind of immortality, and in the course of this transitory life perpetuate our name and seed, which is done by a progeny issued from us in the lawful bonds of matrimony. Whereby that in some measure is restored unto us, which was taken from us by the sin of our first parents, to whom it was said, that, because they had not obeyed the commandment of God their Creator, they should die; and by death should be brought to nought that so stately frame and plasmature, wherein the man at first had been created.

But by this means of seminal propagation, there continueth in the children what was lost in the parents; and in the grandchildren that which perished in their fathers, and so successively until the day of the last judgment, when Jesus Christ shall have rendered up to God the Father his kingdom in a peaceable condition, out of all danger and contamination of sin: for then shall cease all generations and corruptions, and the elements leave off their continual transmutations, seeing the so much desired peace shall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things shall be brought to their end and period. And, therefore, not without just and reasonable cause do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preserver, for that He hath enabled me to see my bald old age reflourish in my youth; for when, at His good pleasure, Who rules and governs all things, my soul shall leave this mortal habitation, I shall not account myself wholly to die, but to pass from one place unto another, considering that, in and by thee, I continue in my visible image living in the world, visiting and

conversing with people of honour, and other my good friends, as I was wont to do. Which conversation of mine, although it was not without sin (because we are all of us trespassers, and therefore ought continually to beseech His Divine Majesty[1] to blot our transgressions out of His memory), yet was it by the help and grace of God, without all manner of reproach before men.

Wherefore, if those qualities of the mind but shine in thee, wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect image of my body, thou wilt be esteemed by all men to be the perfect guardian and treasure of the immortality of our name. But, if otherwise, I shall truly take but small pleasure to see it, considering that the lesser part of me, which is the body, would abide in thee, and the best, to wit, that which is the soul, and by which our name continues blessed amongst men, would be degenerate and abastardised. This, I do not speak out of any distrust that I have of thy virtue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better; and that which I now write unto thee is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer up thyself with the like resolution in time to come; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprise and generous undertaking thou mayest easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee as if I had no other treasure in this world, but to see thee once in my life completely well-bred and accomplished, as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility, and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me,

[1] Alluding to the Lord's prayer.

thy father, and if not so excellent, and such indeed as I do wish thee, yet such in my desire.

But although my deceased father of happy memory, Grangousier, had bent his best endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and political knowledge, and that my labour and study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his desire, nevertheless, as thou mayest well understand, the time then was not so proper and fit for learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of such good masters as thou hast had. For that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodness been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted unto the first form of the little grammar-school boys. I say, I, who in my youthful days was, and that justly, reputed the most learned of that age. Which I do not speak in vain boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee,—in verification whereof thou hast the authority of Marcus Tullius in his book of old age, and the sentence of Plutarch, in the book intituled, How a man may praise himself without envy :—but to give thee an emulous encouragement to strive yet further.

Now it is, that the minds of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived, which for many ages were extinct. Now it is, that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored, viz., Greek, without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldæan, and Latin. Printing likewise is now in use, so elegant and so correct, that

better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side, was the invention of ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned schoolmasters, and vast libraries ; and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor Papinian's there was ever such conveniency for studying, as we see at this day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in public, or present himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva. I see robbers, hangmen, free-booters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish of the people, more learned now than the doctors and preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? The very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning. Yet so it is, that at the age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the Greek tongue,—which I contemned not like Cato,[2] but had not the leisure in my younger years to attend the study of it,—and I take much delight in the reading of Plutarch's Morals, the pleasant Dialogues of Plato, the Monuments of Pausanias, and the Antiquities of Athenæus, in waiting on the hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart from this earth and transitory pilgrimage. Wherefore, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy studies and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, where the laudable examples of many brave men may stir up thy mind to gallant actions, and hast likewise for thy tutor and pedagogue the learned Epistemon, who by his lively and vocal documents may instruct thee in the arts and sciences.

[2] *Contemned, etc.*—See Plutarch in the life of Cato the Censor.

I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly; first of all, the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly, the Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise, and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato; and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have read in thy memory; —unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducible, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic, and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee to study that exactly; that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones, that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the books of the Greek, Arabian, and Latin physicians, not despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomies get thee the

perfect knowledge of that other world, called the microcosm, which is man. And at some of the hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures ; first in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles ; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge : for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and rest of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil-doers.

Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do than by maintaining publicly theses and conclusions in all arts, against all persons whatsoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at Paris and otherwhere. But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul ; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on Him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and, by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto Him, so that thou mayst never be separated from Him by thy sins. Suspect the abuses of the world. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Be serviceable to all thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Reverence thy preceptors : shun the conversation of those whom thou desirest not to resemble ; and receive not in vain the graces which God hath bestowed upon thee. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part,

return unto me, that I may see thee, and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee, Amen.

Thy father, GARGANTUA.

From Utopia the 17th day of the month of March.

These letters being received and read, Pantagruel plucked up his heart, took a fresh courage to him, and was inflamed with a desire to profit in his studies more than ever, so that if you had seen him, how he took pains, and how he advanced in learning, you would have said that the vivacity of his spirit amidst the books was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous, and indefatigable.

CHAPTER IX

HOW PANTAGRUEL FOUND PANURGE, WHOM HE LOVED ALL HIS LIFE-TIME

ONE day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city, towards St Anthony's abbey, discoursing and philosophating with his own servants, and some other scholars, he met with a young man of very comely stature, and surpassing handsome in all the lineaments of his body, but in several parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad equipage in matter of his apparel, which was but tatters and rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been a-fighting with mastiff dogs, from whose

fury he had made an escape, or, to say better, he looked, in the condition wherein he then was, like an apple-gatherer of the country of Perche.

As far off as Pantagruel saw him, he said to those that stood by, Do you see that man there, who is a-coming hither upon the road from Charenton bridge? By my faith, he is only poor in fortune; for I may assure you, that by his physiognomy it appeareth, that nature hath extracted him from some rich and noble race, and that too much curiosity hath thrown him upon adventures, which possibly have reduced him to this indigence, want, and penury. Now as he was just amongst them, Pantagruel said unto him, Let me entreat you, friend, that you may be pleased to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your time ill-bestowed; for I have an extreme desire, according to my ability, to give you some supply in this distress, wherein I see you are; because I do very much commiserate your case, which truly moves me to great pity. Therefore, my friend, tell me, who you are? Whence you come? Whither you go? What you desire? And what your name is? The companion answered him in the German tongue, thus:

'Junker, Gott geb euch glück und heil zuvor. Lieber Junker, ich lasz euch wissen, das da ihr mich von fragt, ist ein arm und erbärmlich Ding, und wer viel darvon zu sagen, welches euch verdrüssig zu hören, und mir zu erzelen wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratorn vorzeiten haben gesagt in ihren Sprüchen und Sentenzen, das die gedechtnus des elends und armuths vorlängst erlitten ist eine grosse lust.'[1] My friend, said Pantagruel, I have no skill

[1] *Eine grosse Lust.*—German. Young Sir, God give you good luck and prosperity. Dear young Sir, I forewarn you, that that

in that gibberish of yours, therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak to us in some other language. Then did the drole answer him thus :

'Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras. Nin portzadikin almucatin milko prin alelmin en thoth dalheben ensouim : kuthin al dum alkatim nim broth dechoth porth min michais im endoth, pruch dalmaisoulum hol moth danfrihim lupaldas im voldemoth. Nin hur diavosth mnarbotim dalgousch palfrapin duch im scoth pruch galeth dal chinon, min foulchrich al conin brutathem doth dal prin.'[2] Do you understand none of this? said Pantagruel to the company. I believe, said Epistemon, that this is the language of the Antipodes, and such a hard one, that the devil himself knows not what to make of it. Then, said Pantagruel, Gossip, I know not if the walls do comprehend the meaning of your words, but none of us here doth so much as understand one syllable of them. Then said my blade again :

'Signor mio, voi vedete per essempio, che la cornamusa non suona mai, s'ella non ha il ventre pieno. Cosi io parimente non vi saprei contare le mie fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la solita refettione. Al quale è adviso che le mani et li denti habbiano perso il loro ordine naturale et del tutto annichilati.'[3] To which Epistemon answered,

whereof you question me is a sad and pitiful thing, and there would be much to say, wearisome for you to hear, and me to utter, notwithstanding the poets and orators of old have declared in their fables and discourses that the remembrance of misery and distress endured in times past, affords a present solace.' One recalls to mind a line of Virgil :

'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

[2] *Dal prin.*—This sentence appears to be corrupt Arabic.

[3] *Annichilati.*—Italian. 'Signor, for example one sees that the bagpipes do not sound unless they be well filled,—so in like

As much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either. Then said Panurge :

'Lord, if you be so virtuous of intelligence, as you be naturally releaved to the body, you should have pity of me. For nature hath made us equal, but fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived ; nevertheless is virtue often deprived, and the virtuous men despised; for before the last end none is good.'[4] Yet less, said Pantagruel. Then said my jolly Panurge :

'Jona andie guaussa goussy etan beharda er remedio beharde versela ysser landa. Anbat es otoy y es nausu ey nessassust gourray proposian ordine den. Non yssena bayta facheria egabe gen herassy badia sadassu noura assia. Aran hondavan gualde cydassu naydassuna. Estou oussyc eg vinan soury hien er darstura eguy harm. Genicoa plasar vadu.'[5]

manner I relate not my adventures, until first my disconsolate belly receive its wonted stuffing. And besides I fear my hands and teeth have well-nigh lost their office, and become mere petrifactions.'

[4] *None is good.*—The following is the passage as it stands in the first edition. Urquhart seems to have rendered Rabelais' indifferent English into worse Scotch, and this, with probably the use of contractions in his MS., or 'the oddness' of handwriting which he owns to, in his Logopandecteison (p. 419, Mait. Club Edit.), has led to a chaotic jumble, which it is nearly impossible to reduce to order. Instead of any attempt to do so, it is here given *verbatim*. 'Lard gestholb besua virtuisbe intelligence : ass yi body scalbisbe natural reloth cholb suld osme pety have ; for natur hass visse equaly maide bot fortune sum exalti hesse andoyis deprevit: non yeless iviss mou virtiuss men decreviss for anen ye ladeniss non quid.' Here is a morsel for critical ingenuity to fix its teeth in.

[5] *Plasar vadu.*—Biscayan. 'Monsieur, to every great misfortune a remedy is needful. We ought mutually to help each other. Stay a moment ;—Do but allow me to make known my necessities,—Nay, not to weary you they shall be nameless. (There are some people who so easily get into a passion.) Excuse my importunities. Give me whatever you think fitting. Please

Are you there, said Eudemon, Genicoa? To this said Carpalim, St Trinian's[6] rammer unstitch your bum, for I had almost understood it. Then answered Panurge:

'Prust frest frinst sorgdmand strochdi drhds pag brlelang Gravot Chavigny Pomardiere rusth pkaldracg Deviniere pres Nays. Couille kalmuch monach drupp del meupplist rincq drlnd dodelb up drent loch minc stz rinq jald de vins ders cordelis bur jocst stzampenards.'[7] Do you speak Christian, said Epistemon, or the buffoon language, otherwise called Patelinois? Nay, it is the puzlatory tongue, said another, which some call Lanternois.[8] Then said Panurge:

'Heere, ik en spreeke anders geen tael dan kersten taele: my dunkt noghtans, al en seg ik u niet een wordt, mynen noot verklaert genoegh wat ik begeere: geeft my uyt bermhertigheyt yets, waar van ik gevoet magh zyn.'[9] To which answered Pantagruel, As much of that. Then said Panurge:

God, I shall never cease to be grateful for what you and your people may do for me.' We have already had a couple of words in this dialect, in ch. 5 of lib. 1, but in all likelihood Panurge, who here is Rabelais himself, had not well learned this language till after 1542, for, before that, viz., in Dolet's edition, there is none of this speech.

[6] *St Trinian.*—The Scotch apostle Ninias or Ninianus, to whom, according to Hector Boethius, l. 7 of his History of Scotland, are ascribed many miracles, which will make his name venerable for ever throughout Great Britain.

[7] *Stzampenards.* — Bas-Breton and other provincial dialogues jumbled together.

[8] *Lanternois.*—Language of Catholics, since it mentions monks, particularly the Cordeliers.

[9] *Magh zyn.*—Low Dutch. 'Sir, I speak no language, save that of Christians. Indeed it seems to me needless that I should utter a single word. My condition sufficiently interprets that which I implore. For pity's sake give me something that may bring me to again.'

'Señor, de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, por que yo suplico a vuestra reverentia que mire a los preceptos evangelicos, para que ellos movan vuestra reverentia a lo que es de conscientia; y si ellos non basteren, para mover vuestra reverentia a piedad, yo suplico que mire a la piedad natural, la qual yo creo que le movera como es de razon: y con esso non digo mas.' [10] Truly, my friend, said Pantagruel, I doubt not but you can speak divers languages; but tell us that which you would have us do for you in some tongue which you conceive we may understand. Then said the companion:

'Min Herre, endog ieg med ingen tunge talede, ligesom bærn, oc uskellige creatuure: Mine klædebon oc mit legoms magerhed uduiser alligeuel klarlig huad ting mig best behof gioris, som er sandelig mad oc dricke: Huorfor forbarme dig ofuer mig, oc befal at giue mig noguet, af huilcket ieg kand slyre min giændis mage, ligeruiis som mand *Cerbero* en suppe forsetter: Saa skalt du lefue længe oc lycksalig.' [11] I think really, said Eusthenes, that the Goths spoke thus of old, and that, if it pleased God,

[10] *Non digo mas.*—Spanish. 'Señor, I am weary of so much speaking, therefore do I supplicate you to have regard to the precepts of the gospel, that they may move your soul; but if they suffice not to draw forth your worship's charity, I would beseech you to have regard to that inborn compassion which I trust will move you to act as becomes you. And saying this, I hold my peace.'

[11] *Lycksalig.*—Danish. 'Sir, though I speak but with a language like that of babes, or senseless brutes, my vestments and this famished body show clearly my urgent need of meat and drink. Have compassion therefore upon me, and ordain that somewhat be given me to appease my grumbling belly; like as you would throw a sop to Cerberus; then may you live long and happy.' Every one knows that in ancient times the Goths penetrated as far as Sweden and Denmark. It is this that Eusthene's pleasantry afterwards is grounded upon.

we would all of us speak so with our tails. Then again said Panurge:

'Adon, scalom lecha: im ischar harob hal hebdeca bimeherah thithen li kikar lehem: chanchat ub laah al Adonai cho nen ral.'[12] To which answered Epistemon, At this time have I understood him very well; for it is the Hebrew tongue most rhetorically pronounced. Then again said the gallant:

'Despota tinyn panagathe, dioti sy my ouk artodotis? horas gar limo analiscomenon eme athlion, ka en to metaxy me ouk eleis oudamos, zetis de par emou ha ou chre. Ke homos philologi pantes homologousi tote logous te ke remata peritta hyparchin, opote pragma afto pasi delon esti. Entha gar anankei monon logi isin, hina pragmata (hon peri amphisbetoumen), me prosphoros epiphenete.'[13] What? said Carpalim, Pantagruel's footman, It is Greek, I have understood him. And how? hast thou dwelt any while in Greece? Then said the drole again:

'Agonou dont oussys vous dedagnez algarou: nou den farou zamist vous mariston ulbrou, fousques voubrol tant bredaguez moupreton den goulhoust, daguez daguez non cropys fost pardonnoflist nougrou.

[12] *Cho nen ral.*—Hebrew. 'Grace be with you my Lord, that you may show kindness unto your servant, in bestowing upon me a morsel of bread, even as it is written, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."'

[13] *Epiphenete.*—Greek. 'O most excellent of masters, why, and for what cause, do you not grant me a portion of victuals? And why, beholding me thus wretched and consuming with hunger, do you meanwhile show no compassion towards me, but rather earnestly inquire into this thing and that thing. And this notwithstanding that all men alike who are lovers of wisdom, hold words and discourse as superabundant, when the facts are manifest to every man. For discourse alone is necessary, when things (liable to dispute) are not sufficiently evident.'

Agou paston tol nalprissys hourtou los echatonous, prou dhouquys brol pany gou den bascrou noudous caguons goulfren goul oustaroppassou.' Methinks I understand him, said Pantagruel; for either it is the language of my country of Utopia,[14] or sounds very like it. And, as he was about to have begun some argument, the companion said:

'Jam toties vos per sacra, perque deos deasque omneis obtestatus sum, ut si qua vos pietas permovet, egestatem meam solaremini, nec hilum proficio clamans et ejulans. Sinite, quæso, sinite, viri impii, quo me fata vocant abire; nec ultra vanis vestris interpellationibus, obtundatis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur.'[15] Well, my friend, said Pantagruel, but cannot you speak French? That I can do, sir, very well,[16] said the companion, God be thanked. It is my natural language and mother tongue; for I was born and bred in my younger years in the garden of France, to wit, Touraine. Then, said Pantagruel, tell us what is your name, and from whence you are come: for, by my faith, I have already stamped in my mind such a deep impression of love towards you, that, if you will condescend unto my will, you shall not depart out of

[14] *My country of Utopia.*—Upon this footing, if we may acquiesce in what is advanced by the author of the preface of the English Rabelais, this must be downright Gascon; nay, pure Bearnois language.

[15] *Carere dicitur.*—Latin. 'I have already many times conjured you, by whatever is sacred, by all the gods and goddesses, if by any means compassion move you, to relieve my indigence; but neither cries nor lamentations profit ought. Suffer me, I beseech you, suffer me, O men devoid of pity, to depart, whithersoever the fates may call; and no longer weary me by your vain interrogatories, mindful of that ancient adage,

"Venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur."'

[16] *That I can, etc.—Si fais tres-bien, seigneur, etc.* Now they go on in French to the end of the chapter.

my company, and you and I shall make up another couple of friends, such as Æneas and Achates were. Sir, said the companion, my true and proper Christian name is Panurge, and now I come out of Turkey, to which country I was carried away prisoner at that time when they went to Metelin with a mischief.[17] And willingly would I relate unto you my fortunes, which are more wonderful than those of Ulysses[18] were; but, seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, I most heartily accept of the offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the devils in hell. We shall have therefore more leisure at another time, and a fitter opportunity wherein to report them; for at this present I am in a very urgent necessity to feed, my teeth are sharp, my belly empty, my throat dry, and my stomach fierce and burning, all is ready. If you will but set me to work, it will be as good as a balsamum for sore eyes to see me gulch and ravin it. For God's sake, give order for it. Then Pantagruel commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of victuals; which being done, he ate very well that evening, and, capon-like, went early to bed, then slept until dinner-time the next day, so that he

[17] *When they went to Metelin with a mischief.*—It means when we (the French) went to Metelin. In 1502, in virtue of a jubilee kept that year, by the bull whereof a crusade was ordered against the Turks, whose naval armament had, a little before, appeared off Venice, the French laid siege to Metelin; but being betrayed, it is said, by the Venetians, who gave the Turks passage, these last obliged them to raise the siege, after they had defeated the French, and taken thirty-two of them prisoners, of which number Panurge here alleges himself to be one. See Monstrelet's Chronicle, ann. 1502.

[18] *Than those of Ulysses.*—This mentioning of Ulysses is a very suitable answer to Pantagruel, who had taken from Homer the comparison of their future friendship with that of Æneas and Achates.

made but three steps and one leap from the bed to the board.

CHAPTER X

HOW PANTAGRUEL EQUITABLY DECIDED A CONTROVERSY, WHICH WAS WONDERFULLY OBSCURE AND DIFFICULT: WHEREBY HE WAS REPUTED TO HAVE A MOST ADMIRABLE JUDGMENT

PANTAGRUEL, very well remembering his father's letter and admonitions, would one day make trial of his knowledge. Thereupon in all the Carrefours, that is, throughout all the four quarters, streets, and corners of the city, he set up Conclusions, to the number of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four,[1] in all manner of learning, touching in them the hardest doubts that are in any science. And first of all, in the Fodder street[2] he held dispute against all the regents or fellows of colleges, artists or masters of arts, and orators, and did so gallantly, that he over-

[1] *Conclusions to the number of nine thousand, etc.*—John Picus de la Miranda had set up the like to the tune of nine hundred: but it is not those Rabelais animadverts upon in this place; but rather a certain book entitled, 'One thousand one hundred fourscore and four questions upon all subjects, with solutions to the said questions, according to the sage Sydrach.' Printed in 8vo at Paris, by Galiot du Pré, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

[2] *The Fodder street.*—Mention is made of this Fodder street and the Fodder-schools (schools in the Fodder street) in chap. 17 of this book and elsewhere. It is still called Rue du Fouarre, from *foderum*, forage; and it is highly probable Menage's opinion is right, as to the reason of this street being called the Fodder or Straw street. He assigns it to straw being used to be sold there for the use of the philosophy schools which were in that street, and the physic schools just by; on which straw the scholars used to sit in the poet Dante's time, when public acts were held.

threw them, and set them all upon their tails. He went afterwards to the Sorbonne, where he maintained argument against all the theologians or divines, for the space of six weeks, from four o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, except an interval of two hours to refresh themselves, and take their repast. And at this were present the greatest part of the lords of the court, the masters of requests, presidents, counsellors, those of the accompts, secretaries, advocates and others: as also the sheriffs of the said town, with the physicians and professors of the canon law. Amongst which it is to be remarked, that the greatest part were stubborn jades, and in their opinions obstinate; but he took such course with them, that, for all their ergoes and fallacies, he put their backs to the wall, gravelled them in the deepest questions, and made it visibly appear to the world that, compared to him, they were but monkeys, and a knot of muffled calves. Whereupon every body began to keep a bustling noise and talk of his so marvellous knowledge, through all degrees of persons in both sexes, even to the very laundresses, brokers, roastmeat sellers, penknife makers and others, who, when he past along in the street, would say, This is he! In which he took delight, as Demosthenes the prince of Greek orators did, when an old crouching wife, pointing at him with her fingers, said, That is the man.[3]

Now at this same very time there was a process or suit in law depending in court between two great

[3] *That is the man.*—I know not whence Rabelais fetches what he says: for, in Diogenes the cynic's life, written by Diogenes Laertius, it appears, indeed, that Diogenes did one day point at that orator with his finger, to show him to some strangers who expressed a great desire to see him; but it was only in mockery of him, and it is nowhere said, that Demosthenes was pleased with this curiosity of the strangers.

lords, of which one was called my Lord Kissbreech, plaintiff of one side, and the other my Lord Suckfist,[4] defendant of the other; whose controversy was so high and difficult in law, that the court of parliament could make nothing of it. And, therefore, by the commandment of the King there were assembled four of the greatest and most learned of all the parliaments of France, together with the great counsel, and all the principal regents of the universities, not only of France, but of England also and Italy, such as Jason, Philippus Decius, Petrus de Petronibus, and a rabble of other old Rabbinists; who being thus met together, after they had thereupon consulted for the space of six and forty weeks, finding that they could not fasten their teeth in it, nor with such clearness understand the case, as that they might in any manner of way be able to right it, or to take up the difference betwixt the two aforesaid parties, it did so grievously vex them, that they most villainously conshit themselves for shame. In this great extremity one amongst them, named Du Douhet,[5] the learnedest of all, and more expert and prudent than any of the rest, whilst one day they were thus at their wit's end, all-to-be-dunced and philogrobolised in their brains, said unto them, We have been here, my masters, a good long space, without doing anything else than trifle away both our time and money, and can nevertheless find neither brim nor bottom in

[4] *Suckfist.—Humevesne.* Cotgrave says it signifies one that lays his nose on his next fellow's bum. In which case, it should be Suckfizzle not Suckfist. *Vesner* is to fizzle, according to Rabelais in other places.

[5] *Du Douhet.*—Briand Vollée, Lord of Douhet, near Saintes, counsellor of the parliament of Bourdeaux. Jason, a jurisconsulist, who lived at Padua at the end of the 15th ceutury. Decius, a professor of law at Pisa and Pavia, afterwards counsellor at Bourges, under Louis XII.

this matter, for, the more we study about it, the less we understand therein, which is a great shame and disgrace to us, and a heavy burden to our consciences, yea, such, that in my opinion we shall not rid ourselves of it without dishonour, unless we take some other course; for we do nothing but doat in our consultations.

See, therefore, what I have thought upon. You have heard much talking of that worthy personage named Master Pantagruel, who hath been found to be learned above the capacity of this present age, by the proofs he gave in those great disputations, which he held publicly against all men. My opinion is, that we send for him, to confer with him about this business; for never any man will compass the bringing of it to an end, if he do it not.

Hereunto all the counsellors and doctors willingly agreed, and, according to that their result, having instantly sent for him, they intreated him to be pleased to canvass the process, and sift it thoroughly, that, after a deep search and narrow examination of all the points thereof, he might forthwith make the report unto them, such as he shall think good in true and legal knowledge. To this effect they delivered into his hands the bags wherein were the writs and pancarts concerning that suit, which for bulk and weight were almost enough to load four great couillard, or stoned, asses. But Pantagruel said unto them, Are the two lords, between whom this debate and process is, yet living? It was answered him, Yes. To what a devil, then, said he, serve so many paltry heaps, and bundles of papers and copies which you give me? Is it not better to hear their controversy from their own mouths, whilst they are face to face before us, than to read these vile fopperies, which are nothing but trumperies, deceits, diabolical

cozenages of Cepola,[6] pernicious sleights and subversions of equity? For I am sure, that you, and all those through whose hands this process hath past, have by your devices added what you could to it *pro et contra* in such sort, that, although their difference perhaps was clear and easy enough to determine at first, you have obscured it, and made it more intricate, by the frivolous, sottish, unreasonable and foolish reasons and opinions of Accursius,[7] Baldus, Bartolus, de Castro, de Imola, Hippolytus, Panormo, Bertachin, Alexander, Curtius, and those other old mastiffs, who never understood the least law of the Pandects, they being but mere blockheads and great tithe-calves, ignorant of all that which was needful for the understanding of the laws; for, as it is most certain, they had not the knowledge either of the Greek or Latin tongue, but only of the Gothic and Barbarian. The laws, nevertheless, were first taken from the Greeks, according to the testimony of Ulpian, *L. poster. de origine juris*,[8] which we likewise may perceive, by that all the laws are full of Greek words and sentences. And then we find that they are reduced

[6] *Diabolical cozenages of Cepola.*—Cepola is right, and not Scævola, as Menage would have it, under colour that Mutius Scævola invented the while or quirk called by his name Mutiana Cautio. These law quirks of Bartholomew Cepola have been very much cried out against, because of their teaching how to elude the most express laws, and to perpetuate law-suits *ad infinitum:* but, for all that (ay, and the rather for that) they have been frequently reprinted, and once in 8vo, in Gothic characters, by Jean Petit, 1508.

[7] *Accursius, etc.*—Celebrated jurists and writers on law, who flourished from the 13th to the 16th century.

[8] *L. poster. de origine juris.—Lege posteriori de origine juris.* It is *posteriori* in Dolet's edition, and not *postrema*, as V. H.'s manuscript had corrected the abridged word, *posteri* in the new editions. This law, however, is none of Ulpian's, but Pomponius', whatever Rabelais says; a particular which has been long since observed by the said V. H. in the margin of his manuscript Rabelais.

into a Latin style, the most elegant and ornate that whole language is able to afford, without excepting that of any that ever wrote therein, nay, not of Sallust, Varro, Cicero, Seneca, Titus Livius, nor Quintilian. How, then, could these old dotards be able to understand aright the text of the laws, who never in their time had looked upon a good Latin book, as doth evidently enough appear by the rudeness of their style, which is fitter for a chimney-sweeper,[9] or for a cook or a scullion, than for a jurisconsult and doctor in the laws?

Furthermore, seeing the laws are excerpted[10] out of the middle of moral and natural philosophy, how should these fools have understood it, that have, by God, studied less in philosophy than my mule? In respect of human learning, and the knowledge of antiquities and history, they were truly laden with those faculties as a toad is with feathers. And yet of all this the laws are so full, that without it they cannot be understood, as I intend more fully to show unto you in a peculiar treatise, which on that purpose I am about to publish. Therefore, if you will that I make any meddling in this process, first cause all these papers to be burned; secondly, make the two gentlemen come personally before me, and afterwards when I shall have heard them, I will tell you my opinion freely, without any feignedness or dissimulation whatsoever.

[9] *Style——of a chimney-sweeper.*—Slovenly and ridiculous, like a chimney-sweeper all over smut. A style sometimes soaring, sometimes creeping; now high, now low; just as a chimney-sweeper ups and downs it in a chimney, with his long broom, or else in *propriâ personâ*.

'Ramoner-ci, ramoner-là
La cheminée de haut en bas,'

is the chimney-sweeper's poetical cry in the streets of Paris.

[10] *Excerpted.*—It is in the original extirpated, *extirpées du milieu*, etc. It is probably a typographical error.

Some amongst them did contradict this motion, as you know that in all companies there are more fools than wise men, and that the greater part always surmounts the better, as saith Titus Livius, in speaking of the Carthaginians.[11] But the aforesaid Du Douhet held the contrary opinion, maintaining that Pantagruel had said well, and what was right, in affirming that these records, bills of inquests, replies, rejoinders, exceptions, depositions, and other such diableries of truth-entangling writs, were but engines wherewith to overthow justice, and unnecessarily to prolong such suits as did depend before them; and that, therefore, the devil would carry them away all to hell if they did not take another course, and proceeded not in times coming according to the prescripts of evangelical and philosophical equity. In fine, all the papers were burned, and the two gentlemen summoned and personally convented. At whose appearance before the court, Pantagruel said unto them, Are you they who have this great difference betwixt you? Yes, my lord, said they. Which of you, said Pantagruel, is the plaintiff? It is I, said my Lord Kissbreech. Go to, then, my friend, said he, and relate your matter unto me, from point to point, according to the real truth, or else, by cock's body, if I find you to lie so much as in one word, I will make you shorter by the head, and take it from off your shoulders, to show others, by your example, that in justice and judgment men ought to speak nothing but the truth. Therefore take heed you do not add nor impair anything in the narration of your case. Begin.

[11] *Carthaginians.*—Not Carthagians, as in Dolet's edition. It was a great question among the grammarians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, whether to say Carthaginiensis from Carthago, inis; or, Carthagiensis; but Politian rejects this last word, which indeed can come from nothing but Carthagus.

CHAPTER XI

HOW THE LORDS OF KISSBREECH AND SUCKFIST DID PLEAD BEFORE PANTAGRUEL WITHOUT AN ATTORNEY

Then began Kissbreech in manner as followeth: My Lord, it is true, that a good woman of my house carried eggs to the market to sell. Be covered, Kissbreech, said Pantagruel. Thanks to you, my Lord, said the Lord Kissbreech; but to the purpose. There passed betwixt the two tropics the sum of three pence towards the zenith and a halfpenny, forasmuch as the Riphæan mountains had been that year oppressed with a great sterility of counterfeit gudgeons, and shows without substance, by means of the babbling tattle, and fond fibs, seditiously raised between the gibble-gabblers, and Accursian gibberish-mongers, for the rebellion of the Switzers, who had assembled themselves to the full number of the bum-bees, and myrmidons, to go a-handsel-getting on the first day of the new year, at that very time when they give brewis to the oxen, and deliver the key of the coals to the country-girls, for serving in of the oats to the dogs. All the night long, they did nothing else, keeping their hands still upon the pot, but dispatch bulls a-foot, and bulls a-horseback,[1]

[1] *Dispatch bulls a-foot, and bulls a-horseback.*—In the original it is *despecher bulles de postes à pié, et lacquays à cheval, i.e.*, dispatch bulls by foot-posts, and bulls by horse-lackeys. This blundering way of speaking is used by Rabelais, on purpose to make this and the next speech of the litigants still more ridiculous. For is it not a sort of bull to say, dispatch posts a-foot (for people go post a-horseback) and dispatch lackeys a-horseback? for lackeys are supposed to go only a-foot; it is essential to the idea of a lackey to go a-foot, and no otherwise.

to stop the boats; for the tailors[2] and seamsters would have made of the stolen shreds and clippings a goodly sagbut to cover the face of the ocean, which then was great with child of a potful of cabbage, according to the opinion of the hay-bundle-makers. But the physicians[3] said, that by the urine they could discern no manifest sign of the bustard's pace, nor how to eat double-tongued mattocks with mustard, unless the lords and gentlemen of the court should be pleased to give by B mol[4] express command to the pox, not to run about any longer, in gleaning up of coppersmiths and tinkers; for the jobbernalls had already a pretty good beginning in their dance of the British jig, called the *estrindore*,[5] to a perfect

[2] *Tailors.*—*Cousturiers* in French, *i.e.*, sewers, stitchers, from *coudre*, to sew or stitch. They did not begin to be called tailors till about the year 1578. H. Stephens, Dial. du Nov. Lang. Fr. Ital., page 183. *Tailleur* is a word of better import, as it comes from *tailler*, to cut out, which shows a sort of genius; the stitching part is only manual, or rather digital.

[3] *Physicians.*—Physicians (*les médecins*) who in quality of ecclesiastics, or churchmen (which in old times they used to be, almost throughout Europe), generally confined their functions to teaching under the name of physic (*i.e.* natural philosophy), the theory of medicine, leaving to laymen the practical part (*medicaments*). [See Mezeray, 13th century.] The English still call physicians those whom the French call *les médecins*; and the Germans, *physicus*, *un médecin stipendié*. Which, I suppose, means a free-taking leech, as if we should say *medicus stipendiatus*, or rather, *stipendiarius:* unless it means, such a physician as is paid out of the public treasury, and is to take no fee of the poorer sort; which I am told is the polity of the Dutch government, in all their towns quite throughout the Seven Provinces.

[4] *Mol.*—A term in music, B molle (soft or flat); the expression is used by Skelton.

[5] *Estrindore.*—From the Latin *stridor*, belike; in which case it may be a dance of beggarly, boobily teeth-chatterers (*stridentes*), to get them a heat in frosty weather. Cotgrave says it is a kind of Breton dance, and we all know the boors of Bretagne are boorish enough.

diapason, with one foot in the fire, and their head in the middle, as goodman Ragot was wont to say.

Ha, my masters, God moderates all things, and disposeth of them at his pleasure, so that against unlucky fortune a carter broke his frisking whip, which was all the wind instrument he had. This was done at his return from a little paltry town, even then when Master Antitus[6] of Cresseplots was licentiated, and had passed his degrees in all dullery and blockishness, according to this sentence of the canonists, *Beati dunces, quoniam ipsi stumblaverunt.*[7] But that which makes Lent to be so high, by St Fiacre of Bry, is for nothing else, but that Pentecost never comes, but to my cost; yet, on afore there, ho! a little rain stills a great wind; and we must think so, seeing that the serjeant hath propounded the matter so far above my reach, that the clerks and secondaries could not with the benefit thereof lick their fingers, feathered with ganders, so orbicularly as they were wont in other things to do. And we

[6] *Antitus.*—A burlesque name for some old doctor, whom Rabelais here ridicules, as no less an ass (*âne*) in sense, than in a headstrong obstinacy (*tetu et enteté*), which three French words, *âne tetu enteté*, make up the word Antitus. It is also consignificative with *maître Aliboron*, a name by which the French mean (not as Boyer says, a cunning old fox, but) as Cotgrave says, one that pretends skill in all things, but indeed knows nothing. This signification is confirmed by an epitaph on John Frith, an Englishman, burnt at London in 1533 for writing against purgatory:

'Ici gist maitre Jean Fritus
Qui faisoit bien de l'Antitus,
Et du docteur scientifique,' etc.

It was made by Father Garasse, and is to be seen in his Rabelais Reformé, a satire against Peter du Moulin, wherein the Jesuit is very angry at that minister's having read Rabelais, and yet had him by heart himself, from one end to the other.

[7] *Beati dunces, etc.*—In the original, *Beati lourdes, quoniam ipsi trebuchaverunt. Lourdis* is a nick-name for a heavy-headed, dull, silly, ignorant, idiotical Sorbonist.

do manifestly see, that every one acknowledgeth himself to be in the error, wherewith another hath been charged, reserving only those cases whereby we are obliged to take an ocular inspection in a perspective glass of these things, towards the place in the chimney where hangeth the sign of the wine of forty girths,[8] which have been always counted very necessary for the number of twenty pannels and pack-saddles of the bankrupt protectionaries of five years respite. Howsoever, at least, he, that would not let fly the fowl before the cheesecakes, ought in law to have discovered his reason why not, for the memory is often lost in the wayward shoeing. Well, God keep Theobal Mitain from all danger. Then said Pantagruel, Hold there! Ho! my friend, soft and fair, speak at leisure, and soberly, without putting yourself in choler. I understand the case,—go on. Now then, my lord, said Kissbreech, the foresaid good woman, saying her *gaudez* and *audi nos*,[9] could not cover herself with a treacherous back-blow, ascending by the wounds and passions of the privileges of the universities, unless by the virtue of her warming-pan she had angelically fomented every part of her body, in covering them with a hedge of garden-beds: then giving in a swift unavoidable thrust very near to the place where they sell the old rags whereo the painters of Flanders make great use, when they are about neatly to clap on shoes on grasshoppers, locusts, cigals, and such like fly-fowls, so strange to us, that I am wonderfully astonished why the world doth not lay, seeing it is so good to hatch.

[8] *Wine of forty girths.*—Exceeding good wine, and of so great strength as to require forty hoops to keep the tub from bursting.

[9] *Gaudez et audi nos.*—*Gaudez*, says Cotgrave, prayers, whereof the Papists have divers, beginning with a *gaudete*. M. Duchat says, '*Gaudez et audi nos*; certain prayers, most commonly said in great haste, without the least attention.'

Here the Lord of Suckfist would have interrupted him and spoken somewhat, whereupon Pantagruel said unto him, Stt! By St Anthony's belly! doth it become thee to speak without command? I sweat here with the extremity of labour and exceeding toil I take to understand the proceeding of your mutual difference, and yet thou comest to trouble and disquiet me. Peace, in the devil's name, peace! Thou shalt be permitted to speak thy bellyful when this man hath done, and no sooner. Go on, said he to Kissbreech, speak calmly, and do not overheat yourself with too much haste.

In perceiving, then, said Kissbreech, that the pragmatical sanction did make no mention of it, and that the holy Pope to every one gave liberty to fart at his own ease, if that the blankets had no streaks, wherein the liars were to be crossed with a ruffian-like crew[10] and the rainbow being newly sharpened at Milan to bring forth larks, gave his full consent that the good woman should tread down the heel of the hip-gut pangs, by virtue of a solemn protestation put in by the little testiculated or codsted fishes, which to tell the truth, were at that time very necessary for understanding the syntax and construction of old

[10] *Wherein the liars were to be crossed with a ruffian-like crew.*— This is so mutilated and mis-translated, it would distract a man to reach the sense of it. It should be, provided, however poor the people were, they did not cross themselves with a ruffianly crew (*ribauldaille*); that is, provided people did not laugh at the mystery of transubstantiation, like that ruffianly priest of Lorrain, of whom, in ch. 39 of the Apology for Herodotus, it is said, that holding in his hand a box of common (unhallowed, wafers *(hostias)* and being puzzled which to take out first, in order to consecrate it at his mass: Ye ruffianly crew (*ribauldaille*), said he, shaking the box very hard; ye ruffianly crew, which of ye shall be a God to-day? The word *ribauldaille* is tantamount here to *ribon ribane*, which Cotgrave renders by hook or crook, will ye nill ye, whether you will or no.

boots. Therefore John Calf, her cousin gervais once removed, with a log, from the woodstack, very seriously advised her not to put herself into the hazard of quag-swagging in the lye, to be scoured with a buck of linen clothes, till first she had kindled the paper. This counsel she laid hold on, because he desired her to take nothing, and throw out, for *Non de ponte vadit, qui cum sapientia cadit.* Matters thus standing, seeing the masters of the chamber of accompts, or members of that committee, did not fully agree amongst themselves in casting up the number of the Almany whistles, whereof were framed those Spectacles for Princes, which have been lately printed at Antwerp,[11] I must needs think that it makes a bad return of the writ, and that the adverse party is not to be believed *in sacer verbo dotis.*[12] For that having a great desire to obey the pleasure of the King, I armed myself from toe to top, with belly furniture, of the soles of good venison-pasties, to go see how my grape-gatherers and vintagers had pinked and cut full of small holes their high-copped caps, to lecher it the better, and play at in-and-in. And indeed the time was very dangerous in coming from the fair,[13] in so far that many trained bow-men were cast at the muster, and quite rejected, although the chimney-

[11] *Spectacles for princes lately printed at Antwerp.*—This book, Les Lunettes des Princes, which has been quoted by Borel, is in French verse, and was printed, but not for the first time, at Paris, in 1534. The author was John Meschinot, a gentleman of note in the court of Francis, Duke of Bretagne, etc. He flourished in 1500. As for the book being said to be printed at Antwerp (*à Anvers*), it is probably because it was in verse (a pun upon Anvers and *en vers*).

[12] *In sacer verbo dotis.*—*In verbo sacerdotis*, Rabelais would say, but he plays upon words; as if one of us should say, instead of upon a priest's honour, upon a hon priest's our.

[13] *The fair.*—*Foire*, in French, means a fair, and likewise a looseness behind.

tops were high enough, according to the proportion of the windgalls in the legs of horses, or of the malanders, which in the esteem of expert farriers is no better disease, or else the story of Ronypatifam, or Lamibaudichon,[14] interpreted by some to be the tale of a tub, or of a roasted horse, savours of apocrypha, and is not an authentic history. And by this means there was that year great abundance, throughout all the country of Artois, of tawny buzzing beetles, to the no small profit of the gentlemen-great-stick-faggot-carriers, when they did eat without disdaining the cocklicranes, till their belly was like to crack with it again. As for my own part, such is my Christian charity towards my neighbours, that I could wish from my heart every one as good a voice, it would make us play the better at the tennis and the balloon. And truly, my Lord, to express the real truth without dissimulation, I cannot but say, that those petty subtile devices, which are found out in the etymologising of pattens, would descend more easily into the river of Seine, to serve for ever at the miller's bridge upon the said water, as it was heretofore decreed by the King of the Canarians, according to the sentence or judgment given thereupon, which is to be seen in the registry and records within the clerk's office of this house.

And therefore, my Lord, I most humbly require, that by your Lordship there may be said and declared upon the case what is reasonable, with costs, damages, and interest. Then said Pantagruel, My friend, is this all you have to say? Kissbreech answered, Yes, my Lord, for I have told you all the *tu autem*, and have not varied[15] at all upon mine honour in so much

[14] *Lamibaudichon.*—*L'ami Baudichon*—Friend Baudichon. It means, perhaps, some drinking companion.

[15] *All the tu autem, and have not varied.*—I have not either

as one single word. You then, said Pantagruel, my Lord of Suckfist, say what you will, and be brief, without omitting, nevertheless, anything that may serve to the purpose.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE LORD OF SUCKFIST PLEADED BEFORE PANTAGRUEL

Then began the Lord Suckfist in manner as followeth: My Lord, and you my masters, if the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judgment, as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world's four oxen had not been so eaten up with rats,[1] nor had so many ears upon the earth been nibbled away so scurvily. For although all that my adversary hath spoken be of a very soft and downy[2] truth, in so much as concerns the letter and history of the factum, yet nevertheless, the crafty sleights, cunning subtilties, sly cozenages, and little troubling intangle-

omitted or disguised anything, any more than does a good priest, who conscientiously recites the whole lesson of his breviary, even to these words, *tu autem Domine, etc.*, which are the conclusion, and, as it were, the burden of the ballad.

[1] *Rats.*—See this explained in the notes on the catalogue of St Victor's library.

[2] *Downy.*—Though *dumet*, or *duvet*, as it is called in some provinces, means down, or soft feathers, and therefore would make one think, at first, that it alludes to the smooth-tonguedness of the adversary; yet it means exactly to a farthing, as it were, as you would nip off with pincers the down from woollen stuffs.

ments are hid under the rose-pot, the common cloak and cover of all fraudulent deceits.

Should I endure, that, when I am eating my pottage equal with the best, and that without either thinking or speaking any manner of ill, they rudely come to vex, trouble, and perplex my brains with that antique proverb, which saith :

> He that will in his pottage drink
> When he is dead shall not see one wink ?[3]

And, good lady, how many great captains have we seen in the day of battle, when in open field the sacrament was distributed in luncheons of the sanctified bread of the confraternity, the more honestly to nod their heads, play on the lute, and crack with their tails, to make pretty little platform leaps, in keeping level by the ground ? But now the world is unshackled from the corners of the packs of Leicester.[4] One flies out lewdly and becomes debauched, another, likewise, five, four, and two, and that at such random, that, if the court take not some course therein, it will make as bad a season in matter of gleaning this year, as ever it made, or it will make goblets. If any poor creature go to the stoves to illuminate his muzzle with a cowshard, or to buy winter boots, and that the serjeants passing by, or those of the watch, happen to receive the decoction of a clyster, or the fecal matter of a close-stool,

[3] *Who, etc.—Qui boit, etc.* This they say to children to keep them from drinking in their broth, which thus being cooled would do their stomachs no good. [There is an English proverb :—If one sups with his porridge he will cough in his grave.]

[4] *Leicester.—Lucestre* in the original, perhaps corruptly for Leicester. Packs mean wool-packs. Leicester wool in Rabelais' time was much valued in France, especially by the people about Rouen. See more in M. Duchat.

upon their rustling-wrangling-clutter-keeping masterships, should any because of that make bold to clip the shillings and testers, and fry the wooden dishes? Sometimes, when we think one thing, God does another; and when the sun is wholly set, all beasts are in the shade. Let me never be believed again, if I do not gallantly prove it by several people that have seen the light of the day.

In the year thirty and six, buying a Dutch curtail, which was a middle-sized horse, both high and short, of a wool good enough, and dyed in grain, as the goldsmiths assured me, although the notary put an etc. in it, I told really, that I was not a clerk of so much learning as to snatch at the moon with my teeth; but, as for the butter-firkin, where Vulcanian deeds and evidences were sealed, the rumour was, and the report thereof went current, that salt beef will make one find the way to the wine without a candle,[5] though it were hid in the bottom of a collier's sack, and that with his drawers on he were mounted on a barbed horse furnished with a fronstal, and such arms, thighs, and leg-pieces as are requisite for the well frying and broiling of a swaggering sauciness. Here is a sheep's head, and it is well they make a proverb of this, that it is good to see black cows[6] in burnt wood, when one attains to the enjoyment of his love. I had a consultation upon this point with my masters the clerks, who for resolution concluded, *in frise-somorum*, that there is nothing like to mowing in the summer, and sweeping clean away in water, well garnished with paper, ink, pens, and

[5] *Without a candle.*—Add, 'at midnight.'

[6] *Black cows, etc.*—That is, to feed one's self up with fancies, as nothing else but a strong fancy can persuade one, that in the obscurity of the night he can see black cows in wood burnt in the chimney of the chamber he lies in.

penknives of Lyons upon the river of Rhone; dolopym dolop of,[7] tarabin tarabas, tut, prut, pish: for, incontinently after that armour begins to smell of garlick, the rust will go near to eat the liver out of him that wears it; and then do they nothing else but withstand others' courses, and wry-neckedly set up their bristles against one another, in lightly passing over their afternoon's sleep; and this is that which maketh salt so dear. My Lords, believe not when the said good woman had with bird-lime caught the shovelar fowl, the better before a serjeant's witness to deliver the younger son's portion to him, that the sheep's pluck or hog's haslet, did lodge and shrink back in the usurer's purses, or that there could be anything better to preserve one from the cannibals, than to take a rope of onions, knit with three hundred turnips, and a little of a calf's chaldern of the best alloy that the alchymists have provided, and that they daub and do over with clay, as also calcinate and burn to dust these pantofles, muff in muff out, mouflin mouflard, with the fine sauce of the juice of the rabble rout,[8] whilst they hide themselves in some petty moldwarp-hole, saving always the little slices of bacon. Now, if the dice will not favour you with any other throw but ambes-ace, and the chance of three at the great end, mark well the ace, then take me your dame, settle her in a corner of the bed, and

[7] *Dolopym dolop of.*—This is not in Duchat. Tarabin Tarabas is, according to Cotgrave, an interjection of interruption, like our pish, pish, tut, tut, etc.

[8] *Juice of the rabble rout.—Sauce de raballe.* Cotgrave says *raballe* is a certain root, the juice of which makes pretty sauce. Whence Sir T. U. should fetch his rabble rout, I cannot guess. M. Duchat says sauce *de raballe* means the juice of a good crab-tree cudgel or oaken plant. A good thrashing. *Raballe quasi rebats-le;* beat him and beat him again. ['Rable. L'echine, le dos, les reins.'—*Leroux.*]

whisk me her up drille trille, there, there, troureloura la la; which when you have done, take a hearty draught of the best *despicando grenouillibus*, in despite of the frogs, whose fair coarse be-buskined stockings shall be set apart for the little green geese, or mued goslings, which, fattened in a coop, take delight to sport themselves at the wag-tail game, waiting for the beating of the metal, and heating of the wax by the slavering drivellers of consolation.

Very true it is, that the four oxen which are in debate, and whereof mention was made, were somewhat short in memory. Nevertheless, to understand the game aright, they feared neither the cormorant nor mallard of Savoy,[9] which put the good people of my country in great hope that their children some time should become very skilful in algorism. Therefore is it, that by a law rubric and special sentence thereof, that we cannot fail to take the wolf, if we make our hedges higher than the wind-mill, whereof somewhat was spoken by the plaintiff. But the great devil did envy it, and by that means put the High Dutch far behind, who played the devils in swilling down and tippling at the good liquor. Trink, mein herr! Trink, Trink! By two of my table men in the corner-point I have gained the lurch.[10] For it is not probable, nor is there any appearance of truth in this

[9] *Mallard of Savoy.*—By Canard de Savoye, *i.e.*, the mallard or drake of Savoy, Rabelais hints at the Vaudois subject to the Duke of Savoy, and he calls them canards, as being thought to be imbued in the same opinions with the cagots (*i.e.*, hypocrites; also white lepers) or canards of Bearn, who were in old time obliged to wear on their clothes the mark of a goose or duck's foot, because they were looked upon to be equally infected with leprosy and heresy: for which reason, by this mark they were tacitly exhorted to have recourse to the waters of grace, there to wash themselves again and again incessantly, as ducks do.

[10] [Taken from a game played with tables—tric-trac—referred to again l. 3, cap. xii.]

saying, that at Paris upon a little bridge the hen is proportionable,[11] and were they as copped and high-crested as marish whoops, if veritably they did not sacrifice the printer's pumpit-balls at Moreb, with a new edge set upon them by text letters, or those of a swift-writing hand, it is all one to me, so that the head-band of the book breed not moths or worms in it. And put the case, that at the coupling together of the buck-hounds, the little puppies should have waxed proud, before the notary could have given an account of the serving of his writ by the cabalistic art, it will necessarily follow, under correction of the better judgment of the court, that six acres of meadow ground of the greatest breadth will make three butts of fine ink, without paying ready money; considering that, at the funeral of King Charles, we might have had the fathom in open market for one and two, that is, deuce ace. This I may affirm with a safe conscience, upon my oath of wool.

And I see ordinarily in all good bagpipes, that, when they go to the counterfeiting of the chirping

[11] *At Paris, upon a little bridge, the hen is proportionable.*—Rabelais' words are—'A Paris, sus petit pont, geline de feurre,' *i.e.*, at Paris on the Petit Pont (a bridge there called the Little Bridge) barn-door fowls to be sold. Now *geline* from *gallina* no doubt, is a hen; *feurre*, from the Latin barbarous *fodrum*, fodder, *pabulum*, is straw: so that *geline de feurre* is the same as *geline de paillier* (*palea*) a straw-heap or chaff-heap fowl; or, as Cotgrave explains it, a dung-hill hen, a hen that is fed at the barn-door. Having thus paved the way for the right understanding of barn-door fowls to be sold at the Little Bridge at Paris, let us hear what M. Duchat says upon it. This is one of the most ancient cries at Paris, which, in Rabelais' time, being set to music by the famous Jannequin, together with many more the like cries, made a song which was printed with three others of the same musician at Venice, by Jerom Scott, 1550. And this cry signified, that then were sold at Paris, on the Petit Pont, barn-door fowls, not so fat indeed as crammed ones, but more delicious to eat in some people's opinions.

of small birds, by swinging a broom three times about a chimney, and putting his name upon record, they do nothing but bend a cross-bow backwards, and wind a horn, if perhaps it be too hot, and that, by making it fast to a rope he was to draw, immediately after the sight of the letters, the cows were restored to him. Such another sentence after the homeliest manner[12] was pronounced in the seventeenth year, because of the bad government of Louzefougarouse, whereunto it may please the Court to have regard. I desire to be rightly understood; for truly, I say not, but that in all equity, and with an upright conscience, those may very well be dispossessed, who drink holy water, as one would do a weaver's shuttle, whereof suppositories are made to those that will not resign, but on the terms of ell and tell, and giving of one thing for another. *Tunc*, my Lords, *quid juris pro minoribus?* For the common custom of the Salic law is such, that the first incendiary or fire-brand of sedition, that flays the cow, and wipes his nose in a full concert[13] of music, without blowing in the cobbler's stitches, should in the time of the night-mare sublimate the penury of his member by moss gathered when people are like to founder themselves at the mass at midnight, to give the estrapade[14] to these white wines of Anjou, that do gambetta, neck to

[12] *After the homeliest manner.*—So Cotgrave indeed refers *à la martingale:* but gives no reason for it. M. Duchat says it may mean at Martinmas, or in the parliament of Provence, the country of the ancient Martegaux.

[13] *Full concert.*—*Plain-chant*, in the French, *i.e.*, plain song. Sir T. U. mistook *planus* for *plenus*.

[14] *To give the estrapade.*—To throw wine down the throat till it stops in the stomach, in like manner as an unhappy wretch under the punishment of the strappade is stopped within a foot or two of the pavement.

neck, after the fashion of Brittany,[15] concluding as before with costs, damages, and interests.

After that the Lord of Suckfist had ended, Pantagruel said to the Lord of Kissbreech, My friend, have you a mind to make any reply to what is said? No, my lord, answered Kissbreech; for I have spoke all I intended, and nothing but the truth. Therefore put an end, for God's sake, to our difference, for we are here at great charge.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL GAVE JUDGMENT UPON THE DIFFERENCE OF THE TWO LORDS

Then Pantagruel, rising up, assembled all the presidents, counsellors, and doctors that were there, and said unto them, Come now, my masters, you have heard, *vivæ vocis oraculo*, the controversy that is in question; what do you think of it? They answered him, We have indeed heard it, but have not understood the devil so much as one circumstance of the case; and therefore we beseech you, *unâ voce*, and in courtesy, request you that you would give sentence as you think good, and, *ex nunc prout ex tunc*, we are satisfied with it, and do ratify it with our full consents. Well, my masters, said Pantagruel, seeing you are so well pleased, I will do it: but I do not truly

[15] *After the fashion of Brittany.*—Wines which make those that drink them stumble, as the Bretons throw each other on their backs by a certain trip in wrestling called *jambette* in French; *gambetta* in Italian.

find the case so difficult as you make it. Your paragraph *Caton*, the law *Frater*,[1] the law *Gallus*, the law *Quinque pedum*, the law *Vinum*, the law *Si Dominus*, the law *Mater*, the law *Mulier bona*, the law *Si quis*, the law *Pomponius*, the law *Fundi*, the law *Emptor*, the law *Prætor*, the law *Venditor*, and a great many others, are far more intricate in my opinion. After he had spoke this, he walked a turn or two about the hall, plodding very profoundly, as one may think; for he did groan like an ass, whilst they girth him too hard, with the very intensiveness of considering how he was bound in conscience to do right to both parties, without varying or accepting of persons. Then he returned, sat down, and began to pronounce sentence as followeth :

Having seen, heard, calculated, and well-considered of the difference between the Lords of Kissbreech and Suckfist, the Court saith unto them, that in regard of the sudden quaking, shivering, and hoariness of the flickermouse, bravely declining from the estival solstice, to attempt by private means the surprisal of toyish trifles in those, who are a little unwell for having taken a draught too much through the lewd demeanour and vexation of the beetles,[2] that inhabit the diarodal[3] climate of an hypocritical ape on horseback, bending a cross-bow backwards,

[1] *The law frater, etc.*—The obscurity of many of these laws, specified by Pantagruel, is naturally enough expressed in these two verses:

'Damnetur frater, damnetur lectaque mater,
Damnetur gallus, damnetur filius ejus.'

Yet have several of the most celebrated lawyers of Germany, France, and Italy, commented, since Hotman, on the law *frater à fratre*, and on the law *gallus*.

[2] *Beetles.*—Read *lucifugous nicticoraces.*

[3] *Diarodal.*—The author's word is *diarhomal.* That is, says the Dutch scholiast, the climate which passes through Rome : seven according to the ancients, nine according to the moderns.

the plaintiff truly had just cause to calfet, or with oakum, to stop the chinks of the galleon, which the good woman blew up with wind, having one foot shod and the other bare, reimbursing and restoring to him, low and stiff in his conscience, as many bladder-nuts and wild pistachios as there is of hair in eighteen cows, with as much for the embroiderer, and so much for that. He is likewise declared innocent of the case privileged from the Knapdardies, into the danger whereof it was thought he had incurred; because he could not jocundly, and with fulness of freedom, untruss and dung, by the decision of a pair of gloves perfumed with the scent of bumgunshot, at the walnut-tree taper,[4] as is usual in his country of Mirebalais. Slacking, therefore, the topsail, and letting go the boulin with the brazen bullets, wherewith the mariners did by way of protestation bake in paste-meat, great store of pulse interquilted with the dormouse,[5] whose hawk bells were made with a puntinaria, after the manner of Hungary or Flanders lace, and which his brother-in-law carried in a pannier, lying near to three chevrons *or* bordered *gules*, whilst he was clean out of heart, drooping and crestfallen by the too narrow sifting, canvassing, and curious examining of the matter, in the angularly dog-hole of nasty scoundrels, from whence we shoot at the vermiformal popinjay with the flap made of a foxtail.

But in that he chargeth the defendant, that he was a botcher, cheese-eater,[6] and trimmer of man's flesh

[4] *Walnut-tree taper.*—*Chandelle de noix.* Nut-lights. In Mirebalais, where tallow is scarcer than nuts, they burn great quantities of nut oil in lamps made like a candlestick.

[5] *Great store of pulse interquilted with the dormouse.*—Here the translator mistakes the river Loire for *loire*, a dormouse. Rabelais' words are *legumaiges du Loire*, pulse of the Loire.

[6] *Cheese-eater.*—Tyrofaguex, from the Greek Τυροφάγος.

embalmed,[7] which in the arsiversy-swagfall tumble was not found true, as by the defendant was very well discussed.

The Court, therefore, doth condemn and amerce him in three porringers of curds, well cemented and closed together, shining like pearls, and cod-pieced after the fashion of the country, to be paid unto the said defendant about the middle of August in May. But, on the other part, the defendant shall be bound to furnish him with hay and stubble, for stopping the caltrops of his throat, troubled and impulregafized, with gabardines garbled shufflingly, and friends as before, without costs and for cause.

Which sentence being pronounced, the two parties departed, both contented with the decree, which was a thing almost incredible. For it never came to pass since the great rain, nor shall the like occur in thirteen jubilees hereafter, that two parties, contradictorily contending in judgment, be equally satisfied and well pleased with the definitive sentence.[8]

[7] *Man's flesh embalmed.—Mommie* in French. Belon, speaking of the cedria, or black pitch, which the French call *goudron*, says it is the thing which anciently the Egyptians made use of to preserve dead bodies, of which is made that drug call 'mummy.'

[8] *For it never came to pass——definitive sentence.*—The edition of Dolet has not these four lines. They were added in that of 1553. The reader will not, I dare say, think it tedious to pursue M. Duchat's recapitulation of the contents of this and the two preceding chapters. Rabelais, says he, has imitated in prose Marot's two wild discourses of a cock and a bull in verse, a sort of poetry which has been justly found fault with by Joachim du Bellay. Here the subject matter is a great law suit, which had lasted several years between two noble personages of the kingdom of France. There had been for a long time a paper war carried on between them, numberless law-pieces had been drawn up on both sides, all the courts had been gone through, and a legion of citations foreign to the point, as the mode then was, had only served to puzzle and darken the affair, instead of

As for the counsellors, and other doctors in the law, that were there present, they were all so ravished with admiration at the more than human wisdom of Pantagruel, which they did most clearly perceive to be in him, by his so accurate decision of this so difficult and thorny cause, that their spirits, with the extremity of the rapture, being elevated above the pitch of actuating the organs of the body, they fell into a trance and sudden ecstasy, wherein they stayed for the space of three long hours, and had been so as yet in that condition, had not some good people fetched

unravelling and clearing it up. Both plaintiff and defendant being quite tired out with this way of proceeding, and having heard much talk of Pantagruel and his profound and universal knowledge, they entreated him to examine into the points in dispute between them, and finally decide their suit according to his own opinion, without conferring with any other judge whatsoever. He readily undertook this task, on condition that all the papers that had been drawn up between them being first burnt, the parties themselves would plead their own cause personally before him ; since each being certainly best acquainted with his own business, and both of them persons of veracity and integrity, as he supposed them to be, they would relate their matter to him naturally, without anything that was either untrue or not pertinent to the case. Accordingly they appear, and each pleads his own cause ; the plaintiff under the name of Kissbreech, and the defendant under that of Suckfizzle (for that's the meaning of Rabelais' Humevesne) to intimate the mean unworthy part that suitors are oftentimes forced to act. But as in those days (but not since to be sure) the pleadings at the bar were no less obscure, nor less full of trumpery than the writings of the advocates, which is signified by that heap of incoherent stuff and torrent of nonsense on the part both of plaintiff and defendant, who knew nothing of their affair, except from those writings which they had indeed but too much and too often pored over ; hence it comes, that Pantagruel's decree is not a whit more intelligible than either of the pleaders' discourses. Both parties, however, are satisfied with the sentence which he passed, because neither of them saw anything in it that could tend to make him think he had lost his cause.

store of vinegar and rose-water, to bring them again unto their former sense and understanding, for the which God be praised everywhere. And so be it.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW PANURGE[1] RELATED THE MANNER HOW HE ESCAPED OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE TURKS

The great wit and judgment of Pantagruel was immediately after this made known unto all the world by setting forth his praises in print, and putting upon record this late wonderful proof he hath given thereof amongst the Rolls of the Crown, and Registers of the Palace, in such sort, that everybody began to say, that Solomon, who by a probable guess only, without any further certainty, caused the child to be delivered to its own mother, showed never in his time such a master-piece of wisdom as the good Pantagruel hath done. Happy are we, therefore, that have him in our country. And, indeed, they would have made him thereupon master of the requests, and president in the court: but he refused all, very graciously thanking them for their offer. For, said he, there is too much slavery in these offices, and very hardly can they be saved that do exercise them,

[1] *How Panurge related, etc.*—All Rabelais' personages are phantasmagoric allegories, but Panurge above all. He is throughout the *πανουργία*,—the wisdom, that is, the cunning of the human animal,—the understanding, as the faculty of means to purposes without ultimate ends, in the most comprehensive sense, and including art, sensuous fancy, and all the passions of the understanding.—*Coleridge.*

considering the great corruption that is amongst men. Which makes me believe, if the empty seats of angels be not filled with other kind of people than those, we shall not have the final judgment these seven thousand sixty and seven jubilees[2] yet to come, and so Cusanus[3] will be deceived in his conjecture. Remember that I have told you of it, and given you fair advertisement in time and place convenient.

But, if you have any hogsheads of good wine, I willingly will accept of a present of that. Which they very heartily did do, in sending him of the best that was in the city, and he drank reasonably well, but poor Panurge bibbed and bowsed of it most villainously, for he was as dry as a red herring, as lean as a rake, and like a poor, lank, slender cat, walked gingerly as if he had trod upon eggs. So that by some one being admonished, in the midst of his draught of a large deep bowl, full of excellent claret, with these words,—Fair and softly, gossip, you suck as if you were mad,—I give thee to the devil, said he, thou hast not found here thy little tippling sippers of Paris, that drink no more than the little bird called a spink or chaffinch, and never take in their beak full of liquor, till they be bobbed on the tails after the manner of the sparrows. O companion, if I could mount up as well as I can get down, I had been long ere this above the sphere of the moon with Empedocles.[4] But I cannot tell what a devil this means. This wine is so good and delicious,

[2] *Seven thousand sixty and seven jubilees.*—It is in the original only thirty-seven jubilees.

[3] *Cusanus.*—Nicolas de Cusa, cardinal, who wrote his conjectures in 1452. He therein supposes, that as the first world perished by a deluge in the 34th jubilee of fifty years, the end of the world would happen in the like 34th jubilee of the Christian era, that is, before the year 1734.

[4] *With Empedocles.*—See Lucian's Icaromenippus.

that, the more I think thereof, the more I am athirst. I believe that the shadow of my master Pantagruel engendereth the altered and thirsty men, as the moon doth the catarrhs and defluxions. At which word the company began to laugh, which Pantagruel perceiving, said, Panurge, what is that which moves you to laugh so? Sir, said he, I was telling them that these devilish Turks are very unhappy, in that they never drink one drop of wine, that though there were no other harm in all Mahomet's Alcoran, yet for this one base point of abstinence from wine, which therein is commanded, I would not submit myself unto their law. But now tell me, said Pantagruel, how you escaped out of their hands. By God, sir! said Panurge, I will not lie to you in one word.

The rascally Turks had broached me upon a spit all larded like a rabbit, for I was so dry and meagre, that, otherwise, of my flesh they would have made but very bad meat, and in this manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended myself unto the divine grace, having in my mind the good St Lawrence, and always hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this torment. Which came to pass, and that very strangely. For, as I did commit myself with all my heart unto God, crying, Lord God, help me! Lord God, save me! Lord God, take me out of this pain and hellish torture, wherein these traitorous dogs detain me for my sincerity in the maintenance of Thy law! the roaster or turn-spit fell asleep by the divine will, or else by the virtue of some good Mercury, who cunningly brought Argus into a sleep for all his hundred eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep. Then took I up in my teeth a

firebrand by the end where it was not burned, and cast it into the lap of my roaster, and another did I throw as well as I could under a field-couch, that was placed near to the chimney, wherein was the straw bed of my master turn-spit. Presently the fire took hold in the straw, and from the straw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked and ceiled with fir, after the fashion of the foot of a lamp. But the best was, that the fire which I had cast in the lap of my poultry roaster burned all his groin, and was beginning to seize upon his cullions, when he became sensible of the danger, for his smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen day-light. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the streets as high as he could, Dal baroth! dal baroth! dal baroth! which is as much as to say, Fire! fire! fire! Incontinently turning about, he came straight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes, wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet, when the master of the house hearing him cry fire, and smelling the smoke from the very street where he was walking with some other Bashaws and Mustaphas,[5] ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his jewels.[6] Yet such was his rage, before he could well resolve how to go about it, that he caught the broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith

[5] *Mustaphas.*—*Musaffis* in the French, which does not mean a man's name, but is a common appellative both in the Turkish and Sclavonian tongue for a Mahometan doctor and prophet.

[6] *Jewels.*—Read his effects, not jewels. It is indeed *bagues* in French, but that word in the plural means one's whole substance. *Bague*, in the singular, means indeed a jewel; but *bagues* is *le bagage*, bag and baggage. [See Cotg.] *Moy, mes gens, et mes bagues.* Myself, my people, and goods.

killed my roaster stark dead, of which wound he died there for want of regimen or otherwise; for he ran him in with the spit a little above the navel, towards the right flank, till he pierced the third lappet of his liver, and, the blow slanting upwards from the midriff or diaphragm, through which it had made penetration, the spit passed athwart the pericardium, or capsule of his heart, and came out above at his shoulders, betwixt the spondyls or turning joints of the chine of the back, and the left homoplat, which we call the shoulder-blade.

True it is, for I will not lie, that, in drawing the spit out of my body, I fell to the ground near unto the andirons, and so by the fall took some hurt, which indeed had been greater, but that the lardons, or little slices of bacon, wherewith I was stuck, kept off the blow. My bashaw then seeing the case to be desperate, his house burnt without remission, and all his goods lost, gave himself over unto all the devils in hell, calling upon some of them by their names, Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus,[7] and Gribouillis, nine several times. Which when I saw, I had above five penny-worth of fear, dreading that the devils would come even then to carry away this fool, and, seeing me so near him, would perhaps snatch me up too. I am already, thought I, half-roasted, and my lardons will be the cause of my mischief; for these devils are

[7] *Grilgoth*, *Astaroth*, *Rappalus*.—Names of devils which seem to preside in conflagrations, ride in the burnings, and direct the flames, where every thing is broiled (grilled), roasted (*assus* and *roti*), rappareed, ravined and rifled. Gribouillis, which follows, is not in Dolet's editon, but in that of 1553. It is, says M. Duchat, a corruption of *griboury*, which Oudin renders *il bau folletto farfadello*, *demonio*. [*Bau*, *bau*, in Italian, is our bo-peep. *Folletto*, our Robin Good-fellow: innocent merry devils.] *Gribouillis* means something truculent, and alludes both to grilling and boiling.

very liquorous of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the philosopher Jamblicus, and Murmault, in the Apology of Bossutis, adulterated *pro magistros nostros*.[8] But for my better security I made the sign of the cross, crying *Hagios, athanatos, ho theos*, and none came. At which my rogue bashaw, being very much aggrieved, would, in transpiercing his heart with my spit, have killed himself, and to that purpose had set it against his breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I, perceiving that he was not like to work upon his body the effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master Bugrino, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, or rashly lose it, for thou wilt never kill thyself as thou doest. Well thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat within thee,[9] so as to make thee languish all thy life-time most pitifully amongst the hands of the chirurgeons ; but, if thou wilt be counselled by me, I will kill thee clear out-right, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it, and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themselves very well after it. Ha, my friend, said he, I prithee do so, and for thy pains I give thee my budget ; take, here it is, there are six

[8] *The apology, etc.*—Read *de bossutis et contrefactis*, not adulterated, *pro magistros nostros*. John Murmault, or Murmellius of Ruremonde, whose name was up in 1513 : this man, who was perhaps *bossu* (hulch-backed) or otherwise *contrefait*, as the French say (deformed), had belike written some apology for himself and brethren, in answer to some satire which charged them with being bacon-nimmers, neck-writhers, and men, for the most part, of as ill-contrived minds as bodies.

[9] *Thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat, etc.*—In the French it is *bien te blesseras quelque hurte, i.e.*, thou mayest wound thyself in some place. *Quelque hurte* is the same as *quelque part*. *Hurte* does not mean our English hurt, but a place : from the German *ort*, in Latin *locus*, from whence the Latin-barbarous *ortare*.

hundred seraphs in it and some fine diamonds, and most excellent rubies. And where are they? said Epistemon. By St John, said Panurge, they are a good way hence, if they always keep going. But where is the last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon the Parisian poet took. Make an end, said Pantagruel, that we may know how thou didst dress thy bashaw. By the faith of an honest man, said Panurge, I do not lie in one word. I swaddled him in a scurvy swathel-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my cords tied him royster-like both hand and foot, in such sort that he was not able to wince; then passed my spit through his throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great hooks or cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their halberds; and then, kindling a fair fire under him, did flame you up my Milourt, as they use to do dry herrings in a chimney. With this, taking his budget, and a little javelin that was upon the aforesaid hooks, I ran away a fair gallop-rake, and God He knows how I did smell my shoulder of mutton.

When I came down into the street, I found everybody came to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which, by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villainous Turkey knob-breasted rogue came thiefteously to snatch away some of my lardons,[10] but I gave him

[10] *Little villainous, etc.*—Turks love bacon, the more because it is prohibited meat. Under this drolling tale Rabelais rubs up a certain Sorbonist, who wanted to have our author burnt for a

such a sturdy thump and sound rap on the fingers [11] with all the weight of my javelin, that he came no more the second time. Shortly after this, there came towards me a pretty young Corinthian wench,[12] who brought me a box full of conserves, of round Mirabolan plums, called emblicks, and looked upon my poor robin with an eye of great compassion, as it was flea-bitten and pinked with the sparkles of the fire from whence it came, for it reached no farther in length, believe me, than my knees. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a sciatica, whereunto I had been subject above seven years before, upon that side, which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

Now, whilst they were busy about me, the fire triumphed, never ask how? For it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying cried out, saying, By Mahoom's belly! all the city is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to make any relief. Upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, I took my way towards the gate. When I was got upon the knap of a little hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did Lot's wife, and, looking back, saw all the city burning in a fair fire, whereat I was so glad, that I had almost beshit myself for joy. But God punished me well for it. How? said Pantagruel.

heretic. As for the fellow that snatched at the bacon being hump-breasted, not hump-backed, Rabelais says that of him, because such a one, resembling a lean fowl, wanted some bacon to lard and repair that leanness, as the breasts of lean capons and chickens are served.

[11] *Gave a sound rap, etc.—Donner dronos.* A Toulouse phrase.

[12] *Corinthian wench.*—Of the same disposition with those Corinthian females of antiquity, who, in the prol. to l. 3, are said to be so stout-hearted, that, though they were ever so prudish or old, yet would they furbish up the harness, etc. See Erasmus' *Adages* in the word 'Corinthiari.'

Thus, said Panurge ; for when with pleasure I beheld this jolly fire, jesting with myself, and saying—Ha ! poor flies, ha ! poor mice, you will have a bad winter of it this year, the fire is in your reeks, it is in your bed-straw—out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs, great and small, altogether out of the town, flying away from the fire. At the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the scent of my lecherous, half-roasted flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good angel had not well inspired me with the instruction of a remedy, very sovereign against the toothache. And wherefore, said Pantagruel, wert thou afraid of the toothache, or pain of the teeth ? Wert thou not cured of thy rheums ? By Palm Sunday ! said Panurge, is there any greater pain of the teeth than when the dogs have you by the legs ? But on a sudden, as my good angel directed me, I thought upon my lardons, and threw them into the midst of the field amongst them. Then did the dogs run, and fight with one another at fair teeth, which should have the lardons. By this means they left me, and I left them also bustling with, and hairing [13] one another. Thus did I escape frolic and lively, grammercy roastmeat and cookery.

CHAPTER XV

HOW PANURGE SHOWED A VERY NEW WAY TO BUILD THE WALLS OF PARIS

Pantagruel, one day, to refresh himself of his study, went a-walking towards St Marcel's suburbs, to see

[13] [This should be 'r-r-r-ring one another.' See the prologue to Book iii.]

the extravagancy of the Gobeline building, and to taste of their spiced bread. Panurge was with him, having always a flagon under his gown, and a good slice of gammon of bacon; for without this he never went, saying, that it was as a yeoman of the guard to him, to preserve his body from harm. Other sword carried he none: and, when Pantagruel would have given him one, he answered, that he needed none, for that it would but heat his milt. Yea, but, said Epistemon, if thou shouldst be set upon, how wouldst thou defend thyself? With great brodkin blows,[1] answered he, provided thrusts were forbidden. At their return, Panurge considered the walls of the city of Paris, and in derision said to Pantagruel, See what fair walls are here![2] O how strong they are, and well fitted to keep geese in a mew or coop to fatten them! By my beard they are competently scurvy for such a city as this is; for a cow with one fart would go near to overthrow above six fathoms of them. O my friend, said Pantagruel, dost thou know

[1] *With great brodkin blows, provided thrusts were forbidden.*—It means he would defend himself with kicking (for *brodequin* is a buskin or boot), provided rapiers, *i.e.*, long small swords (estocs, tucks), were forbidden. For, against such a weapon, which could reach him at a distance, his kicking would have done him no service.

[2] *See what fair walls are here!*—The Emperor Charles V. with his army, threatening Paris in 1544; then, and not before, the French began to fortify it, and repair the walls thereof, which, it seems by what Panurge says, were become so ruinous, a young goose might easily have got over them, if it had not mewed, *i.e.*, cast its feathers; for that is the meaning of the French word *mue* (from whence we have it, or rather both of us from the Latin *muto*). *Mue* likewise signifies a coop, as Sir T. U. interprets it here: O how strong these walls are, and well fitted to keep geese in a coop to fatten them! Which of these two constructions is most correct, I must leave to the reader's own judgment: our author's words are, 'O que fortes sont ces murailles, et bien en point pour garder les oisons en mue!'

what Agesilaus said, when he was asked, Why the great city of Lacedemon was not inclosed with walls? Lo here, said he, the walls of the city! in showing them the inhabitants and citizens thereof, so strong, so well-armed, so expert in military discipline; signifying thereby, that there is no wall but of bones,[3] and that towns and cities cannot have a surer wall, nor better fortification, than the prowess and virtue of the citizens and inhabitants. So is this city so strong, by the great number of warlike people that are in it, that they care not for making any other walls. Besides, whosoever would go about to wall it, as Strasburg, Orleans,[4] or Ferrara, would find it almost impossible, the cost and charges would be so excessive. Yea, but, said Panurge, it is good, nevertheless, to have an outside of stone, when we are invaded by our enemies, were it but to ask, Who is below there? As for the enormous expense, which you say would be needful for undertaking the great work of walling this city about, if the gentlemen of the town will be pleased to give me a good rough cup of wine, I will show them a pretty, strange, and new way, how they may build them good cheap. How? said Pantagruel. Do not speak of it, then, answered Panurge, and I will tell it you. I see that the sine quo nons, callibistris,[5] or contrapunctums

[3] *There is no wall but of bones.*—It is literally so indeed; but it is a Gallicism, and means, there is no wall like that of bones, *il n'est muraille que de os*, *i.e.*, the inhabitants of a town are themselves the best walls.

[4] *Orleans.*—The strong walls of Orleans were razed by order of the court, soon after the peace of 1562. The walls of Ferrara were not only high and strong, but flanked with towers and good bastions, which after it came into the Pope's hands, were greatly augmented and enlarged, instead of being suffered to go to decay.

[5] *Callibistris.*—Why *callibistri* (for that is the singular of *calabistris*) should signify a woman's tufted honours, I know

of the women of this country are cheaper than stones. Of them should the walls be built, ranging them in good symmetry by the rules of architecture, and placing the largest in the first ranks, then sloping downwards ridgeways, like the back of an ass. The middle-sized ones must be ranked next, and last of all the least and smallest. This done, there must be a fine little interlacing of them, like points of diamonds, as is to be seen in the great tower of Bourges, with a like number of the nudinnudos, nil-nisistandos, and stiff bracmards, that dwell in amongst the claustral codpieces. What devil were able to overthrow such walls? There is no metal like it to resist blows, in so far that, if culverin-shot [6] should come to graze upon it, you would incontinently see

not, unless it comes from the Greek Καλλίβοτρυς, *pulchros racemos habens*. M. Duchat says nothing to it, thinking it a ticklish point perhaps. M. Leroux, in his Dictionnaire Comique, 8vo, 2 vols., à Pampelune, 1786, following Rabelais, and quoting the passage in the context, says it means *le centre de l'amour ou la nature d'une femme, le temple de Venus*. Duchat tells us, he has read of a woman, who having, by her last will and testament, left the Franciscans of Amiens a piece of land called 'Callibistry,' those good fathers put the following epitaph under their great church porch:

'Cy git Louison la couturiere,
Qui par devotion singuliere
Laissa aux cordeliers d'icy
Son si joly callibistry.'

In English.

Here lies the seamstress Louison,
Who so well lov'd the myst'ry,
She left the friars of this town
Her pretty callibistry.

[6] *Culverin-shot*.—Here Rabelais is too licentious for me to explain his quibbling upon the words *couille-vrines et coulevrine et le couillon d'un levrie, etc.* M. Duchat makes the application thereof to the incest, as it is called, of the monks and nuns, in their amours.

distil from thence the blessed fruit of the great pox, as small as rain. Beware, in the name of the devils, and hold off. Furthermore, no thunderbolt or lightning would fall upon it. For why? They are all either blest or consecrated. I see but one inconveniency in it. Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha! said Pantagruel, and what is that? It is, that the flies would be so liquorish of them, that you would wonder, and they would quickly gather there together, and there leave their ordure and excretions, and so all the work would be spoiled. But see how that might be remedied; they must be wiped and made rid of the flies with fair fox-tails, or good great viedazes, which are ass-pizzles, of Provence. And to this purpose I will tell you, as we go to supper, a brave example set down by *Frater Lubinus*, *Libro de compotationibus mendicantium*.

In the time that the beasts did speak, which is not yet three days since, a poor lion, walking through the forest of Bieure, and saying his own little private devotions, passed under a tree, where there was a roguish collier gotten up to cut down wood, who, seeing the lion, cast his hatchet at him, and wounded him enormously in one of his legs, whereupon the lion halting, he so long toiled and turmoiled himself in roaming up and down the forest to find help, that at last he met with a carpenter, who willingly looked upon his wound, cleansed it as well as he could, and filled it with moss, telling him that he must wipe his wound well, that the flies might not do their excrements in it, whilst he should go search for some yarrow or millefoil, commonly called the carpenter's herb. The lion being thus healed, walked along in the forest; at what time a sempiternous crone and old hag was picking up and gathering some sticks in the said forest, who, seeing the lion

coming towards her, for fear fell down backwards, in such sort, that the wind blew up her gown, coats and smock, even as far as above her shoulders, Which the lion perceiving, for pity ran to see whether she had taken any hurt by the fall; thereupon, considering her how do call it, said, O poor woman, who hath thus wounded thee? Which words when he had thus spoken, he espied a fox, whom he called to come to him, saying, Gossip Reynard, ha, hither, hither, and for cause! When the fox was come, he said unto him, My gossip and friend, they have hurt this good woman here between the legs most villainously, and there is a manifest solution of continuity. See how great a wound it is, even from the tail up to the navel, in measure four, nay full five handfulls and a-half. This is the blow of an hatchet, I doubt me, it is an old wound; and therefore that the flies may not get into it, wipe it lustily well and hard, I prithee, both within and without; thou hast a good tail, and long. Wipe, my friend, wipe, I beseech thee, and in the meanwhile I will go get some moss to put into it; for thus ought we to succour and help one another. Wipe it hard, thus, my friend, wipe it well, for this wound must be often wiped, otherwise the party cannot be at ease. Go to, wipe well, my little gossip, wipe; God hath furnished thee with a tail, thou hast a long one, and of a bigness proportionable; wipe hard, and be not weary. A good wiper, who, in wiping continually, wipeth with his wipard, by wasps shall never be wounded. Wipe, my pretty minion, wipe, my little bully, I will not stay long. Then went he to get store of moss; and, when he was a little way off, he cried out in speaking to the fox thus, Wipe well still, gossip, wipe, and let it never grieve thee to wipe well, my little gossip, I will put thee into service to be wiper to

Don Pedro de Castille, wipe, only wipe, and no more. The poor fox wiped as hard as he could, here and there, within and without; but the false old trot did so fizzle and foist, that she stunk like a hundred devils, which put the poor fox to a great deal of ill-ease, for he knew not to what side to turn himself, to escape the unsavoury perfume of this old woman's postern blasts. And whilst to that effect he was shifting hither and thither, without knowing how to shun the annoyance of those unwholesome gusts, he saw that, behind, there was yet another hole, not so great as that which he did wipe, out of which came this filthy and infectious air. The lion at last returned, bringing with him of moss more than eighteen packs would hold, and began to put into the wound, with a staff which he had provided for that purpose, and had already put in full sixteen packs and a half, at which he was amazed. What a devil? said he, this wound is very deep, it would hold above two cartloads of moss. The fox, perceiving this, said unto the lion, O gossip lion, my friend, I pray thee, do not put in all thy moss there, keep somewhat, for there is here another little hole, that stinks like five hundred devils; I am almost choked with the smell thereof, it is so pestiferous and impoisoning.

Thus must these walls be kept from the flies, and wages allowed to some for wiping of them. Then said Pantagruel, How dost thou know that the privy parts of women are at such a cheap rate? For in this city there are many virtuous, honest, and chaste women besides the maids. *Et ubi prenus?* said Panurge. I will give you my opinion of it, and that upon a certain and assured knowledge. I do not brag, that I have bum-basted four hundred and seventeen, since I came into this city, though it be

but nine days ago; but this very morning I met with a good fellow, who in a wallet, such as Æsop's was, carried two little girls, of two or three years old at the most, one before, and the other behind. He demanded alms of me, but I made him answer, that I had more cods than pence. Afterwards I asked him, Good man, these two girls, are they maids? Brother, said he, I have carried them thus these two years, and in regard of her that is before, whom I see continually, in my opinion she is a virgin; nevertheless, I will not put my finger in the fire for it; as for her that is behind, doubtless I can say nothing.

Indeed, said Pantagruel, thou art a gentle companion, I will have thee to be apparelled in my livery. And therefore caused him to be clothed most gallantly according to the fashion that then was, only that Panurge would have the codpiece of his breeches three feet long, and in shape square, not round; which was done, and was well worth the seeing. Oftentimes was he wont to say, that the world had not yet known the emolument and utility that is in wearing great codpieces; but time would one day teach it them, as all things have been invented in time. God keep from hurt, said he, the good fellow whose long codpiece or braguet hath saved his life! God keep from hurt him whose long braguet hath been worth to him in one day one hundred threescore thousand and nine crowns! God keep from hurt him who by his long braguet hath saved a whole city from famine! And, by God! I will make a book of the commodity of long braguets, when I shall have more leisure. And indeed he composed a fair great book with figures; but it is not printed as yet that I know of.

CHAPTER XVI

OF THE QUALITIES AND CONDITIONS OF PANURGE

Panurge was of a middle stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an aquiline nose, made like the handle of a razor. He was at that time five and thirty years old, or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden dagger,—for he was a notable cheater and cony-catcher,—he was a very gallant and proper man of his person, only that he was a little lecherous, and naturally subject to a kind of disease which at that time they called lack of money,—it is an incomparable grief, yet, notwithstanding, he had threescore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the most honourable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving, secret purloining, and filching; for he was a wicked and lewd rogue, a cozener, drinker, roysterer, rover, and a very dissolute and debauched fellow, if there were any in Paris; otherwise, and in all matters else, the best and most virtuous man in the world; and he was still contriving some plot, and devising mischief against the serjeants and the watch.

At one time he assembled three or four especial good hacksters and roaring boys; made them in the evening drink like Templars, afterwards led them till they came under St Genevieve, or about the college of Navarre, and, at the hour that the watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his sword upon the pavement, and his ear by it, and, when he heard his sword shake, it was an infallible sign that the watch was near at that instant,—then he and his companions took a tumbrel or dung-cart, and gave it the brangle, hurling it with all their force down the hill, and so overthrew all the poor watch-

men like pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in less than two days he knew all the streets, lanes, and turnings in Paris, as well as his *Deus det.*[1]

At another time he laid, in some fair place where the said watch was to pass, a train of gunpowder, and, at the very instant that they went along, set fire to it, and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away, thinking that St Anthony's fire had caught them by the legs. As for the poor masters of arts, he did prosecute them above all others. When he encountered with any of them upon the street, he would never fail to put some trick or other upon them, sometimes putting the bit of a fried turd in their graduate hoods, at other times pinning on little fox-tails or hare-ears behind them, or some such other roguish prank. One day that they were appointed all to meet in the Fodder street (Sorbonne), he made a Borbonnesa tart, or filthy and slovenly compound, made of store of garlick, of assafœtida, of castoreum, of dog's turds very warm, which he steeped, tempered, and liquefied in the corrupt matter of pocky boils and pestiferous botches; and, very early in the morning, therewith anointed all the pavement, in such sort that the devil could not have endured it, which made all these good people there to lay up their gorges, and vomit what was upon their stomachs before all the world, as if they had flayed the fox; and ten or twelve of them died of the plague, fourteen became lepers, eighteen grew lousy, and above seven and twenty had the pox, but he did not care a button for it. He commonly carried a whip under his gown, wherewith he whipped without remission the pages whom he found carrying wine to their masters, to make them mend their pace. In his

[1] *Deus det.*—Latin grace after meat.

coat he had about six and twenty little fobs and pockets always full, one with some lead-water, and a little knife as sharp as a glover's needle, wherewith he used to cut purses : another with some kind of bitter stuff, which he threw into the eyes of those he met : another with clotburs, penned with little geese or capons' feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people, and often made them fair horns, which they wore about all the city, sometimes all their life. Very often also upon the women's French hoods would he stick in the hind-part somewhat made in the shape of a man's member. In another, he had a great many little horns full of fleas and lice, which he borrowed from the beggars of St Innocent, and cast them, with small canes or quills to write with, into the necks of the daintiest gentlewomen that he could find, yea, even in the church ; for he never seated himself above in the choir, but always sat in the body of the church amongst the women, both at mass, at vespers, and at sermon. In another, he used to have good store of hooks and buckles, wherewith he would couple men and women together, that sat in company close to one another, but especially those that wore gowns of crimson taffeties, that, when they were about to go away, they might rend all their gowns. In another, he had a squib furnished with tinder, matches, stones to strike fire, and all other tackling necessary for it. In another, two or three burning-glasses, wherewith he made both men and women sometimes mad, and in the church put them quite out of countenance ; for he said, that there was but an antistrophe, or little more difference than of a literal inversion, between a woman *folle à la messe* and *molle à la fesse;* that is, foolish at the mass, and of a pliant buttock.

In another, he had a good deal of needles and thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish pranks. One time, at the entry of the Palace unto the great hall, where a certain grey friar or cordelier was to say mass to the counsellors, he did help to apparel him, and put on his vestments ; but in the accoutring of him, he sewed on his alb, surplice, or stole, to his gown and shirt, and then withdrew himself, when the said lords of the court, or counsellors, came to hear the said mass. But when it came to the *Ite, missa est*,[2] that the poor Frater would have laid by his stole or surplice, as the fashion then was, he plucked off withal both his frock and shirt, which were well sewed together, and thereby stripping himself up to the very shoulders, showed his *bel vedere* to all the world, together with his Don Cypriano,[3] which was no small one, as you may imagine. And the friar still kept hauling, but so much the more did he discover himself, and lay open his back-parts, till one of the lords of the court said, How now, what's the matter ? will this fair father make us here an offering of his tail to kiss it ? Nay, St Anthony's fire kiss it for us ! From henceforth it was ordained that the poor fathers should never disrobe themselves any more before the world, but in their vestry-room, or sextry, as they call it ; especially in the presence of women, lest it should tempt them to the sin of longing and inordinate desire. The people then asked, why it was the friars had so long and large genitories ? The said

[2] *When it came to the Ite, missa est.*—The mass never ends with *Ite, missa est*, but during the octaves, or at festivals that have nine lessons. At other times, it concludes with *Benedicamus Domino*, or *Requiescant in pace.*

[3] *His Don Cypriano.*—*Son callibistry*, in French. See this word explained in the preceding chapter.

Panurge resolved the problem very neatly, saying, That which makes asses to have such great ears is that their dams did put no biggins on their heads, as D'Alliaco mentioneth in his Suppositions.[4] By the like reason, that which makes the genitories or generation-tools of those fair fraters so long is, for that they wear no bottomed breeches,[5] and therefore their jolly member, having no impediment, hangeth dangling at liberty, as far as it can reach, with a wiggle-waggle down to their knees, as women carry their paternoster beads. And the cause wherefore they have it so correspondingly great is, that in this constant wig-wagging the humours of the body descend into the said member. For, according to the legists, agitation and continual motion is cause of attraction.

Item, he had another pocket full of itching powder, called stone-allum, whereof he would cast some into the backs of those women whom he judged to be most beautiful and stately, which did so ticklishly gall them, that some would strip themselves in the open view of the world, and others dance like a cock upon hot embers, or a drumstick on a tabour. Others again ran about the streets, and he would run after them. To such as were in the stripping vein he would very civilly come to offer his attend-

[4] *D'Alliaco in his Suppositions.*—He rubs up the Sorbonists, in the person of Peter d'Ally, a doctor of Paris, Archbishop of Cambray, and Cardinal, who died in 1425.

[5] *Bottomed breeches.*—The rule of St Francis forbids them wearing any. And therefore, in the book De Cagotis Tollendis—which, a little lower, l. 3, ch. 8, Rabelais ascribes to Justinian—the same Rabelais, who hated all mendicant friars, makes that Emperor say, that the *summum bonum* of states consisted in *braguibus* and *braguetis*, that is, in not maintaining or feeding such people as wear no breeches or drawers, and consequently have no codpieces.

ance, and cover them with his cloak, like a courteous and very gracious man.

Item, in another he had a little leather bottle full of old oil, wherewith, when he saw any man or woman in a rich new handsome suit, he would grease, smutch, and spoil all the best parts of it under colour and pretence of touching them, saying, This is good cloth. This is good satin, good taffeties! Madam, God give you all that your noble heart desireth! You have a new suit, pretty sir;—and you a new gown, sweet mistress; God give you joy of it, and maintain you in all prosperity! And with this would lay his hand upon their shoulder, at which touch such a villainous spot was left behind, so enormously engraven to perpetuity in the very soul, body and reputation, that the devil himself could never have taken it away. Then upon his departing, he would say, Madam, take heed you do not fall, for there is a filthy great hole before you, whereinto, if you put your foot, you will quite spoil yourself.

Another he had all full of euphorbium, very finely pulverized. In that powder did he lay a fair handkerchief, curiously wrought, which he had stolen from a pretty sempstress of the palace, in taking away a louse from off her bosom, which he had put there himself, and, when he came into the company of some good ladies, he would trifle them into a discourse of some fine workmanship of bone-lace, and then immediately put his hand into their bosom, asking them, And this work, is it of Flanders, or of Hainault?[6] and then drew out his handkerchief, and said, Hold! hold! hold! look what work here is, it is of Foutignan or of Foutarabia!—and, shaking it hard at their nose, made them sneeze for four hours without ceasing. In the meanwhile he would fart like a

[6] See Molière's Tartufe, act iii., scene 3.

horse, and the women would laugh and say, How now, do you fart, Panurge? No, no, Madam, said he, I do but tune my tail to the plain-song of the music which you make with your nose. In another he had a picklock, a pelican, a crampiron, a crook and some other iron tools, wherewith there was no door nor coffer which he could not pick open. He had another full of little cups, wherewith he played very artificially, for he had his fingers made to his hand, like those of Minerva or Arachne, and had heretofore cried treacle. And when he changed a teston, cardecu, or any other piece of money, the changer had been more subtle than a fox if Panurge had not at every time made five or six sols (that is, some six or seven pence) vanish away invisibly, openly and manifestly, without making any hurt or lesion, whereof the changer should have felt nothing but the wind.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW PANURGE GAINED THE PARDONS, AND MARRIED THE OLD WOMEN, AND OF THE SUIT IN LAW WHICH HE HAD AT PARIS

One day I found Panurge very much out of countenance, melancholic, and silent, which made me suspect that he had no money, whereupon I said unto him, Panurge, you are sick, as I do very well perceive by your physiognomy, and I know the disease. You have a flux in your purse; but take no care. I have yet seven pence half-penny, that never saw father or mother, which shall not be wanting, no more than the pox in your necessity.

Whereunto he answered me, Well, well, for money, one day I shall have but too much; for I have a philosopher's stone, which attracts money out of men's purses, as the adamant doth iron. But will you go with me to gain the pardons? said he. By my faith! said I, I am no great pardon-taker in this world—if I shall be any such in the other, I cannot tell; yet let us go, in God's name! it is but one farthing more or less. But, said he, lend me then a farthing upon interest. No, no, said I, I will give it you freely and from my heart. *Grates vobis dominos*, said he.

So we went along, beginning at St Gervase, and I got the pardons at the first box only, for in those matters very little contenteth me. Then did I say my suffrages, and the prayers of St Brigid; but he gained them at all the boxes, and always gave money to every one of the pardoners. From thence we went to our Lady's church, to St John's, to St Anthony's, and so to the other churches, where there was a bank of pardons. For my part, I gained no more of them; but he at all the boxes kissed the relics, and gave at every one. To be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the castle-tavern, and there he showed me ten or twelve of his little bags full of money, at which I blest myself, and made the sign of the cross, saying, Where have you recovered so much money in so little time? Unto which he answered me, that he had taken it out of the basins of the pardons. For in giving them the first farthing, said he, I put it in with such sleight of hand, and so dexterously, that it appeared to be a three-pence; thus with one hand I took three-pence,[1] nine-pence,

[1] *With one hand I took, etc.*—Erasmus' Colloquies, in the chapter entitled, Peregrinatio religionis ergo. Oxygius. 'Imo, vero

or six-pence at the least, and with the other as much, and so through all the churches where we have been. Yea, but, said I, you damn yourself like a snake,[2] and are withal a thief and sacrilegious person. True, said he, in your opinion, but I am not of that mind; for the pardoners do give me it, when they say unto me, in presenting the relics to kiss, *Centuplum accipies*, that is, that for one penny I should take a hundred; for *accipies* is spoken according to the manner of the Hebrews, who use the future tense instead of the imperative, as you have in the law, *Diliges Dominum;* that is, *Dilige*. Even so, when the pardon-bearer says to me, *Centuplum accipies*, his meaning is *Centuplum accipe;* and so doth Rabbi Kimy, and Rabbi Aben Ezra expound it, and all the Massorets, *et ibi Bartholus*. Moreover, Pope Sixtus[3] gave me fifteen hundred francs of yearly pension, which in English money is a hundred and fifty pounds, upon his

sunt quidam adeò dediti Sanctissimæ Virgini, ut dum simulant se se munis imponere altari, mira dexteritate suffurentur quod alius posuerat.'

[2] *Like a snake.*—Wrong. It is in the original, *Vous vous damnez comme une serpe. Une serpe* does not mean a snake (though *un serpent* does), but a wood-cleaver's bill, used in lopping or cutting small wood; or a vine-dresser's pruning-knife: so to damn one's self like a pruning-knife is, to go as surely to the devil as a pruning-knife to the lopping of a vine-branch, or as M. Duchat explains it, to plunge one's self into the jaws of hell, head foremost, as a wood-feller, when he will work no longer, throws his bill into the bottom of his basket: *hotte;* wide at the top and narrow at bottom. See this explanation confirmed, l. 3, c. 22.

[3] *Pope Sixtus, etc.*—Sixtus IV., the same whom, in chap. 30, Epistemon says he saw in hell an anointer of those that have the pox. 'Sed et recentioribus temporibus Sixtus pontifex maximus, Romæ nobile admodum lupanar extruxit,' says Agrippa of the same Pope, in his 'Vanit. Scient. cap. *De Lenonia;*' which is nothing less than sufficient to authorize what Panurge says; but Sixtus had been a Franciscan friar, and that was enough to set Rabelais against him.

ecclesiastical revenues and treasure, for having cured him of a cankerous botch, which did so torment him, that he thought to have been a cripple by it all his life. Thus I do pay myself at my own hand, for otherwise I get nothing, upon the said ecclesiastical treasure. Ho, my friend, said he, if thou didst know what advantage I made, and how well I feathered my nest, by the Pope's bull of the crusade, thou wouldest wonder exceedingly. It was worth to me above six thousand florins ; in English coin six hundred pounds. And what a devil is become of them ? said I ; for of that money thou hast not one half-penny. They returned from whence they came, said he ; they did no more but change their master.

But I employed at least three thousand of them, that is, three hundred pounds English, in marrying —not young virgins ; for they find but too many husbands—but great old sempiternous trots, which had not so much as one tooth in their heads; and that out of the consideration I had, that these good old women had very well spent the time of their youth in playing at the close-buttock game to all comers, serving the foremost first, till no man would have any more dealing with them. And by God, I will have their skincoat shaken once yet before they die. By this means, to one I gave a hundred florins, to another six score, to another three hundred, according to that they were infamous, detestable, and abominable. For, by how much the more horrible and execrable they were, so much the more must I needs have given them, otherwise the devil would not have jum'd them. Presently I went to some great and fat wood-porter, or such like, and did myself make the match. But, before I did show him the old hags, I made a fair muster to him

of the crowns, saying, Good fellow, see what I will give thee, if thou wilt but condescend to duffle, dinfredaille, or lecher it one good bout. Then began the poor rogues to gape like old mules, and I caused to be provided for them a banquet, with drink of the best, and store of spiceries, to put the old women in rut and heat of lust. To be short, they occupied all like good souls; only to those that were horribly ugly and ill-favoured, I caused their head to be put within a bag to hide their face.[4]

Besides all this, I have lost a great deal in suits of law. And what law-suits couldest thou have? said I; thou hast neither house nor lands. My friend, said he, the gentlewomen of this city had found out, by the instigation of the devil of hell, a manner of high-mounted bands, and neckerchiefs for women, which did so closely cover their bosoms, that men could no more put their hands under. For they had

[4] Rabelais, in this pastime of Panurge's, alludes to the well-known passage in Herodotus, book i., sec. 196, describing a custom prevalent in the villages round Babylon. 'Once in every year whatever maidens were of a marriageable age, they used to collect together and bring in a body to one place; around them stood a crowd of men. Then a crier having made them stand up one by one, offered them for sale, beginning with the most beautiful; and when she had been sold for a large sum, he put up another who was next in beauty. They were sold on condition that they should be married. Such men among the Babylonians as were rich and desirous of marrying, used to bid against one another, and purchase the handsomest. But such of the lower classes as were desirous of marrying did not require a beautiful form, but were willing to take the plainer damsels with a sum of money. For when the crier had finished selling the handsomest of the maidens, he made the ugliest stand up, or one that was a cripple, and put her up to auction, for the person who would marry her with the least sum, until she was adjudged to the man who offered to take the smallest sum. This money was obtained from *the sale of* the handsome maidens; and thus the beautiful ones portioned out the ugly and the crippled.

put the slit behind, and those neckcloths were wholly shut before, whereat the poor sad contemplative lovers were much discontented. Upon a fair Tuesday, I presented a petition to the court, making myself a party against the said gentlewomen, and showing the great interest that I pretended therein, protesting that by the same reason, I would cause the codpiece of my breeches to be sewed behind, if the court would not take order for it. In sum, the gentlewomen put in their defences, showed the grounds they went upon, and constituted their attorney for the prosecuting of the cause. But I pursued them so vigorously, that by a sentence of the court it was decreed those high neckcloths should be no longer worn, if they were not a little cleft and open before; but it cost me a good sum of money. I had another very filthy and beastly process against the dung-farmer called Master Fifi and his deputies, that they should no more read privily the pipe, puncheon, nor quart of sentences;[5] but in fair full day, and that in the Fodder schools, in face of the Arrian[6] sophisters; where I was ordained to pay the charges, by reason of some clause mistaken in the relation of the serjeant. Another time I framed a complaint to the court against the mules of the presidents, counsellors and others, tending to this purpose, that, when in the lower court of the palace they left them to champ on their bridles, some

[5] *Sentences.*—He refers to the different books of the famous Peter Lombard's Sentences; which are grown so common, by the numberless editions thereof, and withal so little esteemed by many, that the nightmen (gold-finders) had it in their power, for some time past, to read the book from one end to the other, by means of the bum-fodder fragments of it which they found in the houses of office.

[6] *Arrian sophisters.*—Read *artitian*, *i.e.*, masters of arts. A vast difference.

bibs were made for them by the counsellors' wives, that with their drivelling they might not spoil the pavement; to the end that the pages of the palace might play upon it with their dice, or at the game of coxbody, at their own ease, without spoiling their breeches at the knees. And for this I had a fair degree; but it cost me dear. Now reckon up what expense I was at in little banquets, which from day to day I made to the pages of the palace. And to what end? said I. My friend, said he, thou hast no pastime at all in this world. I have more than the King, and if thou wilt join thyself with me, we will do the devil together. No, no, said I, by St Adauras![7] that will I not, for thou wilt be hanged one time or other. And thou, said he, wilt be interred some time or other. Now, which is most honourable, the air or the earth? Ho, grosse pécore![8]

Whilst the pages are at their banqueting, I keep their mules, and to some one I cut the stirrup-leather of the mounting side, till it hung by a thin strap or thread, that when the great puff-guts of the counsellor or some other hath taken his swing to get up, he may fall flat on his side like a porker, and so furnish the spectators with more than a hundred francs' worth of laughter. But I laugh yet further, to think how at his home-coming the master-page is to be whipped like green rye, which makes me not to repent what I have bestowed in feasting them. In brief, he had, as I said before, threescore and three ways to acquire

[7] *By St Adauras.*—As *aura* signifies the air, and particularly the air we breathe, Rabelais invented this saint, as a patron to preserve one from being suspended in the air, and from having the vitals stopped there.

[8] *Grosse pécore.*—For *sot*, *bête*. 'Parbleu! Je suis, Monsieur, une bonne pécore.'—Auter. *Amant qui trompe.*

money, but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his drinking.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW A GREAT SCHOLAR OF ENGLAND WOULD HAVE ARGUED AGAINST PANTAGRUEL, AND WAS OVERCOME BY PANURGE

In that same time, a certain learned man named Thaumast, hearing the fame and renown of Pantagruel's incomparable knowledge, came out of his own country of England with an intent only to see him, to try thereby and prove whether his knowledge in effect was so great as it was reported to be. In this resolution, being arrived at Paris, he went forthwith unto the house of the said Pantagruel, who was lodged in the palace of St Denys, and was then walking in the garden thereof with Panurge, philosophizing after the fashion of the Peripatetics. At his first entrance he started, and was almost out of his wits for fear, seeing him so great, and so tall. Then did he salute him courteously as the manner is, and said unto him, Very true it is, saith Plato, the prince of philosophers,[1] that, if the image and knowledge of wisdom were corporeal and visible to the eyes of mortals, it would stir up all the world to admire her. Which we may the rather believe, that the very bare report thereof, scattered in the air, if it happen to be received into the ears of men, who, for being studious, and lovers

[1] *Very true it is, saith Plato, etc.*—Thaumast speaks after Erasmus, in his colloquy entitled *Diluculum*.

of virtuous things, are called philosophers, doth not suffer them to sleep nor rest in quiet, but so pricketh them up, and sets them on fire, to run unto the place where the person is, in whom the said knowledge is said to have built her temple, and uttered her oracles. As it was manifestly shown unto us in the Queen of Sheba, who came from the utmost borders of the East and Persian sea, to see the order of Solomon's house, and to hear his wisdom; in Anarcharsis, who came out of Scythia, even unto Athens, to see Solon;[2] in Pythagoras, who travelled far to visit the Memphitical vaticinators;[3] in Plato, who went a great way off to see the magicians of Egypt, and Architas of Tarentum; in Apollonius Tyaneus, who went as far as unto Mount Caucasus, passed along the Scythians, the Massagetes, the Indians, and sailed over the great river Phison, even to the Brachmans to see Hiarchas;[4] as likewise unto Babylon, Chaldea, Media, Assyria, Parthia, Syria, Phœnicia, Arabia, Palestina, and Alexandria, even unto Æthiopia, to see the Gymnosophists. The like example have we of Titus Livius,[5] whom to see and hear, divers studious persons came to Rome, from the confines of France and Spain. I dare not reckon myself in the number of those so excellent persons, but well would be called studious, and a lover, not only of learning, but of learned men also. And indeed, having heard the report of your so inestimable knowledge, I have left my country, my friends, my kindred, my house, and am come thus far, valuing as nothing the length of the way, the

[2] *Unto Athens, to see Solon.*—Ælian l. 5, *De Varia Historia.*

[3] *Memphitical vaticinators.*—See Pythagoras' Life by Porphyry, n. 9, Kuster's edition.

[4] *To see Hiarchas.*—This is taken from Philostratus, l. 2, last ch. of Apollonius' Life.

[5] *Titus Livius.*—See Pliny the younger, l. 2, Ep. 3.

tediousness of the sea, nor strangeness of the land, and that only to see you, and to confer with you about some passages in philosophy, of geomancy, and of the cabalistic art, whereof I am doubtful, and cannot satisfy my mind; which if you can resolve, I yield myself unto you for a slave henceforward, together with all my posterity; for other gift have I none, that I can esteem a recompense sufficient for so great a favour. I will reduce them into writing, and to-morrow publish them to all the learned men in the city, that we may dispute publicly before them.

But see in what manner I mean that we shall dispute. I will not argue *pro et contra*, as do the sottish sophisters of this town, and other places. Likewise I will not dispute after the manner of the academics by declamation; nor yet by numbers, as Pythagoras was wont to do, and as Picus de la Mirandula did of late at Rome. But I will dispute by signs only, without speaking, for the matters are so abstruse, hard, and arduous, that words proceeding from the mouth of man will never be sufficient for unfolding of them to my liking. May it, therefore, please your magnificence to be there, it shall be at the great hall of Navarre, at seven o'clock in the morning. When he had spoke these words, Pantagruel very honourably said unto him, Sir, of the graces that God hath bestowed upon me, I would not deny to communicate unto any man to my power. For whatever comes from Him is good, and His pleasure is, that it should be increased, when we come amongst men worthy and fit to receive this celestial manna of honest literature. In which number, because that in this time, as I do already very plainly perceive, thou holdest the first rank, I give thee notice, that at all hours thou shalt find me ready to condescend

to every one of thy requests, according to my poor ability; although I ought rather to learn of thee, than thou of me. But, as thou hast protested, we will confer of thy doubts together, and will seek out the resolution, even unto the bottom of that undrainable well, where Heraclitus says the truth lies hidden.[6] And I do highly commend the manner of arguing which thou hast proposed, to wit, by signs without speaking; for by this means thou and I shall understand one another well enough, and yet shall be free from that clapping of hands, which these blockish sophisters make,[7] when any of the arguers hath gotten the better of the argument. Now to-morrow I will not fail to meet thee at the place and hour that thou hast appointed, but let me entreat thee, that there be not any strife or uproar between us, and that we seek not the honour and applause of men, but the truth only. To which Thaumast answered, The Lord God maintain you in His favour and grace, and, instead of my thankfulness to you, pour down His blessings upon you, for that your highness and magnificent greatness hath not disdained to descend to the grant of the request of my poor base-

[6] *Heraclitus, etc.*—Rabelais talks after the same manner, l. 3, chap. 35, contrary to the received opinion, that this was Democritus' saying.

[7] *This clapping of hands which these blockish sophisters make.*—In the Sorbonne, during the continuance of the solemn act called *Sorbonica*, Ramus, in his discourse of the reformation of the University of Paris, in 1452, says: Franciscanus quidam, abhinc annos centum post cardinalis Totævillæi reformationem clamores quæstionares amplificavit, totumque diem unum discipulis contra altercantibus respondit nullo judice adhibito, præter strepitum pedum et manuum plausum, quo quæstiones altercantium disceptarentur. Hic actus Sorbonica dicta est, atque in memoriam gloriamque robusti et valentis altercatoris Franciscani adhuc prima Sorbonica concessa est.' See Men. Dict. Etym. at the word *Sorbonique*.

ness. So farewell till to-morrow! Farewell, said Pantagruel.

Gentlemen, you that read this present discourse, think not that ever men were more elevated and transported in their thoughts, than all this night were both Thaumast and Pantagruel; for the said Thaumast said to the keeper of the house of Cluny, where he was lodged, that in all his life he had never known himself so dry as he was that night. I think, said he, that Pantagruel held me by the throat. Give order, I pray you, that we may have some drink, and see that some fresh water be brought to us, to gargle my palate. On the other side, Pantagruel stretched his wits as high as he could, entering into very deep and serious meditations, and did nothing all that night but dote upon, and turn over the book of Beda, *De Numeris et signis;* Plotin's book, *De Inenarrabilibus;* the book of Proclus, *De Magia;* the book of Artemidorus, *περὶ Ὀνειροκριτικῶν*; of Anaxagoras, *περὶ Σημείων*; Dinarius, *περὶ Ἀφατῶν*; the books of Philistion; Hipponax, *περὶ Ἀνεκφωνητῶν*, and a rabble of others, so long, that Panurge said unto him:

My lord, leave all these thoughts and go to bed; for I perceive your spirits to be so troubled by a too intensive bending of them, that you may easily fall into some quotidian fever with this so excessive thinking and plodding. But, having first drunk five and twenty or thirty good draughts, retire yourself and sleep your fill, for in the morning I will argue against and answer my master the Englishman, and, if I drive him not *ad metam non loqui*, then call me knave. Yea, but, said he, my friend Panurge, he is marvellously learned; how wilt thou be able to answer him? Very well, answered Panurge; I pray you talk no more of it, but let me alone. Is any man so learned as the devils are? No, indeed, said

Pantagruel, without God's especial grace. Yet for all that, said Pantagruel, I have argued against them, gravelled and blanked them in disputation, and laid them so squat upon their tails, that I made them look like monkeys. Therefore, be assured, that to-morrow I will make this vain-glorious Englishman to skite vinegar before all the world. So Panurge spent the night with tippling amongst the pages, and played away all the points of his breeches at *primus et secundus*, and at peck point, in French called *La Vergette*. Yet, when the appointed time was come, he failed not to conduct his master Pantagruel to the appointed place, unto which, believe me, there was neither great nor small in Paris but came, thinking with themselves that this devilish Pantagruel, who had overthrown and vanquished in dispute all these doting fresh-water sophisters, would now get full payment and be tickled to some purpose. For this Englishman is a terrible bustler, and horrible coil-keeper. We will see who will be the conqueror, for he never met with his match before.

Thus all being assembled, Thaumast stayed for them; and then, when Pantagruel and Panurge came into the hall, all the school-boys, professors of arts, senior sophisters, and bachelors, began to clap their hands, as their scurvy custom is. But Pantagruel cried out with a loud voice, as if it had been the sound of a double cannon; saying, Peace! with a devil to you, Peace! By God! you rogues, if you trouble me here, I will cut off the heads of every one of you. At which words they remained all daunted and astonished like so many ducks, and durst not so much as cough, although they had swallowed fifteen pounds of feathers. Withal, they grew so dry with this only voice, that they laid out their tongues a full half foot beyond their mouths,

as if Pantagruel had salted all their throats. Then began Panurge to speak, saying to the Englishman, Sir, are you come hither to dispute contentiously in those propositions you have set down, or otherwise but to learn and know the truth? To which answered Thaumast, Sir, no other thing brought me hither but the great desire I had to learn, and to know, that of which I have doubted all my life long, and have neither found book nor man able to content me in the resolution of those doubts which I have proposed. And, as for disputing contentiously, I will not do it, for it is too base a thing, and therefore leave it to those sottish sophisters, who in their disputes do not search for the truth, but for contradiction only and debate. Then said Panurge, If I, who am but a mean and inconsiderable disciple of my master, my lord Pantagruel, content and satisfy you in all and everything, it were a thing below my said master, wherewith to trouble him. Therefore is it fitter that he be chairman, and sit as a judge and moderator of our discourse and purpose, and give you satisfaction in many things, wherein perhaps I shall be wanting in your expectation. Truly, said Thaumast, it is very well said, begin then. Now you must note, that Panurge had set at the end of his codpiece a pretty tuft of red silk, as also of white, green, and blue, and within it had put a fair orange.[8]

[8] *And within it had put a fair orange.*—Designed for some lady. Such was the gallantry of the French at that time, and so continued almost to the end of the sixteenth century. Louis Guyon, l. 2, c. 6, of his various readings, where he speaks of the manner how the French dressed in those days: Their breeches were so close, there could be no pockets made in them; but instead thereof they had a swinging codpiece, with two wings on each side, which they fastened with points, on either side one; and within this large space, which was between the said two points,

CHAPTER XIX

HOW PANURGE PUT TO A NON-PLUS THE ENGLISHMAN THAT ARGUED BY SIGNS

Everybody then taking heed, and hearkening with great silence, the Englishman lifted up on high into the air his two hands severally, clenching in all the tops of his fingers together, after the manner which, *à la Chinonnese*, they call the hen's arse, and struck the one hand on the other by the nails four several times. Then he, opening them, struck the one with the flat of the other, till it yielded a clashing noise, and that only once. Again, in joining them as before, he struck twice, and afterwards four times in opening them. Then did he lay them joined, and extended the one towards the other, as if he had been devoutly to send up his prayers unto God. Panurge suddenly lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof into the nostril of the same side, holding his four fingers straight out, and closed orderly in a parallel line to the point of his nose, shutting the left eye wholly, and making the other wink with a profound depression of the eyebrows and eyelids. Then lifted he up his left hand, with hard wringing and stretching forth his four fingers, and elevating his thumb, which he held in a line directly correspondent to the situation of his right hand, with the distance of a cubit and a half

shirt and codpiece, they put their handkerchiefs, an apple, an orange, or other fruit, as also their purse, etc., and it was not at all uncivil, when they were at table, to make a present of the fruit, which they had for some time kept in their codpiece, any more than it is nowadays to offer fruit out of one's pockets.

between them. This done, in the same form he abased towards the ground both the one and the other hand. Lastly, he held them in the midst, as aiming right at the Englishman's nose. And if Mercury, said the Englishman. There Panurge interrupted him, and said, You have spoken, Mask.[1]

Then made the Englishman this sign. His left hand all open he lifted up into the air, then instantly shut into his fist the four fingers thereof, and his thumb extended at length he placed upon the gristle of his nose. Presently after, he lifted up his right hand all open, and all open abased and bent it downwards, putting the thumb thereof in the very place where the little finger of the left hand did close in the fist, and the four right hand fingers he softly moved in the air. Then contrarily he did with the right hand what he had done with the left, and with the left what he had done with the right.

Panurge, being not a whit amazed at this, drew out into the air his trismegist codpiece with the left hand, and with his right drew forth a trunchion of a white ox-rib, and two pieces of wood of a like form, one of black ebony, and the other of incarnation Brazil, and put them betwixt the fingers of that hand in good symmetry; then knocking them together, made such a noise as the lepers of Brittany use to do with their clappering clickets, yet better resounding, and far more harmonious, and with his tongue contracted in his mouth did very merrily warble it, always looking fixedly upon the Englishman. The divines, physicians, and chirurgeons that were there,

[1] *You have spoken, Mask.* — To speak, when before-hand it was agreed to argue only by signs, is to be guilty of the same fault as one in a masking habit, who, after he had been at a great deal of pains to be disguised, makes himself known by his speech.

thought that by this sign he would have inferred that the Englishman was a leper. The counsellors, lawyers, and decretalists conceived that, by doing this, he would have concluded some kind of mortal felicity to consist in leprosy, as the Lord maintained heretofore.

The Englishman for all this was nothing daunted, but, holding up his two hands in the air, kept them in such form that he closed the three master fingers in his fist, and passing his thumbs through his indical, or foremost and middle fingers, his auricular or little fingers remained extended and stretched out, and so presented he them to Panurge. Then joined he them so, that the right thumb touched the left, and the left little finger touched the right. Hereat Panurge, without speaking one word, lifted up his hands and made this sign.

He put the nail of the forefinger of his left hand to the nail of the thumb of the same, making in the middle of the distance as it were a buckle, and of his right hand shut up all the fingers into his fist, except the forefinger, which he often thrust in and out through the said two others of the left hand. Then stretched he out the forefinger, and middle finger or medical of his right hand, holding them asunder as much as he could, and thrusting them towards Thaumast. Then did he put the thumb of his left hand upon the corner of his left eye, stretching out all his hand like the wing of a bird, or the fin of a fish, and, moving it very daintily this way and that way, he did as much with his right hand upon the corner of his right eye. Thaumast began then to wax somewhat pale, and to tremble, and made him this sign.

With the middle finger of his right hand he struck against the muscle of the palm or pulp, which is

under the thumb. Then put he the forefinger of the right hand in the like buckle of the left, but he put it under and not over, as Panurge did. Then Panurge knocked one hand against another, and blowed in his palm, and put again the forefinger of his right hand into the overture or mouth of the left, pulling it often in and out. Then held he out his chin, most intentively looking upon Thaumast. The people there, who understood nothing in the other signs, knew very well that therein he demanded, without speaking a word to Thaumast—What do you mean by that? In effect, Thaumast then began to sweat great drops, and seemed to all the spectators a man strangely ravished in high contemplation. Then he bethought himself, and put all the nails of his left hand against those of his right, opening his fingers as if they had been semicircles, and with this sign lifted up his hands as high as he could. Whereupon Panurge presently put the thumb of his right hand under his jaws, and the little finger thereof in the mouth of the left hand, and in this posture made his teeth to sound very melodiously, the upper against the lower. With this Thaumast, with great toil and vexation of spirit, rose up, but in rising he let a great baker's fart, for the bran came after; and pissing withal very strong vinegar, stunk like all the devils in hell. The company began to stop their noses; for he had conskited himself with mere anguish and perplexity. Then lifted he up his right hand, clenching it in such sort, that he brought the ends of all his fingers to meet together, and his left hand he laid flat upon his breast. Whereat Panurge drew out his long codpiece with his tuft, and stretched it forth a cubit and a half, holding it in the air with his right hand, and with his left took out his orange, and, casting it up into the air seven

Panurge disputes by signs.

times, at the eighth he hid it in the fist of his right hand, holding it steadily up on high, and then began to shake his fair codpiece, showing it to Thaumast.

After that, Thaumast began to puff up his two cheeks like a player on a bagpipe, and blew as if he had been to puff up a pig's bladder. Whereupon Panurge put one finger of his left hand in his nockadrow, by some called St Patrick's hole, and with his mouth sucked in the air, in such a manner as when one eats oysters in the shell, or when we sup up our broth. This done, he opened his mouth somewhat, and struck his right hand flat upon it, making therewith a great and a deep sound, as if it came from the superficies of the midriff, through the trachean artery, or pipe of the lungs; and this he did for sixteen times: but Thaumast did always keep blowing like a goose. Then Panurge put the forefinger of his right hand into his mouth, pressing it very hard to the muscles thereof, then he drew it out, and withal made a great noise, as when little boys shoot pellets out of the pot-cannons made of the hollow sticks of the branch of an elder tree, and he did it nine times.

Then Thaumast cried out, Ha! my Masters, a great secret! With this he put in his hand up to his elbow, then drew out a dagger that he had, holding it by the point downwards. Whereat Panurge took his long codpiece, and shook it as hard as he could against his thighs; then put his two hands intwined in manner of a comb upon his head, laying out his tongue as far as he was able, and turning his eyes in his head, like a goat that is ready to die. Ha! I understand, said Thaumast, but what? making such a sign that he put the haft of his dagger against his breast, and upon the point thereof the flat of his hand, turning in a little the ends of

his fingers. Whereat Panurge held down his head on the left side, and put his middle finger into his right ear, holding up his thumb bolt upright. Then he crossed his two arms upon his breast, and coughed five times, and at the fifth time he struck his right foot against the ground. Then he lifted up his left arm, and closing all his fingers into his fist, held his thumb against his forehead, striking with his right hand six times against his breast. But Thaumast, as not content therewith, put the thumb of his left hand upon the top of his nose, shutting the rest of his said hand, whereupon Panurge set his two master-fingers upon each side of his mouth, drawing it as much as he was able, and widening it so, that he showed all his teeth, and with his two thumbs plucked down his two eyelids very low, making therewith a very ill-favoured countenance, as it seemed to the company.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THAUMAST RELATETH THE VIRTUES AND KNOWLEDGE OF PANURGE

Then Thaumast rose up, and, putting off his cap, did very kindly thank the said Panurge, and with a loud voice said unto all the people that were there —My lords, gentlemen and others, at this time may I to some good purpose speak that evangelical word, *Et ecce plus quám Salomon hic!* You have here in your presence an incomparable treasure, that is, my lord Pantagruel, whose great renown hath brought me hither, out of the very heart of England, to confer with him about the insoluble problems, both in

magic, alchemy, the cabala, geomancy, astrology and philosophy, which I had in my mind. But at present I am angry even with fame itself, which I think was envious to him, for that it did not declare the thousandth part of the worth that indeed is in him. You have seen how his disciple only hath satisfied me,[1] and hath told me more than I asked of him. Besides, he hath opened unto me and resolved other inestimable doubts, wherein I can assure you he hath to me discovered the very true well, fountain, and abyss of the encyclopædia of learning; yea, in such a sort, that I did not think I should ever have found a man that could have made his skill appear in so much as the first elements of that, concerning which we disputed by signs, without speaking either word or half word. But, in fine, I will reduce into writing that which we have said and concluded, that the world may not take them to be fooleries, and will thereafter cause them to be printed, that everyone may learn as I have done. Judge, then, what the master had been able to say, seeing the disciple hath done so valiantly;

[1] *His disciple only hath satisfied me.*—We are not to look for any mysteries in these odd signs and gestures, wherein the dispute between Thaumast and Panurge is made to consist. Our author's sole aim was to turn into ridicule the pretended science of signs and numbers taught by the venerable Bede, and too much esteemed by Thaumast, an Englishman, as well as Bede himself. Rabelais allots this task to the waggish Panurge, who, for one sign which the other makes him, gives him two in return, and those the most out-of-the-way ones that could be. Accursius has enlivened his Gloss. de Orig. Juris, with such another monkey-like scene, which he says did actually pass, in ancient Rome, between a certain Greek philosopher and a fool, who was set up against him by the Romans. To all the Grecian's mysterious signs, the fool returned very whimsical ones, which, in like manner as here by Thaumast, were taken by the philosopher for so many learned answers to all his doubts and objections.

Non est discipulus super magistrum. Howsoever, God be praised, and I do very humbly thank you, for the honour that you have done us at this act. God reward you for it eternally! The like thanks gave Pantagruel to all the company, and going from thence, he carried Thaumast to dinner with him: and believe that they drank as much as their skins could hold, or, as the phrase is, with unbuttoned bellies (for in that age they made fast their bellies with buttons,[2] as we do now the collars of our doublets or jerkins), even till they neither knew where they were, nor whence they came. Blessed Lady, how they did carouse it, and pluck, as we say, at the kid's leather;[3] and flagons to trot, and they to toot, Draw, give, page, some wine here, reach hither, fill with a devil, so! There was not one but did drink five and twenty or thirty pipes. Can you tell how? Even *sicut terra sine aqua;* for the weather was hot, and, besides that, they were very dry. In matter of the exposition of the propositions set down by Thaumast, and the signification of the signs which they used in their disputation, I would have set them down for you, according to their own relation, but I have been told that Thaumast made a great book of it, imprinted at London, wherein he hath set down all, without omitting anything, and, therefore, at this time I do pass by it.

[2] *They made fast their bellies with buttons, etc.*—Rabelais means your fair, round, out-strutting bellies anciently cased in doublets long enough to reach to their groin.

[3] *Pluck——at the kid's leather.*—Quaff'd it. This expression is used in Dauphiné and other provinces where they put their wine in kid skins. Cotgrave says, 'Tirer au chevrotin,' to eat or drink exceeding much.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW PANURGE WAS IN LOVE WITH A LADY OF PARIS

Panurge began to be in great reputation in the city of Paris by means of this disputation, wherein he prevailed against the Englishman, and from thenceforth made his codpiece to be very useful to him. To which effect he had it pinked with pretty little embroideries after the Romanesca fashion. And the world did praise him publicly, in so far that there was a song made of him, which little children did use to sing, when they were to fetch mustard. He was withal made welcome in all companies of ladies and gentlewomen, so that at last he became presumptuous, and went about to bring to his lure one of the greatest ladies in the city. And, indeed, leaving a rabble of long prologues and protestations which ordinarily these dolent contemplative lent-lovers make, who never meddle with the flesh, one day he said unto her, Madam, it would be a very great benefit to the commonwealth, delightful to you, honourable to your progeny, and necessary to me, that I cover you for the propagating of my race; and believe it, for experience will teach it you. The lady at this word thrust him back above a hundred leagues, saying, You mischievous fool, is it for you to talk thus unto me? Whom do you think you have in hand? Begone, never to come in my sight again; for, if one thing were not, I would have your legs and arms cut off. Well, said he, that were all one to me, to want both legs and arms, provided you and I had but one merry bout together, at the brangle-buttock game; for here within is,—in showing her

his long codpiece,—Master John Thursday,[1] who will play you such an antic, that you shall feel the sweetness thereof even to the very marrow of your bones. He is a gallant, and doth so well know how to find out all the corners, creeks, and ingrained inmates in your carnal trap, that after him there needs no broom, he'll sweep so well before, and leave nothing to his followers to work upon. Whereunto the lady answered, Go, villain, go! If you speak to me one such word more, I will cry out, and make you to be knocked down with blows. Ha! said he, you are not so bad as you say,—no, or else I am deceived in your physiognomy. For sooner shall the earth mount up into the heavens, and the highest heavens descend into the hells, and all the course of nature be quite perverted, than that, in so great beauty and neatness as in you is, there should be one drop of gall or malice. They say, indeed, that hardly shall a man ever see a fair woman, that is not also stubborn. Yet that is spoke only of those vulgar beauties; but yours is so excellent, so singular, and so heavenly, that I believe nature hath given it you as a paragon, and master-piece of her art, to make us know what she can do when she will employ all her skill and all her power. There is nothing in you but honey, but sugar, but a sweet and celestial manna. To you it was to whom Paris ought to have adjudged the golden apple, not to Venus, no, nor to Juno, nor to Minerva, for never was there so much magnificence in Juno, so much wisdom in Minerva, nor so much comeliness in Venus, as there is in you. O heavenly gods and goddesses! How happy shall that man be to whom you will grant the favour to embrace her,

[1] *John Thursday.*—A musician and dancing master, supposed to be the inventor of an antique dance, called the Hussarde.

to kiss her, and to rub his bacon with hers! By God! that shall be I, I know it well; for she loves me already her bellyfull, I am sure of it; and so was I predestinated to it by the fairies. And, therefore, that we lose no time, put on, thrust out your gammons!—and would have embraced her, but she made as if she would put out her head at the window, to call her neighbours for help. Then Panurge on a sudden ran out, and, in his running away, said, Madam, stay here till I come again, I will go call them myself, do not you take so much pains. Thus went he away, not much caring for the repulse he had got, nor made he any whit the worse cheer for it. The next day he came to the church, at the time she went to mass. At the door he gave her some of the holy water, bowing himself very low before her. Afterwards he kneeled down by her very familiarly, and said unto her, Madam, know that I am so amorous of you, that I can neither piss nor dung for love. I do not know, lady, what you mean, but if I should take any hurt by it, how much you would be to blame! Go, said she, go, I do not care, let me alone to say my prayers. Aye, but, said he, equivocate upon this: *a Beaumont le viconte.* I cannot, said she. It is, said he, *a beau con le vit mont.* And upon this, pray to God to give you that which your noble heart desireth, and I pray you give me these patenotres. Take them, said she, and trouble me no longer. This done, she would have taken off her patenotres, which were made of a kind of yellow stone called cestrin,[2] and adorned with great spots of gold, but

[2] *Cestrin.*—A kind of yellow stone, whereof praying-beads are made, says Cotgrave. Menage says it is a sort of wood used for that purpose by the Portuguese. M. Duchat takes it to be the lignum aloes, of which the bowl was made that served for the device of the tenth ship of Pantagruel's jovial convoy, l, 4, c. 1.

Panurge nimbly drew out one of his knives, wherewith he cut them off very handsomely, and while he was going away to carry them to the brokers, he said to her, Will you have my knife? No, no, said she. But, said he, to the purpose. I am at your commandment, body and goods, tripes and bowels.

In the meantime, the lady was not very well content with the want of her patenotres, for they were one of her implements to keep her countenance by in the church; then thought with herself, this bold flouting roister is some giddy, fantastical, light-headed fool of a strange country. I shall never recover my patenotres again. What will my husband say? He will no doubt be angry with me. But I will tell him that a thief hath cut them off from my hands in the church, which he will easily believe, seeing the end of the riband left at my girdle. After dinner Panurge went to see her, carrying in his sleeve a great purse full of palace-crowns, called counters,[3] and began to say unto her, Which of us two loveth other best, you me, or I you? Whereunto she answered, As for me, I do not hate you; for, as God commands, I love all the world. But to the purpose, said he; are you not in love with me? I have, said she, told you so many times already, that you

[Rabelais distinctly speaks of a yellow *stone;* probably a variety of the Aventurine, or sun stone, which reflects a bright flame-like colour in a strong light, and, having specks of mica in it, appears to be spotted with gold.]

[3] *Palace-crowns, called counters.*—In France, from time immemorial, the officers of the Palais have used counters in making their calculations of taxes, and in the declaration of issues and disbursements; as in the cofferers and other accompts here, counters are used before the barons of the exchequer. They were called 'Ecus de Palais,' because one side was anciently stamped with the escutcheon of France.

should talk so no more to me, and, if you speak of it again, I will teach you that I am not one to be talked unto dishonestly. Get you hence packing, and deliver me my patenotres, that my husband may not ask me for them.

How now, madam, said he, your patenotres? Nay, by mine oath, I will not do so, but I will give you others. Had you rather have them of gold well enamelled in great round knobs, or after the manner of love-knots, or otherwise, all massive, like great ingots, or, if you had rather have them of ebony, of jacinth, or of grained gold, with the marks of fine turquoises, or fair topazes, marked with fine sapphires, or of baleu rubies, with great marks of diamonds of eight and twenty squares? No, no, all this is too little. I know a fair bracelet[4] of fine emeralds, marked with spotted ambergris, and at the buckle a Persian pearl as big as an orange. It will not cost above five and twenty thousand ducats. I will make you a present of it, for I have ready coin enough, and withal he made a noise with his counters as if they had been French crowns.

Will you have a piece of velvet, either of the violet colour, or of crimson dyed in grain, or a piece of broached or crimson satin? Will you have chains, gold, tablets, rings? You need no more but say, Yes, —so far as fifty thousand ducats may reach, it is but as nothing to me. By the virtue of which words he made the water come in her mouth: but she said unto him, No, I thank you, I will have nothing of you. By God! said he, but I will have somewhat of you; yet shall it be that which shall cost you nothing, neither shall

[4] *Bracelet.*—Read chaplet, *i.e.*, a pair of beads to pray by: bracelet is another thing. *Ung chapelet* in French is the same as patenotres (beads), the very thing in question, which has been so often mentioned.

you have a jot the less when you have given it. Hold (showing his long codpiece), this is Master John Goodfellow, that asks for lodging,—and with that would have embraced her, but she began to cry out, yet not very loud. Then Panurge put off his counterfeit garb, changed his false visage, and said unto her, You will not then otherwise let me do a little? A turd for you! You do not deserve so much good, nor so much honour; but, by God! I will make the dogs ride you; and with this he ran away as fast as he could, for fear of blows, whereof he was naturally fearful.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW PANURGE SERVED A PARISIAN LADY A TRICK THAT PLEASED HER NOT VERY WELL

Now you must note, that the next day was the great festival of Corpus Christi, called the Sacre, wherein all women put on their best apparel, and on that day the said lady was clothed in a rich gown of crimson satin, under which she wore a very costly white velvet petticoat.

The day of the eve, called the vigil, Panurge searched so long of one side and another, that he found a hot or salt bitch, which, when he had tied her with his girdle, he led to his chamber, and fed her very well all that day and night. In the morning thereafter he killed her, and took that part of

her which the Greek geomancers[1] know, and cut it into several pieces, as small as he could. Then carrying it away as close as might be, he went to the place where the lady was to come along, to follow the procession, as the custom is upon the said holy day; and, when she came in, Panurge sprinkled some holy water on her, saluting her very courteously. Then, a little while after she had said her petty devotions, he sat down close by her upon the same bench, and gave her this roundelay, in writing, in manner as followeth :

A ROUNDELAY.

For this one time, that I to you my love
Discovered, you did too cruel prove,
To send me packing, hopeless, and so soon,
Who never any wrong to you had done,
In any kind of action, word, or thought;
So that, if my suit lik'd you not, you ought
T' have spoke more civilly, and to this sense,
My friend be pleased to depart from hence,
For this one time.

What hurt do I, to wish you to remark
With favour and compassion, how a spark
Of your great beauty hath inflam'd my heart
With deep affection, and that, for my part,
I only ask, that you with me would dance
The brangle gay in feats of dalliance,
For this one time.

And, as she was opening this paper to see what it was, Panurge very promptly and lightly scattered the

[1] *Greek geomancers.*—Rabelais means Galen, l. 1, aph. 22.

drug that he had upon her in divers places,[2] but especially in the plaits of her sleeves, and of her gown. Then said he unto her, Madam, the poor lovers are not always at ease. As for me, I hope that those heavy nights, those pains and troubles, which I suffer for love of you, shall be deduction to me of so much pain in purgatory; yet, at the least, pray to God to give me patience in my misery. Panurge had no sooner spoke this, but all the dogs that were in the church came running to this lady with the smell of the drugs that he had strewed upon her, both small and great, big and little, all came, laying out their member, smelling to her, and pissing everywhere upon her, it was the greatest villainy[3] in the world. Panurge made the fashion of driving them away; then took his leave of her, and withdrew himself into some chapel or oratory of the said church, to see the sport; for these villainous dogs did compiss all her habiliments, and left none of her attire unbesprinkled with their staling, in so much that a tall greyhound pissed upon her head, others in her sleeves, others on her crupper-piece, and the little ones pissed upon her pattens; so that all the women that were round about her had much ado to save her. Whereat Panurge very heartily laughing, he said to one of the lords of the city, I believe that same lady is hot, or else that some greyhound hath covered her lately. And when he saw that all the dogs were flocking about her, yarring at the retardment of their access to her, and every way keeping such a coil with her as they were wont to do about

[2] *Upon her in divers places.*—Had she perceived him serving her so, she would have taken it for a piece of gallantry only in a lover; the ladies in these days using much perfume, and suffering themselves to be perfumed, it is likely, by their sparks.

[3] *Villainy.*—Read filthiness; properly *villainé* in French.

a proud or salt bitch, he forthwith departed from thence, and went to call Pantagruel, not forgetting, in his way along all the streets through which he went, where he found any dogs, to give them a bang with his foot, saying, Will you not go with your fellows to the wedding? Away, hence, avaunt, avaunt, with a devil avaunt! And, being come home, he said to Pantagruel, Master, I pray you, come and see all the dogs of the country, how they are assembled about a lady, the fairest in the city, and would duffle[4] and line her. Whereunto Pantagruel willingly condescended, and saw the mystery, which he found very pretty and strange.[5] But the best was at the procession, in which were seen above six hundred thousand and fourteen dogs about her, which did very much trouble and molest her, and whithersoever she passed, those dogs that came afresh, tracing her footsteps, followed her at her heels, and pissed in the way wherever her gown had touched. All the world stood gazing at this spectacle, considering the countenance of those dogs, who, leaping up, got about her neck, and spoiled all her gorgeous accoutrements, for the which she could find no remedy but to retire unto her house, which was a palace.[6] Thither she went, and the dogs after her; she ran to hide herself, but the chambermaids could not abstain from laughing. When she was entered into the house, and had shut the door upon herself,

[4] *Duffle, etc.—Jocquetter* in Rabelais. Either from *jugum* or *jocus*.

[5] *And saw the mystery, which he found very pretty and strange.*—The mystery, that is, the farce. It was a common saying, *jouer les mysteres*, to play or act the mysteries, *i.e.*, to represent the mysteries of religion on the stage by way of farce, which were often diverting enough for their simplicity. See Bayle's Dict. in the article of *Dassouci*.

[6] *Palace.—Hotel* in French. People of quality's houses are called *hotels*, not *maisons*, in France.

all the dogs came running, of half a league round, and did so well bepiss the gate of her house, that there they made a stream with their urine, wherein a duck might have very well swam, and it is the same current that now runs at St Victor,[7] in which Gobelin dyeth scarlet, by the specifical virtue of these piss-dogs,[8] as our Master Doribus[9] did heretofore preach publicly. So may God help you, a mill would have ground corn with it. Yet not so much as those of Basacle at Toulouse.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL DEPARTED FROM PARIS, HEARING NEWS THAT THE DIPSODES HAD INVADED THE LAND OF THE AMAUROTS; AND THE CAUSE WHEREFORE THE LEAGUES ARE SO SHORT IN FRANCE

A LITTLE while after, Pantagruel heard news that his father Gargantua had been translated[1] into the Land

[7] *Runs at St Victor.*—At the time spoken of by Rabelais, the small river of Bievre, which comes from the village of that name, used to run into the Seine at Paris by a postern-gate or back-door of St Victor, where the traces of it are still remaining. Now it enters the Seine a little below that abbey.

[8] *Specifical virtues of these piss-dogs.*—In failure of dog-piss, other urine will serve. 'Parisiis quando purpura præparatur, tunc artifices invitant Germanicos milites et studiosos, qui libenter bibunt; et eis præbent largiter optimum vinum, ea conditione, ut poste urinam reddant in illam lanam. Sic enim audivi a studioso Parisiensi.' Joann. Manlii, libellus medicus, page 765 of his common-places. Francfort edition, 1568, 8vo.

[9] *Our Master Doribus.*—In all likelihood the same Master d'Oris . . . mentioned by Beza in his Ecclesiastical Hist. ann. 1534.

[1] *Translated, etc.*—The fairy Morgue kept the good King Arthur,

of the Fairies by Morgue, as heretofore were Ogier and Arthur; as also, that, the report of the translation being spread abroad, that the Dipsodes had issued out beyond their borders, with inroads, had wasted a great part of Utopia, and at that very time had besieged the great city of the Amaurots. Whereupon departing from Paris, without bidding any man farewell, for the business required diligence, he came to Rouen.

Now Pantagruel in his journey, seeing that the leagues of that little territory about Paris called France,[2] were very short, in regard of those of other countries, demanded the cause and reason of it from Panurge, who told him a story which Marotus of the Lac, *monachus*,[3] set down in the Acts of the Kings of Canarre, saying, that in old times countries were not distinguished into leagues, miles, furlongs, nor parasanges, until that King Pharamond divided them, which was done in manner as followeth. The said King chose at Paris a hundred fair, gallant, lusty, brisk young men, all resolute and bold adventurers in Cupid's duels, together with a hundred comely,

her brother, in the castle of Avalon, where that prince quietly enjoyed all the pleasures of that enchanted place. Ogier the Dane, happening to be rambling that way, was invited in by his good friend the fairy, and was entertained by her in a yet more agreeable manner. But, as the pagans had taken the opportunity of Ogier's absence to seize on Jerusalem and Babylon, just such an opportunity here prompts the Dipsodes to lay siege to the city of the Amaurots.

[2] *Called France.*—Rabelais says only, *les lieües de France*, the leagues of France.

[3] *Marotus du Lac, monachus, etc.*—The reason here given, why the leagues differ, being an original story, it follows, that this Marotus is no other than Master Francis himself. The quality of monk cannot be disputed him, and as he took the name of Marotus, perhaps out of friendship to Marot, so it may be that he took the surname of du Lac only by way of allusion to the romance of Lancelot of the Lake.

pretty, handsome, lovely, and well-complexioned wenches of Picardy; all of which he caused to be well entertained, and highly fed, for the space of eight days. Then, having called for them, he delivered to every one of the young men his wench, with store of money to defray their charges, and this injunction besides, to go unto divers places here and there. And, wheresoever they should biscot and thrum their wenches, that they setting a stone there, it should be counted for a league. Thus went away those brave fellows and sprightly blades most merrily, and because they were fresh, and had been at rest, they very often jummed and franfreleuched at almost every field's end, and this is the cause why the leagues about Paris are so short. But when they had gone a great way, and were now as weary as poor devils, all the oil in their lamps being almost spent, they did not chink and duffle so often, but contented themselves (I mean for the men's part) with one scurvy, paltry bout in a day, and this is that which makes the leagues in Brittany, Delanes, Germany, and other more remote countries so long. Other men give other reasons for it, but this seems to me of all others the best. To which Pantagruel willingly adhered. Parting from Rouen, they arrived at Honfleur,[4] where they took shipping, Pantagruel, Panurge, Epistemon, Eusthenes, and Carpalim.

In which place, waiting for a favourable wind, and caulking their ship, he received from a lady of Paris, whom he had formerly kept, and entertained a good long time, a letter directed on the outside thus,—To the best beloved of the fair women, and least loyal of the valiant men, P.N.T.G.R.L.[5]

[4] *Honfleur.*—A small town in Normandy, over against Harfleur.

[5] *P.N.T.G.R.L.*—The inscription on the ring was Hebrew. The name of Pantagruel appears, accordingly, written without

CHAPTER XXIV

A LETTER WHICH A MESSENGER BROUGHT TO PANTAGRUEL FROM A LADY OF PARIS, TOGETHER WITH THE EXPOSITION OF A POSY WRITTEN IN A GOLD RING

When Pantagruel had read the superscription, he was much amazed, and therefore demanded of the said messenger the name of her that had sent it. Then opened he the letter, and found nothing written in it, nor otherwise inclosed, but only a gold ring, with a square table diamond. Wondering at this, he called Panurge to him, and showed him the case. Whereupon Panurge told him that the leaf of paper was written upon, but, with such cunning and artifice, that no man could see the writing at the first sight. Therefore, to find it out, he set it by the fire, to see if it was made with sal-ammoniac soaked in water. Then put he it into the water, to see if the letter was written with the juice of tithymalle. After that he held it up against the candle, to see if it was written with the juice of white onions.

Then he rubbed one part of it with the oil of nuts, to see if it were written with the lee of a fig-tree, and another part of it with the milk of a woman giving suck to her eldest daughter, to see if it was written with the blood of red toads, or green earth frogs. Afterwards he rubbed one corner with the ashes of a swallow's nest, to see if it were not written with the dew that is found within the herb

vowels, after the manner of the Hebrews, who use points instead of vowels.

alcakengy,[1] called the winter-cherry. He rubbed, after that, one end with ear-wax, to see if it were not written with the gall of a raven. Then did he dip it into vinegar, to try if it was not written with the juice of the garden spurge. After that he greased it with the fat of a bat or flittermouse, to see if it was not written with the sperm of a whale, which some call ambergris. Then put it very fairly into a basin full of fresh water, and forthwith took it out, to see whether it was written with stone-allum. But after all experiments, when he perceived that he could find out nothing, he called the messenger and asked him, Good fellow, the lady that sent thee hither, did she not give thee a staff to bring with thee? thinking that it had been according to the conceit, whereof Aulus Gellius maketh mention. And the messenger answered him, No, Sir. Then Panurge would have caused his head to be shaven, to see whether the lady had written upon his bald pate, with the hard lye whereof soap is made, that which she meant; but, perceiving that his hair was very long, he forbore, considering that it could not have grown to so great a length in so short a time.

Then he said to Pantagruel, Master, by the virtue of God! I cannot tell what to do or say in it. For, to know whether there be anything written upon this or no, I have made use of a good part of that which Master Francisco di Nianto, the Tuscan,[2] sets down, who had written the manner of reading letters that do not appear; that which Zoroaster published *Peri Grammaton acriton;* and Calphurnius Bassus,[3]

[1] *Within the herb alcakengy, etc.*—The original says, within the apples called alicacabut.

[2] *Master Francisco di Nianto, the Tuscan.*—A sham name: Mr Nobody, from *Neante* in Italian.

[3] *Calphurnius Bassus.*—This is also a sham name for another man, and the treatise *De Literis Illegibilibus* merely imaginary.

De Literis Illegibilibus. But I can see nothing, nor do I believe that there is anything else in it than the ring. Let us, therefore, look upon it. Which, when they had done, they found this in Hebrew written within, *Lama sabachthani ;* [4] whereupon they called Epistemon, and asked him what that meant? To which he answered, that they were Hebrew words, signifying, Wherefore hast thou forsaken me? Upon that Panurge suddenly replied, I know the mystery. Do you see this diamond? It is a false one. This, then, is the exposition of that which the lady means, *Diamant faux*, that is, False lover! [5] why hast thou forsaken me? Which interpretation Pantagruel presently understood, and withal remembering, that at his departure he had not bid the lady farewell, he was very sorry, and would fain have returned to Paris to make his peace with her. But Epistemon put him in mind of Æneas' departure from Dido, and the saying of Heraclitus of Tarentum, That, the ship being at anchor, when need requireth, we must cut the cable rather than lose time about untying of it,—and that he should lay aside all other thoughts, to succour the city of

See Vossius the father, l. 1 of his Latin Historians, c. 22, upon this subject.

[4] *Lama Sabachthani.*—This profane application of *Lama sabachthani*, Rabelais took from the 41st novel of Massuccio Salernitano. James Gohori, half author, half translator, of some of the volumes of Amadis, has foisted into the third this same rebus, which is not in the Spanish original, and which Rabelais could not have seen in the translation, it not being published till after his death.

[5] *False lover, etc.*—It should be, Say, false lover, etc. *Di, amant faux.* Sir T. U., by leaving out the word say, and not giving the words, either at length, as thus, *diamant faux*, false diamond, or as it is divided, *di, amant faux* (say, false lover), leaves the reader quite at a loss about the meaning of all this.

his nativity, which was then in danger. And, indeed, within an hour after that, the wind arose at the north-north-west, wherewith they hoisted sail, and put out, even to the main sea, so that within few days, passing by Porto Sancto, and by the Madeiras, they went ashore in the Canary islands. Parting from thence, they passed by Capo-bianco, by Senega, by Capo-Verde, by Gambra, by Sagres, by Melli, by the Cap di Buona Speranza, and set ashore again in the kingdom of Melinda. Parting from thence, they sailed away with a tramontane or northerly wind, passing by Meden, by Uti, by Uden,[6] by Gelasem, by the Isles of the Fairies, and along the kingdom of Achory, till at last they arrived at the port of Utopia, distant from the city of the Amaurots three leagues and somewhat more.

When they were ashore, and pretty well refreshed, Pantagruel said, Gentlemen, the city is not far from hence, therefore were it not amiss, before we set forward, to advise well what is to be done, that we be not like the Athenians, who never took counsel until after the fact. Are you resolved to live and die with me? Yes, Sir, said they all, and be as confident of us as of your own fingers. Well, said he, there is but one thing that keeps my mind in great doubt and suspense, which is this, that I know not in what order nor of what number the enemy is that layeth siege to the city; for, if I were certain of that, I should go forward, and set on with the better assurance. Let us, therefore, consult together

[6] *Meden, by Uti, by Uden.*—Such countries, says the Dutch scholiast, as Medamothi in l. 4, ch. 2; that is to say, no country at all, for that's the English of Μηδὲν and Μηδαρόθεν. Rabelais created these places himself. Οὐδὲν Οὐτὶ, nullities, in English.

and bethink ourselves by what means we may come to this intelligence. Whereunto they all said, Let us go thither and see, and stay you here for us; for this very day, without further respite, do we make account to bring you a certain report thereof.

Myself, said Panurge, will undertake to enter into their camp,[7] within the very midst of their guards, unespied by their watch, and merrily feast and lecher it at their cost, without being known of any, to see the artillery and the tents of all the captains, and thrust myself in with a grave and magnific carriage, amongst all their troops and companies, without being discovered. The devil would not be able to peck me out with all his circumventions, for I am of the race of Zopyrus.[8]

And I, said Epistemon, know all the plots and stratagems of the valiant captains and warlike champions of former ages, together with all the tricks and subtleties of the art of war. I will go, and, though I be detected and revealed, I will escape, by making them believe of you whatever I please, for I am of the race of Sinon.[9]

I, said Eusthenes, will enter and set upon them in their trenches, in spite of their sentries, and all their guards; for I will tread upon their bellies, and break their legs and arms, yea, though they were every bit

[7] *Myself, said Panurge, will undertake, etc.*—Imitation of the gabs of Charlemagne and his Peers at King Hugo's court at Constantinople, in ch. 8 of Galien restored. (M. Duchat's 'gab' may mean bravado, from the Italian *gabbare*.)

[8] *Zopyrus.*—The friend of Darius; he cut off his nose and ears, to cause the besieged Babylonians to believe that he was the victim of the King of Persia, and thus to become master of their secrets.

[9] *Sinon.*—The Greek by whose treachery the besiegers of Troy obtained admission within its walls, in the bowels of the wooden horse.

as strong as the devil himself, for I am of the race of Hercules.

And I, said Carpalim, will get in there, if the birds can enter, for I am so nimble of body, and light withal, that I shall have leaped over their trenches, and ran clean through all their camp, before that they perceive me: neither do I fear shot, nor arrow, nor horse, how swift soever, were he the Pegasus of Perseus, or Pacolet,[10] being assured that I shall be able to make a safe and sound escape before them all, without any hurt. I will undertake to walk upon the ears of corn, or grass in the meadows, without making either of them do so much as bow under me, for I am of the race of Camilla the Amazon.[11]

CHAPTER XXV

HOW PANURGE, CARPALIM, EUSTHENES AND EPISTEMON, THE GENTLEMEN ATTENDANTS OF PANTAGRUEL, VANQUISHED AND DISCOMFITED SIX HUNDRED AND THREESCORE HORSEMEN VERY CUNNINGLY

As he was speaking this, they perceived six hundred and threescore light horsemen, gallantly mounted, who made an outride thither, to see what ship it was that was newly arrived in the harbour, and came in a full gallop to take them if they had been able.

[10] *Pacolet.*—A wonderful horse, used a long time by the hero of the romance of Valentine and Orson.

[11] *Camilla the Amazon.*—See Virgil, xi. Æneid. Our author calls her Amazon, because she was a dextrous warrior.

Then said Pantagruel, My lads, retire yourselves into the ship, here are some of our enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like beasts, although they were ten times so many; in the meantime, withdraw yourselves, and take your sport at it. Then answered Panurge, No, Sir, there is no reason that you should do so, but, on the contrary, retire you unto the ship, both you and the rest, for I will alone here discomfit them; but we must not linger, come, set forward. Whereunto the others said, It is well advised, Sir, withdraw yourself, and we will help Panurge here, so shall you know what we are able to do. Then said Pantagruel, Well, I am content, but, if that you be too weak, I will not fail to come to your assistance. With this Panurge took two great cables of the ship, and tied them to the hempstock or capstan which was on the deck towards the hatches, and fastened them in the ground, making a long circuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then said he to Epistemon, Go aboard the ship, and when I give you a call, turn about the capstan upon the orlop diligently, drawing unto you the two cable ropes; and said to Eusthenes, and to Carpalim, My bullies, stay you here, and offer yourselves freely to your enemies. Do as they bid you, and make as if you would yield unto them, but take heed that you come not within the compass of the ropes —be sure to keep yourselves free of them. And presently he went aboard the ship, and took a bundle of straw, and a barrel of gunpowder, strewed it round about the compass of the cords, and stood by with a brand of fire, or match lighted in his hand. Presently came the horsemen with great fury, and the foremost ran almost home to the ship, and, by reason of the slipperiness of the bank, they fell, they and their horses, to the number of four and forty; which the

rest seeing, came on, thinking that resistance had been made them at their arrival. But Panurge said unto them, My masters, I believe that you have hurt yourselves, I pray you pardon us, for it is not our fault, but the slipperiness of the sea-water, that is always unctuous ; we submit ourselves to your good pleasure. So said likewise his two other fellows, and Epistemon that was upon the deck. In the meantime Panurge withdrew himself, and seeing that they were all within the compass of the cables, and that his two companions were retired, making room for all those horses which came in a crowd, thronging upon the neck of one another to see the ship, and such as were in it, cried out on a sudden to Epistemon, Draw, draw ! Then began Epistemon to wind about the capstan, by doing whereof the two cables so entangled and impestered the legs of the horses, that they were all of them thrown down to the ground easily, together with their riders. But they seeing that, drew their swords, and would have cut them ; whereupon Panurge set fire to the train, and there burnt them all up like damned souls, both men and horses, not one escaping save one alone, who, being mounted on a fleet Turkey courser, by mere speed in flight got himself out of the circle of the ropes. But when Carpalim perceived him, he ran after him, with such nimbleness and celerity, that he overtook him in less than a hundred paces ; then leaping close behind him upon the crupper of his horse, clasped him in his arms, and brought him back to the ship.

This exploit being ended, Pantagruel was very jovial, and wondrously commended the industry of these gentlemen, whom he called his fellow-soldiers, and made them refresh themselves, and feed well and merrily upon the sea-shore, and drink heartily

with their bellies upon the ground,[1] and their prisoner with them, whom they admitted to that familiarity; only that the poor devil was somewhat afraid that Pantagruel would have eaten him up whole, which, considering the wideness of his mouth, and capacity of his throat, was no great matter for him to have done; for he could have done it as easily as you would eat a small comfit, he showing no more in his throat than would a grain of millet-seed in the mouth of an ass.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW PANTAGRUEL AND HIS COMPANY WERE WEARY IN EATING STILL SALT MEATS: AND HOW CARPALIM WENT A-HUNTING TO HAVE SOME VENISON

Thus as they talked and chatted together,[1] Carpalim said, And by the belly of St Quenet, shall we never eat any venison? This salt meat makes me horribly dry. I will go and fetch you a quarter of one of those horses which we have burned; it is well roasted already. As he was rising up to go about it, he perceived under the side of a wood a fair great roe-buck, which came out of his fort, as I conceive, at the sight of Panurge's fire. Him did he pursue and run after with as much vigour and swiftness as if it had been a bolt out of a cross-bow, and caught

[1] *Bellies upon the ground.*—Ventre à terre, *i.e.*, with all their might and main.

[1] *Thus as they talked, etc.*—Read, Thus as they junketed together; *banquetoient*, not *quaquetoient*.

him in a moment; and whilst he was in his course, he with his hands took in the air four great bustards, seven bitterns, six and twenty grey partridges, two and thirty red-legged ones, sixteen pheasants, nine woodcocks, nineteen herons, two and thirty cushats and ring-doves; and with his feet killed ten or twelve leverets and rabbits, which were then at relief,[2] and pretty big withal, eighteen rails in a knot together, with fifteen young wild boars, two little beavers, and three great foxes. So, striking the kid with his falchion athwart the head, he killed him, and, bearing him on his back, he in his return took up his hares, rails, and young wild boars, and, as far off as he could he heard, cried out, and said, Panurge, my friend, Vinegar! Vinegar![3] Then the good Pantagruel, thinking he had fainted, commanded them to provide him some vinegar; but Panurge knew well that there was some good prey in hands, and forthwith showed unto noble Pantagruel, how he was bearing upon his back a fair roe-buck, and all his girdle bordered with hares. Then immediately did Epistemon make, in the name of the nine Muses, nine antique wooden spits,[4] Eusthenes did help to flay, and Panurge placed two great cuirassier saddles in such

[2] *Which were then at relief.*—*Hors de page* does not mean out a-feeding, but about three quarters old, almost full grown. *Hors de page* properly signifies, out of a state of servitude: thus Louis XI. of France (I think it was) used to say, he would put the Kings of France *hors de page, i.e.*, he would make them arbitrary; as our King James I. threatened he would break the neck of parliaments.

[3] *Vinegar, vinegar.*—It is still in Languedoc a custom among hunters to cry out to one another, Vinegar! as soon as they have shot a hare, because the true sauce for that creature is vinegar.

[4] *Nine antique wooden spits.*—The ancients used to roast their meat on wooden spits, either hazel or sorb-apple-tree. Virgil, l. 2, of his Georgics; 'Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta colurnis.'

sort, that they served for andirons, and, making their prisoner to be their cook, they roasted their venison by the fire wherein the horsemen were burned; and, making great cheer with a good deal of vinegar, the devil a one of them did forbear from his victuals,—it was a triumphant and incomparable spectacle to see how they ravined and devoured. Then said Pantagruel, Would to God, every one of you had two pairs of little anthem or sacring bells,[5] hanging at your chin, and that I had at mine the great clocks of Rennes,[6] of Poictiers, of Tours, and of Cambray, to see what a peal they would ring with the wagging of our chaps. But, said Panurge, it were better we thought a little upon our business, and by what means we might get the upper hand of our enemies. That is well remembered, said Pantagruel. Therefore spoke he thus to the prisoner, My friend, tell us here the truth, and do not lie to us at all, if thou wouldest not be flayed alive, for it is I that eat the little children. Relate unto us, at full, the order, the number, and the strength of the army. To which the prisoner answered, Sir, know for a truth, that in the army there are three hundred

[5] *Sacring bells.*—Hawk's bells. There is a bird of prey called a sacre.

[The note is absurd. The peregrine falcon is, indeed, called a *saker*; but the 'sacring bell' is the small bell which is rung during mass at the elevation of the Host—*cf.* Shakespeare (Henry the Eighth, iii. 2). '*Surrey*. . . . He startled you worse than the *Sacring Bell*, when the browne wench lay kissing in your armes, Lord Cardinall.']

[6] *Rennes.*—Noël de la Fail, author of the tales of Eutrapel, who was a Breton, and counsellor of the parliament of Rennes, boasts much of the great clock at Rennes, which, perhaps, has nothing remarkable more than many others, except the name of Françoise carved on it by King Francis I. with his own hand. There is round it also this inscription:

'Je suis nommée Dame Françoise,
Qui cinquante mil livres poise;

giants all armed with armour of proof,[7] and wonderful great. Nevertheless, not fully so great as you, except one that is their head, named Loupgarou, who is armed from head to foot with Cyclopical anvils. Furthermore, one hundred threescore and three thousand foot, all armed with the skins of hobgoblins, strong and valiant men;[8] eleven thousand four hundred men-at-arms or cuirassiers; three thousand six hundred double cannons, and harquebusiers without number; fourscore and fourteen thousand pioneers; one hundred and fifty thousand whores, fair like goddesses (That is for me, said Panurge), whereof some are Amazons, some Lionnoises, others Parisiennes, Tourangelles, Angevines, Poictevines, Normands, and High Dutch—there are of them of all countries, and all languages.

Yea, but, said Pantagruel, is the king there? Yes, Sir, said the prisoner, he is there in person, and we call him Anarchus, King of the Dipsodes, which is as much as to say thirsty people, for you never saw

Et si de tant ne me croyez,
Descendez moy, et me poisez.'

In English.

Dame Frances is my name; I weigh
Full fifty thousand pound;
If you distrust me what I do say,
Pray, weigh me on the ground.

[7] *Armour of proof.*—Armed with free-stone, it should be; *armez de pierre de taille.* On which M. Duchat observes, this pleasant fancy is in the romance of Mabriant, ch. 31, where Roland having heard strange things concerning Mabriant's marvellous *cuirasse*, By St Denis, cries he, let him be armed with free-stone, I'll enter the lists with him to-morrow.

[8] *Strong and valiant men.*—Enchanted by their wearing hobgoblins' skins, which rendered them impenetrable both to sword and musket. The German word *vest*, which in French signifies strong, is said of a soldier who wears some sort of a magic spell about him. [See note 8, p. 125 *ante*.]

men more thirsty, nor more willing to drink; and his tent is guarded by the giants. It is enough, said Pantagruel. Come, brave boys, are you resolved to go with me? To which Panurge answered, God confound him that leaves you! I have already bethought myself how I will kill them all like pigs, and so that the devil one leg of them shall escape.[9] But I am somewhat troubled about one thing. And what is that? said Pantagruel. It is, said Panurge, how I shall be able to set forward to the justling and bragmadising of all the whores that be there this afternoon, in such sort, that there escape not one unbumped by me, breasted and jummed after the ordinary fashion of man and woman in the Venetian conflict. Ha! ha! ha! ha! said Pantagruel.

And Carpalim said, The devil take these sink-holes, if, by God! I do not bumbast some one of them. Then said Eusthenes, What, shall not I have any, whose spaces, since we came from Rouen, were never so well wound up, as that my needle could mount to ten or eleven o'clock, till now, that I have it hard, stiff, and strong, like a hundred devils? Truly, said Panurge, thou shalt have of the fattest, and of those that are most plump, and in the best case.

How now, said Epistemon, every one shall ride, and I must lead the ass? the devil take him that will do so. We will make use of the right of war, *Qui potest capere, capiat.* No, no, said Panurge, but tie thine ass to a crook, and ride as the world doth. And the good Pantagruel laughed at all this, and said unto them, You reckon without your host. I am much afraid that, before it be night, I shall see you in such taking, that you will have no great

[9] *The devil one leg of them, etc.*—If any one thinks to get away, I'll hamstring him at least.

stomach to ride, but more like to be rode upon, with sound blows of pike and lance. Baste ! said Epistemon, enough of that ! I will not fail to bring them to you, either to roast or boil, to fry or put in paste. They are not so many in number as were in the army of Xerxes, for he had thirty hundred thousand fighting men, if you will believe Herodotus and Trogus Pompeius, and yet Themistocles with a few men overthrew them all. For God's sake ! take you no care for that. Cobsminny ! Cobsminny ! said Panurge, my codpiece alone shall suffice to overthrow all the men : and my St Sweephole,[10] that dwells within it, shall lay all the women squat upon their backs. Up then, my lads, said Pantagruel, and let us march along.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL SET UP ONE TROPHY IN MEMORIAL OF THEIR VALOUR, AND PANURGE ANOTHER IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HARES. HOW PANTAGRUEL LIKEWISE WITH HIS FARTS BEGAT LITTLE MEN, AND WITH HIS FISGS LITTLE WOMEN : AND HOW PANURGE BROKE A GREAT STAFF OVER TWO GLASSES

Before we depart hence, said Pantagruel, in remembrance of the exploit that you have now performed, I will in this place erect a fair trophy. Then every man amongst them, with a fair joy, and fine little country songs, set up a huge big post,

[10] *St Sweephole.*—St Balletrou. *Balai* is a besom or broom : *trou*, a hole.

whereunto they hanged a great cuirassier saddle, the fronstal of a barbed horse, bridle-bosses, bully-pieces for the knees, stirrup-leathers, spurs, stirrups, a coat of mail, a corslet tempered with steel, a battle-axe, a strong, short, and sharp horseman's sword, a gauntlet, a horseman's mace, gushet-armour for the arm-pits, leg-harness, and a gorget, with all other furniture needful for the decoration of a triumphant arch, in sign of a trophy. And then Pantagruel, for an eternal memorial, wrote this victorial ditton, as followeth :

Here was the prowess made apparent of
Four brave and valiant champions of proof,
Who, without any arms but wit, at once,
Like Fabius, or the two Scipions,
Burnt in a fire six hundred and threescore
Crablice, strong rogues ne'er vanquished before.
By this each King may learn, Rook, Pawn and
Knight,
That sleight is much more prevalent than might.

For victory,
As all men see,
Hangs on the ditty
Of that committee,
Where the great God
Hath his abode.

Nor doth he it to strong and great men give,
But to his elect, as we must [needs] believe;
Therefore shall he obtain wealth and esteem,
Who through faith doth put his trust in him.

Whilst Pantagruel was writing these foresaid verses, Panurge helved and fixed upon a great stake the

horns of a roe-buck, together with the skin and the right forefoot thereof,[1] the ears of three leverets, the chine of a cony, the jaws of a hare, the wings of two bustards, the feet of four quest-doves, a bottle or borracho full of vinegar, a horn wherein to put salt, a wooden spit, a larding stick, a scurvy kettle full of holes, dripping pan to make sauce in, an earthen salt-cellar, and a goblet of Beauvois.[2] Then, in imitation of Pantagruel's verses and trophy, wrote that which followeth:

Here four brave topers sitting on their bums,
With flagons, nobler noise than drums,
Carous'd it, bous'd it, toss'd the liquor,
Each seem'd a Bacchus-priest, or vicar:
Hares, conies, bustards, pigs were brought 'em,
With jugs and pipkins strew'd about 'em;
For trophy-spoils to each good fellow,
That is hereafter to be mellow.
In every creed,
'Tis on all hands agreed,
And plainly confest;
When the weather is hot
That we stick to the pot,
And drink o' the best.

[1] *The right fore-foot thereof.*—It should be the two fore-legs thereof, for that is the true construction of 'les pieds droitz de devant du chevreuil': to prove which, says M Duchat: *droit*, from the Latin *directus*, does not here signify the *dexter* of the Latins, but the rectilineal figure of the foot conjoined with, and holding by, the leg of that creature. One of these fore-legs of a stag, that's killed in hunting, is always in France presented to the chief man of the company. [There is a French proverb saying ironically of a crooked person—Cela est droit comme le jambe d'un chien. In English, He is as straight as a dog's hind-leg.]

[2] *A goblet of Beauvois.*—The crockeryware of Beauvois is not very extraordinary; the clay about Savigni and Lerolles, with which it is made, being none of the best.

First note, that in your bill of fare,
Sauce be provided for the hare.
But vinegar the most extol;
'Tis of an hare the very soul.

Then said Pantagruel, Come, my lads, let us begone, we have stayed here too long about our victuals; for very seldom doth it fall out, that the greatest eaters do the most martial exploits. There is no shadow like that of flying colours, no smoke like that of horses, no clattering like that of armour. At this Epistemon began to smile, and said, There is no shadow like that of the kitchen, no smoke like that of pasties, and no clattering like that of goblets. Unto which answered Panurge, There is no shadow like that of curtains, no smoke like that of women's breasts, and no clattering like that of ballocks. Then forthwith rising up he gave a fart, a leap, and a whistle, and most joyfully cried out aloud, Ever live Pantagruel! When Pantagruel saw that, he would have done as much; but with the fart that he let, the earth trembled nine leagues about, wherewith and with the corrupted air, he begot above three and fifty thousand little men, ill-favoured dwarfs, and with one fisg that he let, he made as many little women, crouching down, as you shall see in divers places, which never grow but like cows' tails (downwards) or, like the Limosin radishes, round. How now, said Panurge, are your farts so fertile and fruitful? By God! here be brave farted men,[3] and fisgued women, let them be married together, they will beget fine hornets and dorflies.[4] So did Panta-

[3] *Farted men.—Savates d'hommes.* Dwarfs, demi-men, half-men, as a savate is but half a shoe.

[4] *Hornets and dorflies.*—Inasmuch as themselves were sprung from corruption.

gruel, and called them Pygmies. Those he sent to live in an island thereby, where since that time they are increased mightily. But the cranes make war with them continually,[5] against which they do most courageously defend themselves; for these little ends of men and dandiprats (whom in Scotland they call whiphandles, and knots of a tar-barrel), are commonly very testy and choleric: the physical reason whereof is, because their heart is near their turd.[6]

At this same time, Panurge took two drinking glasses that were there, both of one bigness, and filled them with water up to the brim, and set one of them upon one stool, and the other upon another, placing them about five feet from one another. Then he took the staff of a javelin, about five feet and a half long, and put it upon the two glasses, so that the two ends of the staff did come just to the brims of the glasses. This done, he took a great stake or billet of wood, and said to Pantagruel, and to the rest, My masters, behold how easily we shall have the victory over our enemies; for, just as I shall break this staff here upon these glasses, without

[5] *Cranes make war, etc.*—Homer said it first, and Aristotle after him, l. 8, c. 12, of animals; but it is an odd kind of reason la Bruyere Champier gives for this enmity of the pigmies against the cranes; it is because those birds carry away their provisions for them. 'Pygmæi,' says he, 'pro frugibus adversus grues dimicabant. Nam et tantillos homunculos mitioribus alimentis uti natura docuit et voluit.'

[6] *Their heart is near their turd.*—The edition of P. Estiard, Lyons, 1573, has *spleen;* but in all the ancient ones it is as above. Melancthon, in J. Manlius' Common Places, p. 251, c. 'de ira ejusque moderatione: scitis proverbium Germanicum: Kleinen leuten ligt der drek nahe beim hertzen; id est, parvi homines citò irascuntur. Stomachus ideó indignationem significat, quia biliosis statim ascendit bilis in orificium ventriculi, vel stomachi; ibique statim exæstuat illis qui sunt ὀξύχολοι, seu præcipitis iræ. Deinde non est magna distantia ab orificio ventriculi ad cor, cæteris paribus.'

either breaking or crazing of them, nay, which is more, without spilling one drop of the water that is within them, even so shall we break the heads of our Dipsodes, without receiving any of us any wound or loss in our person or goods. But, that you may not think there is any witchcraft in this, Hold! said he to Eusthenes, strike upon the midst as hard as thou canst with this log. Eusthenes did so, and the staff broke in two pieces, and not one drop of water fell out of the glasses. Then said he, I know a great many such other tricks, let us now therefore march boldly, and with assurance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL GOT THE VICTORY VERY STRANGELY OVER THE DIPSODES AND THE GIANTS

After all this talk, Pantagruel took the prisoner to him, and sent him away, saying, Go thou unto thy king in his camp, and tell him tidings of what thou hast seen, and let him resolve to feast me to-morrow about noon; for as soon as my galleys shall come, which will be to-morrow at furthest, I will prove unto him by eighteen hundred thousand fighting men, and seven thousand giants, all of them greater than I am, that he hath done foolishly and against reason, thus to invade my country. Wherein Pantagruel feigned that he had an army at sea. But the prisoner answered, that he would yield himself to be his slave, and that he was content never to return to his own people, but rather with Pantagruel to

fight against them, and for God's sake besought him, that he might be permitted so to do. Whereunto Pantagruel would not give consent, but commanded him to depart thence speedily and be gone, as he had told him, and to that effect gave him a box full of euphorbium, together with some grains of the black cameleon thistle, steeped into aqua vitæ, and made up into the condiment of a wet sucket, commanding him to carry it to his king, and say unto him, that, if he were able to eat one ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to resist him, without any fear or apprehension of danger.

The prisoner then besought him with joined hands, that in the hour of the battle he would have compassion upon him. Whereat Pantagruel said unto him, After that thou hast delivered all unto the king, put thy whole confidence in God, and He will not forsake thee; because, although for my part I be mighty, as thou mayest see, and have an infinite number of men in arms, I do nevertheless trust neither in my force nor in mine industry, but all my confidence is in God my Protector, who doth never forsake those that in Him do put their trust and confidence. This done, the prisoner requested him, that he would be contented with some reasonable composition for his ransom. To which Pantagruel answered, that his end was not to rob nor ransom men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total liberty. Go thy way, said he, in the peace of the living God! and never follow evil company, lest some mischief befal thee. The prisoner being gone, Pantagruel said to his men, Gentlemen, I have made this prisoner believe that we have an army at sea, as also, that we will not assault them till to-morrow at noon, to the end that they, doubt-

ing of the great arrival of our men, may spend this night in providing and strengthening themselves, but in the meantime my intention is, that we charge them about the hour of the first sleep.

Let us leave Pantagruel here with his apostles,[1] and speak of King Anarchus and his army. When the prisoner was come, he went unto the king, and told him how there was a great giant come, called Pantagruel, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roasted, all the six hundred and nine and fifty horsemen, and he alone escaped to bring the news. Besides that, he was charged by the said giant to tell him, that the next day, about noon, he must make a dinner ready for him, for at that hour he was resolved to set upon him. Then did he give him that box wherein were those comfitures. But, as soon as he had swallowed down one spoonful of them, he was taken with such a heat in the throat, together with an ulceration in the flap of the top of the windpipe, that his tongue peeled with it, in such sort that, for all they could do unto him, he found no ease at all, but by drinking only without cessation; for as soon as ever he took the goblet from his head, his tongue was on fire, and therefore they did nothing but still pour in wine into his throat with a funnel. Which when his captains, bashaws, and guard of his body did see, they tasted of the

[1] *Pantagruel here with his apostles.*—It is *apostoles* in Rabelais. They were but ten or a dozen in number. Besides, in respect of the great multitude of the enemy, these might consider them rather as ambassadors who were come to sue for peace, than people that were preparing to attack them. Tigranes, in the life of Lucullus, written by Plutarch, did in the same light look upon the small body of Romans, who, but a few hours after, beat his numerous army. As for the word *apostole*, it is an old word, and anciently meant the Pope; but here it means *un apôtre*, a person sent.

same drugs, to try whether they were so thirst-procuring and alterative or no. But it so befel them as it had done their king, and they plied the flagon so well, that the noise ran throughout all the camp, how the prisoner was returned,—that the next day they were to have an assault,—that the king and his captains did already prepare themselves for it, together with his guards, and that with carousing lustily, and quaffing as hard as they could. Every man, therefore, in the army began to tipple, ply the pot, swill and guzzle it as fast as they could. In sum, they drank so much, and so long, that they fell asleep like pigs, all out of order throughout the whole camp.

Let us now return to the good Pantagruel, and relate how he carried himself in this business. Departing from the place of the trophies, he took the mast of their ship in his hand like a pilgrim's staff, and put within the top of it[2] two hundred and seven and thirty puncheons of white wine of Anjou, the rest was of Rouen, and tied up to his girdle the bark all full of salt, as easily as the lansquenets carry their little panniers, and so set onward on his way with his fellow soldiers. When he was come near to the enemy's camp, Panurge said unto him, Sir, if you would do well, let down this white wine of Anjou from the scuttle of the mast of the ship, that we may all drink thereof, like Bretons.[3]

Hereunto Pantagruel very willingly consented, and they drank so neat, that there was not so much

[2] *Top of it.—La hune.* Scuttle, a sort of cage, round the top of the mast.

[3] *Like Bretons.*—Like the people of Bretagne, who are such lovers of this good white wine, that though it grows about Verron in Anjou, it is called Vin Breton, because they engross it to themselves in a manner, and by their good-wills nobody else should carry away a drop of it.

as one poor drop left, of two hundred and seven and thirty puncheons, except one borracho or leathern bottle of Tours, which Panurge filled for himself, for he called that his vade-mecum, and some scurvy lees of wine in the bottom, which served him instead of vinegar. After they had whittled and curried the can pretty handsomely, Panurge gave Pantagruel to eat some devilish drugs, compounded of lithotripton, which is a stone-dissolving ingredient, nephrocatarticon, that purgeth the reins, the marmalade of quinces, called codiniac, a confection of cantharides, which are green flies breeding on the tops of olive-trees, and other kinds of diuretic or piss-procuring simples. This done, Pantagruel said to Carpalim, Go into the city, scrambling like a cat up against the wall, as you can well do, and tell them, that now presently they come out, and charge their enemies as rudely as they can, and, having said so, come down, taking a lighted torch with you, wherewith you shall set on fire all the tents and pavilions in the camp, then cry as loud as you are able with your great voice, and then come away from thence. Yea, but, said Carpalim, were it not good to cloy all their ordnance? No, no, said Pantagruel, only blow up all their powder. Carpalim, obeying him, departed suddenly, and did as he was appointed by Pantagruel, and all the combatants came forth that were in the city, and, when he had set fire in the tents and pavilions, he passed so lightly through them, and so highly and profoundly did they snort and sleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the place where their artillery was, and set their munition on fire. But here was the danger. The fire was so sudden, that poor Carpalim had almost been burnt. And, had it not been for his wonderful agility, he had been fried like a roast-

ing pig. But he departed away so speedily, that a bolt or arrow out of a crossbow could not have had a swifter motion. When he was clear of their trenches, he shouted aloud, and cried out so dreadfully, and with such amazement to the hearers, that it seemed all the devils of hell had been let loose. At which noise the enemies awaked, but can you tell how? Even no less astonished than are monks at the ringing of the first peal to matins, which in Lussonnois is called rub-ballock.

In the meantime Pantagruel began to sow the salt that he had in his bark, and, because they slept with an open-gaping mouth, he filled all their throats with it, so that these poor wretches were by it made to cough like foxes, crying, Ha, Pantagruel, how thou addest greater heat to the firebrand[4] that is in us! Suddenly Pantagruel had will to piss, by means of the drugs which Panurge had given him, and pissed amidst the camp so well and so copiously, that he drowned them all, and there was a particular deluge, ten leagues round about, of such considerable depth, that the history saith, if his father's great mare had been there, and pissed likewise, it would undoubtedly have been a more enormous deluge than that of Deucalion; for she did never piss but she made a river, greater than is either the Rhone or the Danube. Which those that were come out of the city seeing, said, They are all cruelly slain, see how the blood runs along. But they were deceived in thinking Pantagruel's urine had been the blood of their enemies;[5] for they could not see but

[4] *Greater heat to the firebrand.*—We are of ourselves but too thirsty. Why wilt thou then, by thy drugs, still increase our thirst? This expression, which is of Poictou, is equivalent to the Latin *Sitio ad ignem.*

[5] *The blood of their enemies.*—The Moabites fell into the same mistake in ch. 3 of the 2nd Book of Kings.

by the light of the fire of the pavilions, and some small light of the moon.

The enemies, after that they were awaked, seeing on one side the fire in the camp, and on the other the inundation of the urinal deluge, could not tell what to say, nor what to think. Some said that it was the end of the world, and the final judgment, which ought to be by fire. Others again thought that the sea-gods, Neptune, Proteus, Triton, and the rest of them, did persecute them, for that indeed they found it to be like sea-water and salt.

Oh! who were able now condignly to relate how Pantagruel did demean himself against the three hundred giants! Oh! my Muse, my Calliope, my Thalia, inspire me at this time, restore unto me my spirits; for this is the logical bridge of asses! Here is the pitfall, here is the difficulty, to have ability enough to express the horrible battle that was fought. Ah! would to God that I had now a bottle of the best wine that ever those drank, who shall read this so veridical history!

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL DISCOMFITED THE THREE HUNDRED GIANTS ARMED WITH FREE-STONE, AND LOUPGAROU THEIR CAPTAIN

The giants, seeing all their camp drowned, carried away their King Anarchus upon their backs, as well as they could, out of the fort, as Æneas did his father

Anchises, in the time of the conflagration of Troy. When Panurge perceived them, he said to Pantagruel, Sir, yonder are the giants coming forth against you, lay on them with your mast gallantly like an old fencer ; for now is the time that you must show yourself a brave man and an honest. And for our part we will not fail you. I myself will kill to you a good many boldly enough ; for why ! David killed Goliath very easily, and then this great lecher Eusthenes, who is stronger than four oxen, will not spare himself. Be of good courage, therefore, and valiant, charge amongst them with point and edge, and by all manner of means. Well, said Pantagruel, of courage I have more than for fifty francs, but let us be wise, for Hercules first never undertook against two. That is well cacked, well scummered, said Panurge ; do you compare yourself with Hercules ? You have, by God ! more strength in your teeth, and more scent in your bum, than ever Hercules had in all his body and soul. So much is a man worth as he esteems himself. Whilst they spake these words, behold Loupgarou was come with all his giants, who, seeing Pantagruel in a manner alone, was carried away with temerity and presumption, for hopes that he had to kill the good man. Whereupon he said to his companions the giants, You wenchers of the low country,[1] by Mahoom ![2] if any of you undertake to fight against these men here, I will put you cruelly to death. It is my will, that you let me fight single.

[1] *You wenchers of the low country, etc.*—In contradistinction to the gentry and nobility, who live in strong buildings situated on high places.

[2] *By Mahoom.*—By Mahomet. This oath, which in our old romances is used by the Saracens, is still very frequent in the mouths of the Languedocians, in things which they would not be understood to affirm seriously.

In the meantime you shall have good sport to look upon us.

Then all the other giants retired with their king to the place where the flagons stood, and Panurge and his comrades with them, who counterfeited those that have had the pox, for he writhed about his mouth, shrunk up his fingers, and with a harsh and hoarse voice said unto them, I forsake 'od, fellow-soldiers, if I would have it to be believed that we make any war at all. Give us somewhat to eat with you, while our masters fight against one another. To this the king and giants jointly condescended, and accordingly made them to banquet with them. In the meantime Panurge told them the follies of Turpin, the examples of St Nicholas,[3] and the Tale of a Tub. Loupgarou then set forward towards Pantagruel, with a mace all of steel, and that of the best sort, weighing nine thousand seven hundred quintals, and two quarterons, at the end whereof were thirteen pointed diamonds, the least whereof was as big as the greatest bell of our Lady's Church at Paris,—there might want perhaps the thickness of a nail, or at most, that I may not lie, of the back of those knives which they call cut-lugs or ear-cutters, but for a little off or on, more or less, it is no matter,—and it was enchanted in such sort, that it could never break; but, contrarily, all that it did touch did break immediately. Thus, then, as he approached with great fierceness and pride of

[3] *The examples of St Nicholas.*—In placing here the examples or historical passages of the legend of St Nicholas, the author shows what credit he gave to that legend. The fables of Turpin mean the lying history which Archbishop Turpin left concerning the Emperor Charlemagne, and one of these fables is, that one day the sun stood still, to give that hero all the time that was necessary to finish the destruction of the mighty army of the Saracens. [Swift has made the Tale of a Tub his own.]

heart, Pantagruel, casting up his eyes to heaven, recommended himself to God with all his soul, making such a vow as followeth :

O thou Lord God, who hast always been my Protector, and my Saviour! Thou seest the distress wherein I am at this time. Nothing brings me hither but a natural zeal, which Thou hast permitted unto mortals, to keep and defend themselves, their wives and children, country and family, in case Thy own proper cause were not in question, which is the faith; for in such a business Thou wilt have no coadjutors, only a catholic confession and service of Thy word, and hast forbidden us all arming and defence. For Thou art the Almighty, who in Thine own cause, and where Thine own business is taken in hand, canst defend it far beyond all that we can conceive, Thou who hast thousand thousands of hundreds of millions of legions of angels, the least of which is able to kill all mortal men, and turn about the heavens and earth at his pleasure, as heretofore it very plainly appeared in the army of Sennacherib. If it may please Thee, therefore, at this time to assist me, as my whole trust and confidence is in Thee alone, I vow unto Thee, that in all countries whatsoever, wherein I shall have any power or authority, whether in this of Utopia, or elsewhere, I will cause Thy holy gospel to be purely, simply, and entirely preached, so that the abuses of a rabble of hypocrites and false prophets, who by human constitutions and depraved inventions have impoisoned all the world, shall be quite exterminated from about me.

This vow was no sooner made, but there was heard a voice from heaven, saying, *Hoc fac et vinces:* that is to say, Do this, and thou shalt overcome. Then Pantagruel, seeing that Loupgarou with his mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went

against him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, Thou diest, villain,[4] thou diest! purposing by his horrible cry to make him afraid, according to the discipline of the Lacedæmonians. Withal, he immediately cast at him out of his bark, which he wore at his girdle, eighteen cags and four bushels of salt, wherewith he filled both his mouth, throat, nose, and eyes. At this Loupgarou was so highly incensed, that, most fiercely setting upon him, he thought even then with a blow of his mace to have beat out his brains. But Pantagruel was very nimble, and had always a quick foot, and a quick eye, and therefore, with his left foot did he step back one pace, yet not so nimbly, but that the blow, falling upon the bark, broke it in four thousand four score and six pieces, and threw all the rest of the salt

[4] *Villain.*—Read 'slave,' for that is the true meaning of the word *vilain*, which is the antithesis of the word 'gentleman,' and primarily signifies (not always a knave, as with us, but) a bond-man, or one of servile condition. A French author, quoted by Cotgrave, affirms that the gentlemen of France term *vilains* all farmers, husbandmen, ploughmen, and generally all yeomen, how free soever their condition or tenures be; and that country gentlemen term so all citizens, burghers, and inhabitants of walled towns. Hence also it comes to signify a varlet, and any ill-born and worse-bred bumpkin: but all these are no more than the secondary meanings of the word *vilain*. To come to M. Duchat: he observes upon the word *ribaud*, here likewise used by Rabelais, that it is synonymous to *paillard*, in the signification wherein Loupgarou just before had called *paillars de plat pais* his companions, born and bred like him, in the plains where corn grows (and consequently where there is store of chaff and straw *(paille)*, whence *paillard)*: so that instead of 'you wenchers of the low country,' as Sir T. U. translates it, it should have been, 'you clowns of the flat or low country;' for *paillard* does not there absolutely mean a whoremaster, though I confess it is generally so understood, and *paillarder* is used in that sense in the Bible. So *ribaud* does not signify only a ruffian, or a lecher, but likewise a labouring man of a big body, strong limbs and hard constitution.

about the ground. Pantagruel, seeing that, most gallantly displayed the vigour of his arms, and according to the art of the axe, gave him with the great end of his mast a home-thrust a little above the breast; then, bringing along the blow to the left side, with a slash struck him between the neck and shoulders. After that, advancing his right foot, he gave him a push upon the couillons with the upper end of his said mast, wherewith breaking the scuttle, on the top thereof, he spilt three or four puncheons of wine that were left therein.

Upon that, Loupgarou thought that he had pierced his bladder, and that the wine that came forth had been his urine. Pantagruel, being not content with this, would have doubled it by a side-blow; but Loupgarou, lifting up his mace, advanced one step upon him, and with all his force would have dashed it upon Pantagruel, wherein, to speak the truth, he so sprightfully carried himself, that, if God had not succoured the good Pantagruel, he had been cloven from the top of his head to the bottom of his milt. But the blow glanced to the right side, by the brisk nimbleness of Pantagruel, and his mace sank into the ground above three-score and thirteen feet, through a huge rock, out of which the fire did issue greater than nine thousand and six tons.[5] Pantagruel, seeing him busy about plucking out his mace, which stuck in the ground between the rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his head, if by mischance his mast had not touched a little against the stock of Loupgarou's mace, which was enchanted, as we have said before. By this means his mast broke off about three handfuls

[5] *Nine thousand and six tons.*—An expression taken from the manner of measuring the capacity or burthen of merchant ships by the ton.

above his hand, whereat he stood amazed like a bell-founder,[6] and cried out, Ah, Panurge! where art thou? Panurge, seeing that, said to the king and the giants, By God! they will hurt one another if they be not parted. But the giants were as merry as if they had been at a wedding. Then Carpalim would have risen from thence to help his master; but one of the giants said unto him, By Golfarin (the nephew of Mahoom)! if thou stir hence, I will put thee in the bottom of my breeches, instead of a suppository, which cannot choose but do me good. For in my belly I am very costive, and cannot well cagar[7] without gnashing my teeth, and making many filthy faces. Then Pantagruel, thus destitute of a staff, took up the end of his mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the giant, but he did him no more hurt than you would do with a fillip upon a smith's anvil. In the meantime Loupgarou was drawing his mace out of the ground, and, having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck Pantagruel, who, being very quick in turning, avoided all his blows, in taking only the defensive part in hand, until on a sudden he saw that Loupgarou did threaten him with these words, saying, Now, villain, will not I fail to chop thee as small as minced meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor men athirst! Then, without any more ado, Pantagruel struck him such a blow with his foot against the belly, that he made him fall backwards, his heels over his head,[8] and dragged him

[6] *Bell-founder.*—The phrase is proverbial—*Etre étourdi, comme un fondeur de cloches.* Leroux says, 'Seeing that an affair which ought to have been ended well, has finished badly by one's own fault.'

[7] *Cagar.*—Spanish. To do that which the king himself can't get another to do for him.

[8] *His heels over his head.*—This strange battle between

thus along at flay-buttock above a flight-shot. Then Loupgarou cried out, bleeding at the throat, Mahoom! Mahoom! Mahoom! at which noise all the giants arose to succour him. But Panurge said unto them, Gentlemen, do not go, if you will believe me; for our master is mad, and strikes athwart and alongst, he cares not where; he will do you a mischief. But the giants made no account of it, seeing that Pantagruel had never a staff.

And when Pantagruel saw those giants approach very near unto him, he took Loupgarou by the two feet, and lift up his body like a pike in the air, wherewith it being harnished with anvils, he laid such heavy load amongst those giants armed with free-stone, that, striking them down as a mason doth little knobs of stones, there was not one of them that stood before him, whom he threw not flat to the ground. And by the breaking of this stony armour there was made such a horrible rumble, as put me in mind of the butter-tower of St Stephen's at Bourges, when it melted before the sun.[9] Panurge, with Carpalim and Eusthenes, did cut in the meantime the throats of those that were struck down, in such sort that there escaped not one. Pantagruel to any man's sight was like a mower, who with his scythe, which was Loupgarou, cut down the meadow-grass, to wit, the giants; but, with this fencing of Pantagruel's, Loupgarou lost his head, which happened when Pantagruel struck down one whose name was Riflandouille or Pudding-plunderer, who

Pantagruel and Loupgarou is almost wholly imitated from ch. 6 of vol. 2 of Perceforest, where Sir Lyonnel uses much the same play against the giant with the golden mane, whose head he did at last cut off.

9 *Melted before the sun.*—Melted and sunk in at high noon, as if it had been butter.

was armed cap-à-pie with Grison-stones,[10] one chip whereof splintering abroad cut off Epistemon's neck clean and fair. For otherwise the most part of them were but lightly armed with a kind of sandy brittle stone, and the rest with slates.[11] At last, when he saw that they were all dead, he threw the body of Loupgarou, as hard as he could, against the city, where, falling like a frog upon his belly in the great piazza thereof, he with the said fall killed a singed he-cat, a wet she-cat, a farting duck, and a bridled goose.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW EPISTEMON, WHO HAD HIS HEAD CUT OFF,[1] WAS FINELY HEALED BY PANURGE, AND OF THE NEWS WHICH HE BROUGHT FROM THE DEVILS, AND OF THE DAMNED PEOPLE IN HELL

This gigantal victory being ended, Pantagruel withdrew himself to the place of the flagons, and called

[10] *Grison-stones.*—A sort of hard, sparkling, brownish grey, long-lasting freestone, fit to pave with, says Cotgrave, at the word *gres;* of which the grison is a species, says Duchat; adding that the grison is very common about Poictiers. Cotgrave says the grison is a kind of free-stone, soft when it is taken out of the quarry, but afterwards grows very hard.

[11] *Lightly armed, etc.*—With a stone called *tuff*, which Cotgrave describes thus: a kind of white sand, or soft and brittle stone, oftentimes covering or lying in flakes, on good soil. Duchat says it is a stone of Poictou, porous, spongy, and light. He adds, that in Languedoc they call *tuff* that sort of stone which is generated in some places, of the gravel which is cast thither by the wheels of water mills, which stand pretty thick on some rivers of that country.

[1] *Who had his head cut off.*—*Qui avoit la coupe testée*, not *la*

for Panurge and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except Eusthenes, whom one of the giants had scratched a little in the face, whilst he was about the cutting of his throat, and Epistemon, who appeared not at all. Whereat Pantagruel was so aggrieved, that he would have killed himself; but Panurge said unto him, Nay, sir, stay a while, and we will search for him amongst the dead, and find out the truth of all. Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his head between his arms all bloody. Then Eusthenes cried out, Ah, cruel death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest among men? At which words Pantagruel rose up with the greatest grief that ever any man did see, and said to Panurge, Ha! my friend, the prophecy of your two glasses, and the javelin staff, was a great deal too deceitful. But Panurge answered, My dear bullies all, weep not one drop more, for he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was. In saying this, he took the head, and held it warm foregainst his codpiece, that the wind might not enter into it. Eusthenes and Carpalim carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that Pantagruel might see it.

Nevertheless Panurge gave him very good comfort, saying, If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my head, which is a fool's wager. Leave off therefore crying, and help me. Then cleansed he

teste coupée. Upon which M. Duchat observes, there is a child's play, which at Metz they call *coupe-teste*; at which play, which in English may be called the heading or beheading, the lad that is headed, as they call it, does but sink his head into his bosom, and the rest leap over him. M. Duchat thinks this was what made Rabelais use that term here, to express an accident, which Epistemon got over almost as easily as a child beheaded at the boys' play.

his neck very well with pure white wine, and after that took his head, and into it synapised some powder of diamerdis,[2] which he always carried about him in one of his bags.[3] Afterwards he anointed it with I know not what ointment, and set it on very just, vein against vein, sinew against sinew, and spondyl against spondyl, that he might not be wry-necked,—for such people he mortally hated.[4] This done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen stitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again, then, on all sides and everywhere, he put a little ointment on it, which he called resuscitative.

Suddenly Epistemon began to breathe, then opened his eyes, yawned, sneezed, and afterwards let a great household fart. Whereupon Panurge said, Now, certainly, he is healed,—and therefore gave him to drink a large full glass of strong white wine with a sugared toast. In this fashion was Epistemon finely healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three weeks together, and had a dry cough of which he could not be rid, but by the force of continual drinking. And now he began to speak, and said that he had seen the devil, had spoken with Lucifer familiarly, and had been very

[2] *Powder of diamerdis.—Confettionne di salvia selvatica.* A confection of wild sage: also *merda*, says the Fr. and Ital. Dict. of Oudin, in letter D. In this last sense of *merda*, Cotgrave interprets diamerdis, a confection of turds, pilgrim's salve; the double-entendre is the better, because sage is really good to consolidate wounds withal.

[3] *Bags.—Faques.* Menage had remarked at this place of his Rabelais, that anciently *facquiere* signified a small pocket; but he did not know that both *facque* and *facquiere* come from the German *fach*, which signifies a box, a case, and so it means here, of which Panurge had a great many in his bag.

[4] *For such people he mortally hated.*—Rabelais, who produces himself here under the character of Panurge, confesses the aversion he had for the Cordeliers, who, among all the religious

merry in hell, and in the Elysian fields, affirming very seriously before them all, that the devils were boon companions and merry fellows. But in respect of the damned, he said he was very sorry that Panurge had so soon called him back into this world again; for, said he, I took wonderful delight to see them. How so? said Pantagruel. Because they do not use them there, said Epistemon, so badly as you think they do. Their estate and condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner; for I saw Alexander the Great there, mending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, and thus got a very poor living.

Xerxes was a crier of mustard.
Romulus, a salter, and patcher of pattens.[5]
Numa, a nailsmith.
Tarquin, a porter.[6]
Piso, a clownish swain.[7]
Sylla, a ferryman.
Cyrus, a cowherd.
Themistocles, a glass-maker.
Epaminondas, a maker of mirrors or looking-glasses.
Brutus and Cassius, surveyors or measurers of land.[8]
Demosthenes, a vine-dresser.
Cicero, a fire-kindler.[9]

of St Francis' order, most affect to hang the head, that they may appear devout and mortified.

[5] *A salter and patcher of pattens.*—Rabelais says only *saulnier*, salt merchant. Sir T. U. has given him an additional trade.

[6] *Tarquin, a porter.*—*Tacquin* being a porter in French, Rabelais quibbles upon *Tacquin* and *Tarquin*.

[7] *Piso, a clownish swain.*—The like on Piso and peasant.

[8] *Brutus and Cassius, surveyors of land.*—*Agrimenseur:* a measurer of land; for so they were indeed when in the field of Philippi they measured the earth with the length of their own bodies, or bit the dust, as the poet's phrase is.

[9] *Cicero, a fire-kindler.*—For contributing to the civil war, in declaring for Pompey.

Fabius, a threader of beads.[10]
Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.[11]
Æneas, a miller.[12]
Achilles was a scald-pated maker of hay-bundles.[13]
Agamemnon, a lick-box.[14]
Ulysses, a hay-mower.
Nestor, a deer-keeper or forester.[15]
Darius, a gold-finder or jakes-farmer.
Ancus Martius, a ship-trimmer.
Camillus, a foot-post.[16]
Marcellus, a sheller of beans.[17]

[10] *Fabius, a threader of beads or patenosters.*—He had been a great temporiser.

[11] *Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.*—Probably Artaxerxes Mnemon, whose life Plutarch has written.

[12] *Æneas, a miller.*—He carried his father out of Troy, like a miller with a sack of meal at his back.

[13] *Achilles, a scald-pated, etc.*—He is commonly pictured with his helmet on.

[14] *Agamemnon, a lick-box.*—*Lichecasse* is a lick-box, or sweet-lips. Cotgrave says, Homer's Iliad represents Agamemnon as a sober and frugal prince. Accordingly afterwards, l. 4, c. 11, we see him very averse to coming, at any time, into a kitchen. It is, perhaps, for that very reason Rabelais makes him act by the rule of contraries, *i.e.*, licking dishes and making sops in the dripping-pan; for *casse*, in Poictou, is a dripping-pan, and *licher* is to lick.

[15] *Nestor, a forester.*—*Harpailleur.* It likewise signifies a seller of old trinkets, or old iron. Perhaps Rabelais meant this last, on account of Nestor's extreme old age.

[16] *Camillus, a foot-post.*—*Gallochier* does indeed signify a foot-post, or any clownish, ill-bred fellow. It means also a maker of *galloches*, high wooden pattens or clogs, which are said to be first so called by and from the Gauls, whom Camillus drove from Rome; and therefore Rabelais styles him *gallochier*, a maker of *galloches* or wooden shoes. It also means a sort of slipper worn over the shoes.

[17] *Marcellus, a sheller of beans.*—One need only have hands for such a trade; the head has but little to do in it. Besides, in respect of the emulation and strife between Marcellus and Fabius Maximus, which of the two should do his country most service, we may affirm that the happy activity of the former against

Drusus, a taker of money at the doors of play-houses.[18]

Scipio Africanus, a crier of lee in a wooden-slipper.

Asdrubal, a lantern-maker.

Hannibal, a kettle-maker and seller of egg-shells.

Priamus, a seller of old clouts.

Lancelot of the Lake was a flayer of dead horses.[19]

All the Knights of the Round Table,[20] were poor day-labourers, employed to row over the rivers of Cocytus, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, and Lethe, when my lords the devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the water, as in the like occasion are hired the boatmen at Lyons, the gondoliers of Venice, and oars of London. But with this difference, that

Hannibal prompted the other to show against that enemy of the Roman people, how far the prudence of a general could contribute to ruin an army already weakened by many battles. Fabius had his name from *fabæ*, beans: now Marcellus exciting Fabius to do his best, is that which, in the style of Rabelais, rendered the other a sheller of beans; he made the beans turn out.

[18] *Drusus, etc.*—That the great Drusus Germanicus should be such a poor wretch in the other world, shows, as Epistemon had said, that those who in this life had been the most eminent, are in the next the most abject.

[19] *Lancelot, etc.*—The most renowned knight-errant of early romance and poetry, the friend of Sir Tristram, and the favoured lover of the fair Guenever. The hero of an old romance, in 3 vols. 4to. Sorel. Biblioth. Fr. p. 156.

[20] *All the Knights of the Round Table, etc.*—King Arthur of Great Britain, in or about the year 520, established the order of those celebrated knights, who make such a figure in our old romance. That prince, to whom they were all as it were peers *(pares)* and companions, was pleased that in any solemnities of the court they should all be seen sitting at a round table, all equal, not indeed in birth or dignities, but in merit, in valour, and in virtue. The reason why Rabelais has made watermen of all the knights of the round table, who in their time were great tilters and tournamenters, is because the watermen in France are great sportsmen that way in their justling for the goose, and other festivals of theirs.

these poor knights have only for their fare a bob or flirt on the nose, and, in the evening, a morsel of coarse, mouldy bread.

Trajan was fisher of frogs.

Antoninus, a lackey.[21]

Commodus, a bagpiper.[22]

Pertinax, a peeler of walnuts.

Lucullus, a maker of rattles and hawks' bells.[23]

Justinian, a pedlar.

Hector, a snap-sauce scullion.

Paris was a poor beggar.

Cambyses, a mule-driver.

Nero, a base blind fiddler,[24] or player on that instrument which is called a windbroach. Fierabras was his serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous tricks, and would make him eat of the brown bread, and drink of the turned wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and Pompey were boat-wrights and tighters of ships.

Valentine and Orson[25] did serve in the stoves of hell, and were sweat-rubbers in hot-houses.

[21] *Antoninus, a lacquey.*—Diminutive names, *i.e.*, diminutive in sense, not syllables, such as Antoninus (from Antonius), Pierrot (Peterkin) from Pierre (Peter), Jannot (Johnny) from Jean (John), are very suitable to lacqueys.

[22] *Commodus, a bagpiper.*—Sir T. U. mistakes the sense of Rabelais' *gayetier*, and translates it jet-maker, but *gayta*, in Spanish, signifies a bagpipe, and *gaytero*, one that plays on that frouzy, musty instrument. *Gayta* likewise signifies a clyster, but that is ironically only. It is indeed a Gothic word originally.

[23] *Lucullus, a maker of rattles, etc.*—*Grillotier* signifies a grid-iron maker, as well as a maker of corals with bells, and other toys for children.

[24] *Nero, a base blind fiddler.*—Nero loved fiddling and shows. Rabelais, in another place, calls Nero *truand*, a rascally fellow; and here he makes him get a sorry living by playing on a rascally, rude, harsh-sounding instrument, called a *vielle*.

[25] [*Valentine and Orson.*—The story of 'Valentine and Orson,'

Giglan and Gawain were poor swine-herds.[26]

Geoffrey with the great tooth, was a tinder-maker and seller of matches.

Godfrey de Bullion, a hood-maker.[27]

Jason was a bracelet-maker.[28]

Don Pietro de Castille, a carrier of indulgences.

Morgante, a beer-brewer.[29]

originally French, has become naturalised in England. The preface to an edition printed upon London Bridge, 1694, says that 'in *Valentine* is comprehended the education of Art; and in *Orson*, the true working of Nature.' It is difficult to follow the bent of Rabelais' mind in this, his final destination of two fabulous heroes whose exploits were intended to show that 'Nature hath a being above Art; but yet Nature bettered by Art hath a more noble working.']

[26] *Giglan and Gawain.*—Or as Rabelais spells these names, Giglain and Gauvain, were heroes of the old romances, as were also Arthur (Artus in French) of Britain, and Perceforest, mentioned below. It appears from some verses of Marot, that these romances were all read with pleasure at the French court till that poet's time. The romance of Gauvain, a MS., is often quoted by Borel. As for Giglain, Ziliante, son of Monodant, see Ariosto, canto 19, n. 38. The Spaniard, Anthony Guevara, who had read the romance of Giglain or Giglan, as he calls it, puts this book into the number of some others, out of which no good, but a great deal of evil, may be learned.

[27] *Godfrey de Bullion, a hood-maker.*—*Dominotier* in French. A maker of dominos; because of his devoutness. Mezerai calls him *de Buillon*, and Bucholcer, *Bilionæus.*

[28] *Jason was a bracelet-maker.*—This is wrong in a double respect. First, though it is Jason in the new editions, it should be Baudoin, as in that of Dolet. Secondly, *Manillier* does not signify a bracelet-maker, but the same as *marguillier;* a churchwarden, or one that in Popish countries gathers for a poor preacher. This Baudoin (or Baldwin) was Godfrey of Bullion's younger brother, and much inferior to him in merit; and therefore he here follows his elder brother as but a servitor, in comparison of that hero.

[29] *Morgante, a beer-brewer.*—*Morgant* is the original. As a beer-brewer, we see him hereafter giving nine hogsheads of beer to the frank archer Bagnolet, to pacify his wrath against poor Perceforest. Mention has been made of the giant Morgante, and

Huon of Bordeaux, a hooper of barrels.[30]
Pyrrhus, a kitchen-scullion.
Antiochus, a chimney-sweeper.
Octavian, a scraper of parchment.
Nerva, a mariner.[31]
Pope Julius was a crier of pudding pies, but he left off wearing there his great buggerly beard.[32]
John of Paris was a greaser of boots.
Arthur of Britain, an ungreaser of caps.

of the romance which bears his name, in the notes on the 1st ch. of this book.

[30] *Huon of Bordeaux, a hooper of barrels.—Relieur de tonneaulx:* a cask or tun-binder. The country about Bordeaux yields vast quantities of wine; accordingly there are in that city above two thousand coopers, who would be at a loss for the wood they have occasion for, did they not procure it from the Danes in exchange for wine. See Scaligerana at the word Bordeaux.

Next to this should be (but omitted by Sir T. U.) Romulus, a cobbler, botcher, or other mender of any old things.

[31] *Nerva, a mariner.*—Read, not a mariner, but the lowest drudge of a kitchen. *Housse-paillier* in French. Mat. Corderius, De Corr. Serm. Emend. c. 24, n. 26. 'Hic. mediastinus. Un soullon de cuisine.' A kitchen slave, a drudge-pudding. 'In gymnasiis Parisiensibus dici solet, un Marmiton.' *Housse-paillier*, from *housse*, a horse cloth (whence our housing), and *paille*, straw, signifies properly a slovenly, nasty boy, whose clothes are covered all over with chaff and bits of straw.

[32] *His great buggerly beard.*—This glances at mesdames the shegoats, those bearded females, generally favourites of messieurs the buggerantoes. Besides, the Bougres or Bulgarians wear a long beard, especially the priests, and yet more especially the patriarch of that people. Moreover, this Pope Julius, viz., Julius II., was, as I take it, the first Pope that ever distinguished himself by a long beard. Now, as at the siege of Miranda, which he carried on himself in person, in 1511, he hastened the works, ordered the battery, excited the soldiers, sometimes by fair words, and sometimes by threats, to exert their utmost endeavours to carry the place soon, perhaps Rabelais makes this Pope a crier of *petits pâtez toutchauds*, hot petty patées, because at that siege he had spurred on his people to the assault of some petty patée or bastion, as the attacking whereof might be very hot work, or executed in very hot weather.

Perceforest, a carrier of fagots.

Pope Boniface the Eighth, a scummer of pots.

Pope Nicholas the Third, a maker of paper.[33]

Pope Alexander, a rat-catcher.[34]

Pope Sixtus, an anointer of those that have the pox.[35]

What, said Pantagruel, have they the pox there too? Surely, said Epistemon, I never saw so many: there are there, I think, above a hundred millions; for believe, that those who have not had the pox in this world, must have it in the other.

Cotsbody, said Panurge, then I am free; for I have been as far as the hole of Gibraltar, reached unto the outmost bounds of Hercules, and gathered of the ripest.[36]

Ogier the Dane[37] was a furbisher of armour.

The King Tigranes, a mender of thatched houses.[38]

Galien Restored, a taker of moldwarps.[39]

[33] *Pope Nicholas the Third, a maker of paper.*—*Nicolas pape tiers estoit papetier.* Allusion of *papetier* to *pape tiers*, or the *third* of that name. A French pun, untranslatable.

[34] *Pope Alexander, a rat-catcher.*—Alexander VI., who caught a rat, as the saying is, when by mistake he who was *ras* [a shaveling] was poisoned by another *ras* [a shaveling] with rats-bane. Here is a superfœtation of puns for ye.

[35] *Pope Sixtus, an anointer of those that have the pox.*—On account of that cancrous botch, with which, Rabelais says (ch. 17 of this book), Sixtus IV. was so horribly tormented, that he was a cripple by it all his life.

[36] *And gathered of the ripest.*—Before, in ch. 15, the author calls the grand pox, the blessed fruit.

[37] *Ogier the Dane.*—An old romance of chivalry, published in prose, and printed in the beginning of the sixteenth century; but a MS. of it in Leonine verses was part of President du Thou's (Thuanus') library.

[38] *Thatched houses.*—*Un recouvreur* means a mender of slated or tiled, as well as thatched houses.

[39] *Galien restored, etc.*—*Preneur de taupes.* A mole-catcher.

The Four Sons of Aymon were all tooth-drawers.[40]

Pope Calixtus was a barber of a woman's *sine qua non*.[41]

Pope Urban, a bacon-picker.

Melusina was a kitchen drudge-wench.[42]

Matabrune, a laundress.[43]

Cleopatra, a crier of onions.[44]

This romance has for its hero the young Galien, son of Jaqueline, daughter to Hugh, King of Constantinople, and of the count and peer Oliver of Vienne, who was taken at his word by the maiden's father, upon his saying, only by way of gab (in a bravado or joke, I take gab to mean) that he would push his caresses to a certain number of encounters, were he so happy as to lie but one night in the arms of that infanta. The night came, and, at nine months' end, Jaqueline brought into the world the child in question. Of the two fairies who interested themselves for him the moment he was born, one, whose name was Galienne, having given him the name of Galien, the other would have him be surnamed Restored, because, says the book, the child was one day to restore or revive in France the high chivalry, which was in danger of being lost by the death of Charlemagne's peers, who almost all perished at the battle of Roncevaux. Rabelais makes this Galien a mole-catcher, probably because, as those of that trade fetch out of the earth the moles they take, he caused to spring up again the race, the memory, and the acts of prowess of those ancient peers of France.

[40] *The four sons of Aymon, etc.*—Anthony Guevara, in his preface to the Clock or Dial for Princes, laments that in his time the gentry of France were corrupted by reading the Giglans, the Lancelots, the Fierabras, the Four Sons of Hemon, and the Tristrams.

[41] *Pope Calixtus, etc.—Barbier de maujoinct.*

[42] *Melusina, etc.*—Agrippa, in his Vanity of Sciences, etc., speaks of this romance, which was printed in folio at Paris, at the beginning of the 16th century.

[43] *Matabrune.*—Wife to King Pierron of the strong island, and mother of Prince Oriant, one of Godfrey of Bullion's ancestors.

[44] *Cleopatra, a crier of onions.*—Her kingdom produced exceeding good ones in the opinion of the Israelites. Besides, of the two pearls of inestimable price which that queen was owner of, she having caused her lover Anthony to swallow one, dissolved in vinegar, was going to regale him with the second, if she had not been hindered. Perhaps it was by way of punishment for this

Helen, a broker for chamber-maids.[45]
Semiramis, the beggars' lice-killer.
Dido did sell mushrooms.
Penthesilea sold cresses.
Lucretia was an ale-house keeper.
Hortensia, a spinstress.[46]
Livia, a grater of verdigris.

After this manner, those that had been great lords and ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched living there below. And, on the contrary, the philosophers and others, who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great lords there in their turn. I saw Diogenes there strut it out[47] most pompously, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown on him, and a golden sceptre in his right hand. And, which is more, he would now and then make Alexander the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his breeches; for he used to pay his skin with sound bastinadoes. I saw Epictetus there most gallantly apparelled after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbour, with store of handsome gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good cheer, with abundance of crowns of the sun. Above the lattice were written these verses for his device:

To leap and dance, to sport and play,
And drink good wine both white and brown,

prodigality, that in the other world she is reduced to sell onions, that is, such fruit as the Latins call *uniones*, a sort of onions, as well as pearls.

[45] *Helen, etc.*—A procuress. *Courratiere de Chambrieres.* A consequence of her past life.

[46] *Hortensia.*—*Filandiere*, a spinner of flax, etc.

[47] *Strut it out.*—*Se prelassoit:* give himself the airs of a prelate.

Or nothing else do all the day
But tell bags full of many a crown.

When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to be entreated, we tippled and chopined together most theologically. In the meantime came Cyrus to beg one farthing of him for the honour of Mercury, therewith to buy a few onions for his supper. No, no, said Epictetus, I do not use in my alms-giving to bestow farthings. Hold, thou varlet! there's a crown for thee, be an honest man. Cyrus was exceeding glad to have met with such a booty; but the other poor rogues, the kings that are there below, as Alexander, Darius, and others, stole it away from him by night. I saw Pathelin, the treasurer of Rhadamanthus, who, in cheapening the pudding pies that Pope Julius cried, asked him how much a dozen? Three blanks, said the Pope. Nay, said Pathelin, three blows with a cudgel! Lay them down here, you rascal, and go fetch more. The poor Pope went away weeping, who, when he came to his master the pie-maker, told him that they had taken away his pudding pies. Whereupon his master gave him such a sound lash with an eel-skin,[48] that his own would have been worth nothing to make bagpipe bags of. I saw Master John le Maire there personate the Pope, in such fashion, that he made all the poor kings and popes[49]

[48] *Eel-skin.*—Pliny, l. 9, c. 23, tells us, the young gentlemen of Rome were chastised with an eel-skin when they committed a fault. From thence, doubtless, it comes, that in schools they have given the name of *anguilla* to a certain scourge or whip made of leathern thongs, which anciently they used to beat the lads with when they had neglected their duty.

[49] *Popes.*—John le Maire is very severe on the popes, in his book of the different schisms and councils of the Latin Church.

of this world kiss his feet; and, taking great state upon him, gave them his benediction, saying, Get the pardons,[50] rogues, get the pardons, they are good and cheap. I absolve you of bread and pottage,[51] and dispense with you to be never good for anything. Then, calling Caillet and Triboulet to him, he spake these words, My lords the cardinals, dispatch their bulls, to wit, to each of them a blow with a cudgel upon the reins.[52] Which, accordingly, was forthwith performed. I heard Master Francis Villon ask Xerxes, How much the mess of mustard? A farthing, said Xerxes. To which the said Villon answered, The pox take thee for a villain! As much of square-eared wheat is not worth half that price, and now thou offerest to enhance the price of victuals. With this he pissed in his pot, as the mustard-makers of Paris used to do. I saw the trained bow-man of the bathing tub, known by the name of the franc archer de Baignolet, who, being one of the trustees of the Inquisition, when he saw Perceforest making water against a wall, on which was painted the fire of St Anthony, declared him heretic, and would have caused him to be burnt alive, had it not been for Morgante, who, for his

[50] *Get the pardons.*—This personally concerns the popes, as having in their time made a trade of selling pardons.

[51] *I absolve you, etc.*—It is in the original, *je vous absoulx de pain et de soupe.* Allusion to *peine (pœna)* and *(coulpe)* in which absolution consists.

[52] *A blow with a cudgel upon the reins.*—Allusion to a custom founded in the penance book, of giving those who come for absolution a blow with a wand at each verse of the miserere, which they are made to repeat from one end to the other. In regard bad princes are infinitely more culpable in the sight of God than ordinary people, John le Maire, their judge, instead of slight strokes with a wand over their shoulders, makes them be well laid on with a good hedge-stake over their loins.

proficiat [53] and other small fees, gave him nine tuns of beer.

Well, said Pantagruel, reserve all these fair stories for another time, only tell us how the usurers are there handled. I saw them, said Epistemon, all very busily employed in seeking of rusty pins and old nails in the kennels of the streets, as you see poor wretched rogues do in this world. But the quintal, or hundredweight, of this old iron ware is there valued but at the price of a cantle [a corner crust] of bread, and yet they have but a very bad dispatch and riddance in the sale of it. Thus the poor misers are sometimes three whole weeks without eating one morsel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night, looking for the fare to come. Nevertheless, of all this labour, toil, and misery, they reckon nothing, so cursedly active they are in the prosecution of that their base calling, in hopes, at the end of the year, to earn some scurvy penny by it.

Come, said Pantagruel, let us now make ourselves merry one bout, and drink, my lads, I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this month. Then did they uncase their flagons by heaps and dozens, and with their leaguer provision made excellent good cheer. But the poor King Anarchus could not all this while settle himself towards any fit of mirth; whereupon Panurge said, Of what trade shall we make my lord the king here, that he may be skilful in the art, when he goes thither to sojourn amongst all the devils of hell? Indeed, said Pantagruel, that was well advised of thee. Do with him what thou wilt, I gave him to thee.

[53] *Proficiat.*—Properly, Cotgrave says, a fee, or benevolence, bestowed on bishops, in manner of a welcome, immediately after their instalments. [See note to 'Morgante,' p. 208.]

Grammercy, said Panurge, the present is not to be refused, and I love it from you.[54]

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW PANTAGRUEL ENTERED INTO THE CITY OF THE AMAUROTS, AND HOW PANURGE MARRIED KING ANARCHUS TO AN OLD LANTERN-CARRYING HAG, AND MADE HIM A CRIER OF GREEN SAUCE

After this wonderful victory, Pantagruel sent Carpalim unto the city of the Amaurots, to declare and signify unto them, how the King Anarchus was taken prisoner, and all the enemies of the city overthrown. Which news when they heard, all the inhabitants of the city came forth to meet him in good order, and with a great triumphant pomp, conducting him with a heavenly joy into the city, where innumerable bonfires were kindled, through all the parts thereof, and fair round tables, which were furnished with store of good victuals, set out in the middle of the streets. This was a renewing of the golden age in the time of Saturn, so good was the cheer which then they made.

But Pantagruel, having assembled the whole senate, and common council-men of the town, said, My masters, we must now strike the iron whilst it is hot. It is, therefore, my will that, before we frolic it any longer, we advise how to

[54] *And I love it from you.—Et l'aime de vous.* A way of thanking any one for a favour done, or gift bestowed: it was also used towards a person who had drank a health to one, or given their service to him in drinking.

assault and take the whole kingdom of the Dipsodes. To which effect, let those that will go with me to provide themselves against to-morrow after drinking; for then will I begin to march. Not that I need any more men than I have, to help me to conquer it; for I could make it as sure that way as if I had it already, but I see this city is so full of inhabitants, that they can scarce turn into the streets. I will, therefore, carry them as a colony in Dipsody, and will give them all that country, which is fair, wealthy, fruitful, and pleasant, above all other countries in the world, as many of you can tell, who have been there heretofore. Every one of you, therefore, that will go along, let him provide himself as I have said. This counsel and resolution being published in the city, the next morning there assembled in the piazza, before the palace, to the number of eighteen hundred fifty-six thousand and eleven, besides women and little children. Thus began they to march straight into Dipsody, in such good order as did the people of Israel, when they departed out of Egypt, to pass over the Red Sea.

But, before we proceed any further in this purpose, I will tell you how Panurge handled his prisoner the King Anarchus; for, having remembered that which Epistemon had related, how the kings and rich men in this world were used in the Elysian fields, and how they got their living there by base and ignoble trades, he, therefore, one day apparelled his king in a pretty little canvas doublet, all jagged and pinked like the tippet of a light horseman's cap, together with a pair of large mariner's breeches, and stockings without shoes,[1]—For, said he, they

[1] *Without shoes.*—The condition wherein our old romances re-

would but spoil his sight,[2]—and a little peach-coloured bonnet, with a great capon's feather in it—I lie, for I think he had two—and a very handsome girdle of a sky colour and green (in French called *pers et vert*[3]), saying, that such a livery did become him well, for that he had always been perverse,[4] and, in this plight bringing him before Pantagruel, said unto him, Do you know this roister? No, indeed, said Pantagruel. It is, said Panurge, my lord the king of the three batches,[5] or thread-bare sovereign. I intend to make him an honest man. These devilish kings, which we have here, are but as so many calves, they know nothing, and are good for nothing but to do a thousand mischiefs to their poor subjects, and to trouble all the world with war for their unjust and detestable pleasure. I will put him to a trade, and make him a crier of green sauce. Go to, begin and cry, Do you lack any green sauce? and the poor devil cried. That is too low, said Panurge, then took him by the ear, saying, Sing higher in Ge, sol, re, ut. So, so, poor devil, thou hast a good throat: thou wert never so happy as to be no longer king. And Pantagruel made himself merry with all this; for I dare boldly say, that he was the best little gaffer that was to be seen between this and the end of a staff. Thus was Anarchus made a good crier of green sauce. Two days there-

present an unhappy person surrendering himself a prisoner at discretion.

[2] *They would but spoil his sight.*—They would blind him, so as to hinder him from being sensible that he was a prisoner.

[3] *Pers et vert.*—Sky coloured and green.

[4] *Perverse.*—A pun upon *pers et vert.*

[5] *King of the three batches.*—An expression taken from a custom in France during the week of the Epiphany (or of the kings, as they call it), when he is termed king of three batches, to whose lot is fallen the bean of three cakes baked on three several days, and at three different ovens.

after, Panurge married him with an old lantern-carrying hag, and he himself made the wedding with fine sheeps'-heads, brave haslets with mustard, gallant salligots with garlic, of which he sent five horse-loads unto Pantagruel, which he ate up all, he found them so appetizing. And for their drink, they had a kind of small well-watered wine,[6] and some fine sorb-apple cider.[7] And to make them dance, he hired a blind man, that made music to them with a wind-broach.

After dinner he led them to the palace, and showed them to Pantagruel, and said, pointing to the married woman, You need not fear that she will crack. Why? said Pantagruel. Because, said Panurge, she is well slit and broke up already. What do you mean by that? said Pantagruel. Do not you see, said Panurge, that the chestnuts which are roasted in the fire, if they be whole, they crack as if they were mad; and to keep them from cracking, they make an incision in them, and slit them. So this new bride is in her lower parts well slit before, and, therefore, will not crack behind.

Pantagruel gave them a little lodge near the lower street, and a mortar of stone wherein to bray and pound their sauce, and in this manner did they do their little business, he being as pretty a crier of green sauce as ever was seen in the country of

[6] *Small well-watered wine.—Belle piscantine.* Cotgrave explains *biscantine*, drink made of bullaces or sloes. I know not, adds Duchat, but *piscantine* may be a corruption of *biscantine*, to express a drink of two cantines [bottle cases], one whereof might be for wine and the other for water.

[7] *Some fine sorb-apple cider.—Beau cormé.* In Poitou they call *cormé* a certain drink made with water cast on *cormes* (service or sorb-apples). Cotgrave thus speaks of *cormé:* A drink or wine made of the sorb-apple; it surpasses in goodness perry or cider; and comes nearest of any of those kinds to white wine. No wonder, then, Rabelais bestows on it the epithet of *beau*.

Utopia. But I have been told since, that his wife doth beat him like plaster, and the poor sot dares not defend himself, he is so simple.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW PANTAGRUEL WITH HIS TONGUE COVERED A WHOLE ARMY, AND WHAT THE AUTHOR SAW IN HIS MOUTH

Thus as Pantagruel with all his army had entered into the country of the Dipsodes, every one was glad of it, and incontinently rendered themselves unto him, bringing him out of their own good wills the keys of all the cities where he went, the Almirods only excepted, who, being resolved to hold out against him, made answer to his heralds, that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good conditions.

What? said Pantagruel, do they ask any better terms, than the hand at the pot and the glass in their fist?[1] Come, let us go sack them, and put them all to the sword. Then did they put themselves in good order, as being fully determined to give an assault, but by the way, passing through a large field, they were overtaken with a great shower of rain, whereat they began to shiver and tremble, to crowd, press, and thrust close to one another.

[1] *The hand at the pot and the glass in their fist.*—Read the fist, not their fist. *La main au pot et le voyrre au poing.* A token of a final agreement, and that there is nothing more to be done but to drink upon the bargain.

When Pantagruel saw that, he made their captains tell them that it was nothing, and that he saw well above the clouds, that it would be nothing but a little dew; but howsoever, that they should put themselves in order, and he would cover them. Then did they put themselves in a close order, and stood as near to each other as they could, and Pantagruel drew out his tongue only half-ways, and covered them all, as a hen doth her chickens. In the meantime I, who relate to you these so veritable stories, hid myself under a burdock leaf, which was not much less in largeness than the arch of the bridge of Montrible,[2] but, when I saw them thus covered, I went towards them to shelter myself likewise; which I could not do, for that they were so, as the saying is, *At the yard's end there is no cloth left.* Then, as well as I could, I got upon it, and went along full two leagues upon his tongue, and so long marched, that at last I came into his mouth. But, oh gods and goddesses, what did I see there! Jupiter confound me with his trisulk lightning if I lie! I walked there as they do in Sophie, at Constantinople, and saw there great rocks, like the mountains in Denmark—I believe that those were his teeth. I saw also fair meadows, large forests, great and strong cities, not a jot less than Lyons or Poictiers. The first man I met there was a good honest fellow planting coleworts, whereat being very much amazed, I asked him, My friend, what dost thou make here? I plant coleworts, said he. But how, and wherewith, said I? Ha, Sir, said he, every one cannot have his ballocks as heavy as a

[2] *The bridge of Montrible.*—On the Charente, between Saintes and St John d'Angeli. This bridge is a remnant of Roman antiquity. What is related of the bridge of Monstrible, or Montrible, is taken from the romance of Fierabras.

mortar, neither can we be all rich. Thus do I get my poor living, and carry them to the market to sell in the city which is here behind. Jesus! said I, is there here a new world? Sure, said he, it is never a jot new, but it is commonly reported that, without this, there is an earth, whereof the inhabitants enjoy the light of a sun and moon, and that it is full of, and replenished with, very good commodities; but yet this is more ancient than that. Yea, but, said I, my friend, what is the name of that city, whither thou carriest thy coleworts to sell? It is called Aspharage, said he, and all the in-dwellers are Christians, very honest men, and will make you good cheer. To be brief, I resolved to go thither. Now, in my way, I met with a fellow that was lying in wait to catch pigeons, of whom I asked, My friend, from whence come these pigeons? Sir, said he, they come from the other world. Then I thought that, when Pantagruel yawned, the pigeons went into his mouth in whole flocks, thinking that it had been a pigeon-house.

Then I went into the city, which I found fair, very strong, and seated in a good air; but at my entry the guard demanded of me my pass or ticket. Whereat I was much astonished, and asked them, My masters, is there any danger of the plague here? O Lord, said they, they die hard by here so fast, that the cart runs about the streets. Good God, said I, and where? Whereunto they answered, that it was in Larynx and Pharynx, which are two great cities, such as Rouen and Nantes, rich and of great trading. And the cause of the plague was by a stinking and infectious exhalation, which lately vapoured out of the abismes, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and three-score thousand and sixteen persons within this seven-

night. Then I considered, calculated, and found, that it was an unsavoury breathing which came out of Pantagruel's stomach, when he did eat so much garlic,[3] as we have aforesaid.

Parting from thence, I passed amongst the rocks, which were his teeth, and never left walking till I got up on one of them; and there I found the pleasantest places in the world, great large tennis-courts, fair galleries, sweet meadows, store of vines, and an infinite number of banqueting summer out-houses in the fields, after the Italian fashion, full of pleasure and delight, where I stayed full four months, and never made better cheer in my life as then.[4] After that I went down by the hinder teeth to come to the chaps. But in the way I was robbed by thieves in a great forest, that is in the territory towards the ears. Then, after a little further travelling, I fell upon a pretty petty village,—truly I have forgot the name of it,—where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain money to live by. Can you tell how? By sleeping. For there they hire men by the day to sleep, and they get by it sixpence a day, but they that can snore hard get at least ninepence. How I had been robbed in the valley, I informed the senators, who told me that, in very truth, the people of that side were bad livers, and naturally thievish, whereby I perceived well, that as we have with us the countries Cisalpine and Transalpine, that is, be-hither and beyond the

[3] *Garlic.—Aillade.* What is now properly called *aillade*, in Guienne and Languedoc, is a mess which the poorer sort make with garlic and walnuts pounded together in a mortar, and which prepares the stomach for the reception of certain meats of an undigestive and disagreeable nature.

[4] *And never made better cheer, etc.*—Because, as he says a little lower, of every morsel that went down Pantagruel's throat, he took part, by way of toll.

mountains, so have they there the countries Cidentine and Tradentine, that is, be-hither and beyond the teeth. But it is far better living on this side, and the air is purer. There I began to think that it is very true, which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth; seeing none before myself had ever written of that country, wherein are above five and twenty kingdoms inhabited, besides deserts and a great arm of the sea. Concerning which, I have composed a great book intituled the History of the Gorgians, because they dwell in the gorge of my master Pantagruel.

At last I was willing to return, and passing by his beard, I cast myself upon his shoulders, and from thence slid down to the ground, and fell before him. As soon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comest thou, Alcofribas? I answered him, Out of your mouth, my lord! And how long hast thou been there? said he. Since the time, said I, that you went against the Almirods. That is about six months ago, said he. And wherewith didst thou live? What didst thou drink? I answered, My lord, of the same that you did, and of the daintiest morsels that passed through your throat I took toll. Yea, but, said he, where didst thou shite? In your throat, my lord, said I. Ha! ha! thou art a merry fellow, said he. We have with the help of God conquered all the land of the Dipsodes; I will give thee the Chastelleine, or Lairdship of Salmigondin. Grammercy, my lord, said I; you gratify me beyond all that I have deserved of you.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL BECAME SICK, AND THE MANNER HOW HE WAS RECOVERED

AWHILE after this the good Pantagruel fell sick, and had such an obstruction in his stomach, that he could neither eat nor drink ; and because mischief seldom comes alone, a hot piss seized on him, which tormented him more than you would believe. His physicians nevertheless helped him very well, and with store of lenitives and diuretic drugs made him piss away his pain. His urine was so hot, that since that time it is not yet cold, and you have of it in divers places of France, according to the course that it took, and they are called the hot baths, as

At Coderets.[1]
At Limons.[2]
At Dast.[3]
At Balleruc.[4]
At Neric.[5]

[1] *Coderets.*—Caulderets in the Pyrenees. These baths are frequented by company not only from France and Spain, but other countries likewise, either to drink the water, or to bathe, or to use the mud. The goodness of these baths begins with the month of September. See the preface to the Queen of Navarre's Heptameron.

[2] *Limons.*—Two leagues and a half from Carcasone, on the way to Aleth : the baths are at the foot of the mountain.

[3] *Dast.*—Or *Daqs*, in the Landes of Bordeaux. These baths are so hot as to strip a fowl of its feathers.

[4] *Balleruc.*—Nicholas Dortman, of Arnheim, professor of physic at Montpellier, printed at Lyons, in 1579, a treatise of the nature and use of these baths, situated, he says, about a thousand paces from Balleruc, a village distant somewhat less than four leagues from Montpellier.

[5] *Neric.*—A little town of the Bourbonnois, in the midst whereo there are hot baths.

At Bourbonnensy,[6] and elsewhere in Italy.
At Mongros.
At Appone.[7]
At Sancto Petro de Padua.
At St Helen.[8]
At Casa Nuova.
At St Bartolomeo, in the county of Boulogne.
At the Porette,[9] and a thousand other places.

And I wonder much at a rabble of foolish philosophers and physicians, who spend their time in disputing whence the heat of the said waters cometh, whether it be by reason of borax, or sulphur, or alum, or salt-petre, that is within the mine. For they do nothing but dote, and better were it for them to rub their arse against a thistle, than to waste away their time in thus disputing of that whereof they know not the original, for the resolution is easy, neither need we to inquire any further, than that the said baths came by a hot piss of the good Pantagruel.

Now, to tell you, after what manner he was cured of his principal disease, I let pass how for a minorative, or gentle potion, he took four hundred pound weight of colophoniac scammony, six score and eighteen cartloads of cassia, an eleven thousand and nine hundred pound weight of rhubarb, besides

[6] *Bourbonnensy.*—The use of the hot baths, Du Chêne says, having been prescribed to King Henry III., he preferred these of Bourbonnensy before six or seven others he might have used without going out of his dominions.

[7] *Appone.*—Within a few musket shots of the city of Padua. They begin using these waters about the middle of April, and give over about the end of June.

[8] *St Helen.*—Read *Sancta Helena Patavina*, according to Duchat. These are sulphurous baths.

[9] *Porette.*—Sulphurous baths near Ranutio, in the territory of Bolonia, on the right of the River Rheno, towards the place of its rise.

other confused jumblings of sundry drugs. You must understand, that by the advice of the physicians it was ordained, that what did offend his stomach should be taken away; and, therefore, they made seventeen great balls of copper,[10] each whereof was bigger than that which is to be seen on the top of St Peter's needle at Rome, and in such sort, that they did open in the midst, and shut with a spring. Into one of them entered one of his men, carrying a lantern and a torch lighted, and so Pantagruel swallowed him down like a little pill. Into seven others went seven country fellows, having every one of them a shovel on his neck. Into nine others entered nine wood-carriers, having each of them a basket hung at his neck, and so were they swallowed down like pills. When they were in his stomach, every one undid his spring, and came out of their cabins. The first whereof was he that carried the lantern, and so they fell more than half a league into a most horrible gulf, more stinking and infectious than ever was Mephitis,[11] or the marshes of the Camarina,[12] or the abominably unsavoury lake of Sorbonne,[13] whereof Strabo maketh mention. And had it not been, that they had very well antidoted their stomach, heart, and wine-pot, which is called the noddle, they had been altogether suffo-

[10] *Seventeen great balls of copper.*—The moral sense assigned by Pasquier to this fiction of Rabelais is, that the physicians act only by guess in ailments of the stomach, and in those which affect the noble parts. [In the original, 'A l'agueille de *Virgile.*']

[11] *Mephitis.*—Virgil, Æneid, l. 7.

[12] *Camarina.*—Æneid, l. 3.

[13] *Unsavoury lake of Sorbonne.*—[Budæus had already made this satirical allusion in a letter to Erasmus, l. v. epis. 2.] The common people of Paris say, *la Serbonne*, instead of *la Sorbonne*; and this lake of Egypt, mentioned by Strabo, is by him called the lake of Serbonne. [Strabo, lib. xvi., confounds the lake of Serbonne with that of Sodom.]

cated and choked with these detestable vapours. Oh, what a perfume! Oh, what an evaporation wherewith to bewray the masks or mufflers of young mangy queans![14] After that, with groping and smelling they came near to the fecal matter and the corrupted humours. Finally, they found a montjoy or heap of ordure and filth. Then fell the pioneers to work to dig it up, and the rest with their shovels filled the baskets; and, when all was cleansed, every one retired himself into his ball.

This done, Pantagruel enforcing himself to a vomit very easily brought them out, and they made no more show in his mouth than a fart in yours. But, when they came merrily out of their pills, I thought upon the Grecians coming out of the Trojan horse. By this means was he healed, and brought into his former state and convalescence, and of these brazen pills,[15] or rather copper balls, you have one at Orleans,[16] upon the steeple of the Holy Cross Church.

[14] *To bewray the masks or mufflers of young mangy queans!—Embrener touretz des nez.* The *touret de nez*, much used in days of yore, was a sort of those false noses, with which people now-a-days disguise themselves. As it came not so low as the mouth, it was fastened on the skin by nothing but a kind of pomatum; and it is in lieu of this pomatum that Rabelais would have the young loose creatures of his time make use of the exhalations which had like to have suffocated those who descended into Pantagruel's stomach.

[15] *Brazen pills.—Pillules d'arquin*, not *d'airin*. It means pills of alchymy, or lead of antimony.

[16] *You have one at Orleans.*—This is what I take to have given such an occasion of cavil to M. Bernier, author of the judgment on Rabelais, which he ascribes to Rabelais' not being quite sober when he concluded this chapter; as Rabelais indeed partly confesses to be his case in the beginning of the next. But Bernier is mistaken, since we are informed by history, that the Church of the Holy Cross of Orleans, as we now see it, is not the same edifice

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PRESENT BOOK, AND THE EXCUSE OF THE AUTHOR

Now, my masters, you have heard a beginning of the horrific history of my lord and master Pantagruel. Here will I make an end of the first book. My head aches a little, and I perceive that the registers of my brain are somewhat jumbled and disordered with the septembral juice. You shall have the rest of the history at Frankfort mart next coming, and there shall you see, how Panurge was married and made a cuckold within a month after his wedding: how Pantagruel found out the philosopher's stone, the manner how he found it, and the way how to use it: how he passed over the Caspian mountains, and how he sailed through the Atlantic sea, defeated the Cannibals, and conquered the isles of Pearls: how he married the daughter of the King of India, called Presthan:[1] how he fought against the devil, and burnt up five chambers of hell, ransacked the great black chamber, threw Proserpina into the fire, broke five teeth to Lucifer, and the horn that was in his arse. How he visited the regions of the moon, to know whether indeed the moon were not entire and whole, or if the women had three quarters of it in their heads, and a thousand other little merriments all veritable. These are brave things truly. Good-

which was in Rabelais' time, but that the old building having suffered much during the troubles of the year 1562, Henry the Great had it rebuilt (as now it appears) in 1601, on occasion of the grand jubilee.

[1] *Presthan.*—Probably, Prester John.

night, gentlemen. *Perdonate mi*, and think not so much upon my faults, that you forget your own.

If you say to me, Master, it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these flimflam stories, and pleasant fooleries; I answer you, that you are not much wiser to spend your time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make yourselves merry, as in manner of pastime I wrote them, you and I both are far more worthy of pardon, than a great rabble of squint-minded fellows,[2] dissembling and counterfeit saints,[3] demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough friars, buskin monks,[4] and other such sects of men, who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world. For, whilst they give the common people to understand that they are busied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in fastings, and maceration of their sensuality,—and that only to sustain and aliment the small frailty of their humanity,—it is so far otherwise, that, on the contrary God knows, what cheer they make; *Et curios simulant*,[5] *sed Bacchanalia vivunt*. You may read it in great letters in the

[2] *Squint-minded fellows.—Sarrabaïtes.* Menage thinks it should be written *sarabactes*, and that they were certain disordered monks mentioned in the sermon, entitled *Fratres in eremo*, falsely ascribed to St Austin. Sarrabaïtes is an Egyptian word. They were also called Gyrovages; on which word, as likewise on Sarrabaïtes, see the Jacobin friar, Bernard de Luxembourg, in his catalogue of heretics.

[3] *Counterfeit saints.—Escargots.* Monks concealed within the hoods of their habits, like *escargots* (snails) in their shells.

[4] *Buskin-monks.—Botineurs*, Rabelais says; which Cotgrave explains, one that continually wears boots or buskins, as a monk, or any such creature, who, being not satisfied with wearing them alive, will be buried in them dead. Duchat says, 'Botineurs, moines rentez,' landed monks, and even the Cordeliers, whom in ch. 29 of l. 5, the author calls booted preachers.

[5] *Curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt.*—This is out of Juvenal's second satire; but the application which the author

colouring of their red snouts, and gulching bellies[6] as big as a tun, unless it be when they perfume themselves with sulphur. As for their study, it is wholly taken up in reading of Pantagruelin books, not so much to pass the time merrily, as to hurt some one or other mischievously, to wit, in articling, sole articling,[7] wry-neckifying,[8] buttock-stirring,[9] ballocking,[10] and diabliculating, that is calumniating. Wherein they are like unto the poor rogues of a village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the ordure and filth of little children, in the season of cherries and guinds, and that only to find the kernels, that they may sell them to the druggists, to make thereof pomander oil.[11] Fly from these

makes of it is taken from Politian, speaking of certain hypocrites who took offence at Plautus being read in schools.

[6] *Gulching bellies.—Ventres à poulaine.* In all likelihood these gorbellied monks, and these beneficiaries with bundles of guts (*à poulaine*) are the same which the honest confessor to Louis XII. calls ponards (perhaps contractedly for *polonards*) in these words of his Sermon on the rich man (Dives), preached the second week in Lent: 'Videbis unum grossum ponardum in una camera natata, in quam ventus non intrat sans sauf conduite, vel sine licentia; habet grossum beneficium (buffetum) coopertum vasis argenteis.'

[7] *Sole articling.—Monorticulant, etc.* Rabelais, who has coined this and the other words following, uses *monorticulant*, to signify extracting out of any one's writing certain articles, to be confuted as heretical, as the monks did in the case of the learned Reuchlin. The a of the Latin *articuli* has been changed into an o, as in *orteil* (the toe) made from *articulus*.

[8] *Wry-neckifying.—Torticulant, i.e.*, acting with the hypocrisy of the wry-necked monks or Cordeliers, whom Politian calls *incurvicer-vicum pecus*.

[9] *Buttock-stirring.*—So indeed Cotgrave interprets *culletant*; but here it means, says Duchat, the same as at the end of the prol. of the 3rd book, viz., smelling to the bad or weak places of a book.

[10] *Ballocking.*—Perhaps wrong translated. The word Rabelais uses is *couilletant, i.e.*, colligeant, or gathering, after the manner of your cucullating gentry, who make malicious collections of what may have been said or written by one they have a mind to ruin.

[11] *Pomander oil.—L'huile de maguelet.* Cotgrave says, *maguelet*

men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my faith you will find yourselves the better for it. And if you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourselves always merry, never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.[12]

END OF BOOK II[13]

is the bastard coral, or pomander privet, of whose sweet and shining black berries, chains and bracelets are made. What M. Duchat says, take as follows: If by *maguelet* is meant, as some think, the hawthorn berries, whose kernels serve to make the oil called maguelet, it is very probable the word comes from the Spanish *majuelas*, which signifies the same fruit. Words corrupted from the Spanish are very frequent at Montpelier, occasioned by the Kings of Majorca, of the House of Arragon, being a long time lords of that city.

[12] *Never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.*—Monks or friars (by reason of their cowls), says Cotgrave, under the word *pertuis* (a hole). Now-a-days the saying is, Men that always peep out at a cloth window: 'Ne fiez vous jamais en gens qui regardent par une fenêtre de drap.' It means the same thing as the other, viz., cucullated imps; hobgoblins in cowls.

[13] *The end of the second book.*—The original concludes otherwise, namely thus: The end of the Chronicles of Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes, restored to their genuine state and condition, with his heroic deeds, and most tremendous achievements: composed by the late M. Alcofribas, Abstracter of the Quint-essence. From whence M. Duchat concludes, that as Rabelais here, and in the preceding book, ch. viii., means himself by the name of Alcofribas, either he really intended to stop here, or at least, not daring to put his name to the two first books of his romance (probably because, when he wrote them, he was a monk at St Maur de Fossez) it was only in the following books he took the liberty to discover his true name, after he had secularized himself, and was become, as it were, a layman.